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CHOICE SONGS,

AND

LYRICK POEMS:

With the BASSES *to each* TUNE, *and Tranſpos'd for the* FLUTE.

By the moſt Eminent MASTERS.

VOLUME *the* SIXTH.

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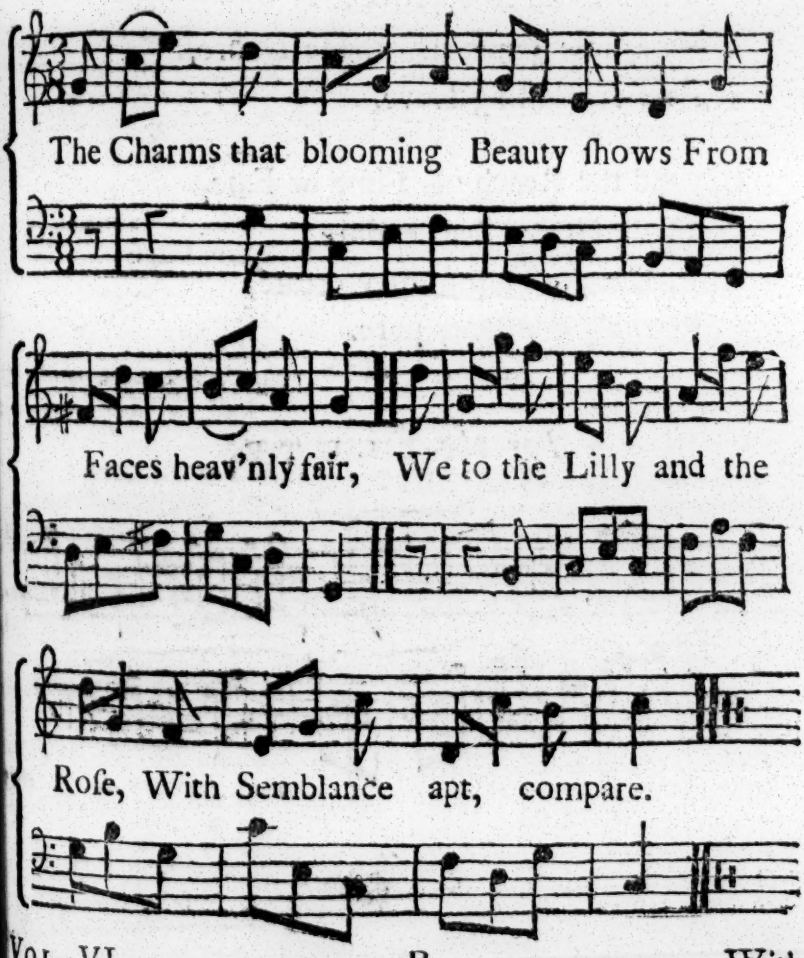
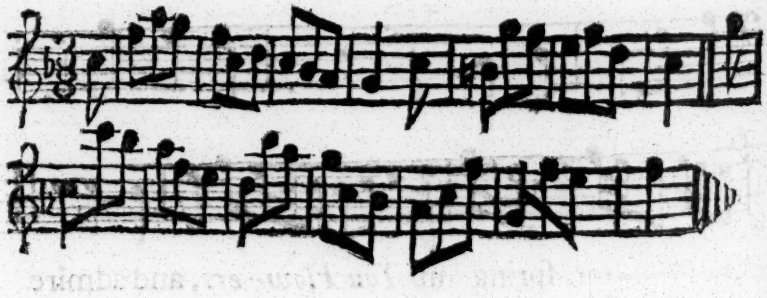
Set by Mr. ABIEL WHICHELLO.

With Semblance apt; for ah! how ſoon,
How ſoon they all decay!
The Lilly droops, the Roſe is gone,
And Beauty fades away.

But when bright Virtue ſhines confeſt,
With ſweet Diſcretion join'd;
When Mildneſs calms the peaceful Breaſt,
And Wiſdom guides the Mind;

When Charms like theſe, dear Maid, conſpire
Thy Perſon to approve;
They kindle generous, chaſte Deſire,
And everlaſting Love.

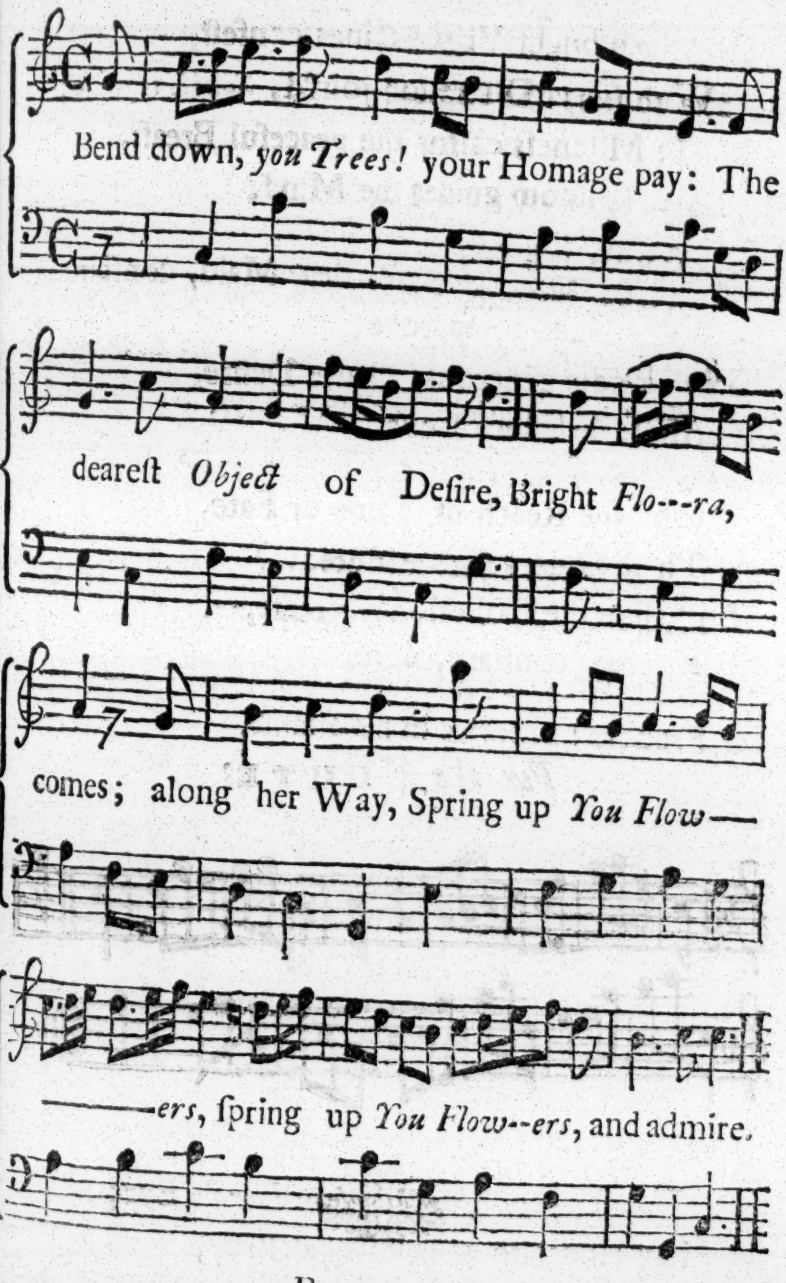
Beyond the Reach of Time or Fate,
Theſe Graces ſhall endure;
Still, like the Paſſion they create,
Eternal, conſtant, pure.

For the FLUTE.

FLORA's APPROACH.

By Mr. BAKER.

Set by Mr. *J. SHEELES.*

Slow.



All mild, *You wanton Zephyrs!* blow,
And gently kiſs her bloomy Cheek:---
Her Cheek! more ſoft than falling Snow!
Be huſht, *You Songſters!*
Be huſht, *You Songſters!* hear her ſpeak.

She comes! ſhe comes!---- My *Soul!* rejoice:
Thy Life, thy Hope, thy Bliſs appears.
I ſee her Charms!--- I hear her Voice!
Away, begone,
Away, begone, *tormenting Fears!*

She ſmiles!--- My Heaven! from thoſe dear Eyes
Still let ecſtatick Pleaſures flow.
Is there, *You Gods!* in all your Skies
A Joy can equal,
A Joy can equal this below?

Sound, ſound the Trumpet:--- *Muſe!* proclaim
To wondering Worlds thy *Maſter*'s Love:
Proudly he glories in his Flame,
And envies neither,
And envies neither *George* nor *Jove.*

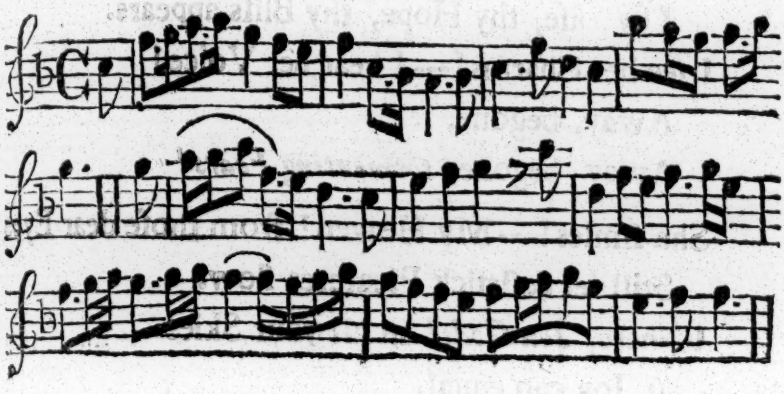
To FLORA.

By the ſame HAND.

To the foregoing Tune.

TO rack my Soul, or give me Joy,
Depends, depends on *Flora*'s Eye;
My Hopes to cheriſh, or deſtroy,
To make me live, to make me live, or die.

With Mercy uſe the Pow'r, *Dear Maid!*
Which gracious, gracious *Heaven* gave:
And, never, never be it ſaid,
You kill'd, you kill'd whom you could ſave.

For the FLUTE.

An ODE.

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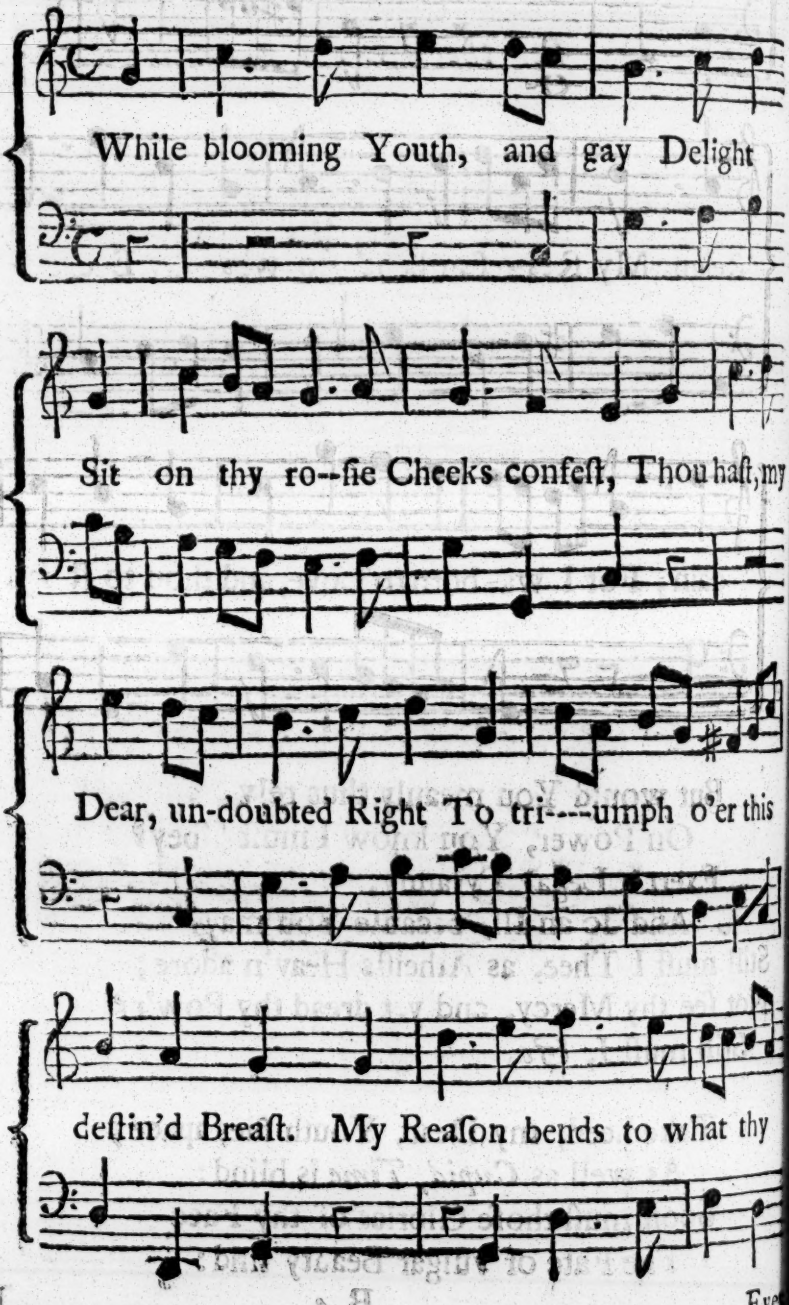
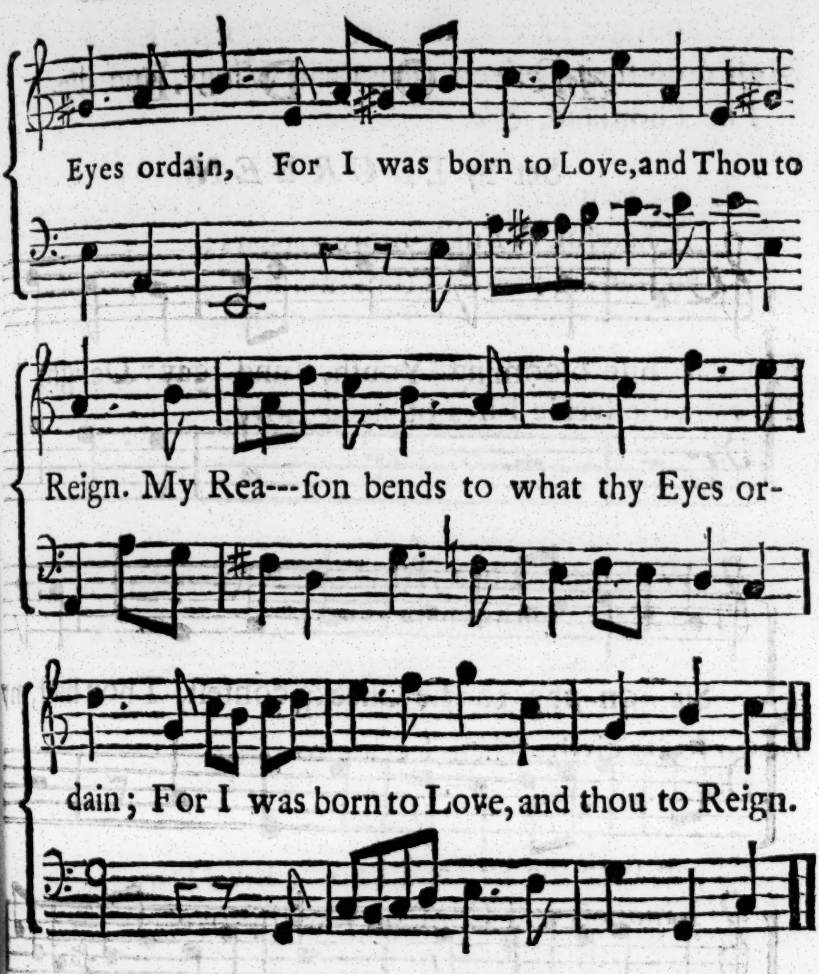



But would You meanly thus rely
On Power, You know I muſt Obey?
Exert a Legal Tyranny;
And do an Ill, becauſe You may?
Still muſt I Thee, as Atheiſts Heav'n adore;
Not ſee thy Mercy, and yet dread thy Pow'r?
Still muſt I, &c.

Take heed, my Dear, Youth flies apace;
As well as *Cupid*, *Time* is blind:
Soon muſt thoſe Glories of thy Face
The Fate of vulgar Beauty find:

The Thouſand Loves, that arm thy potent Eye,
Muſt drop their Quivers, flag their Wings, and die.
The Thouſand, &c.

Then wilt thou ſigh, when in each Frown
A hateful Wrinkle more appears;
And putting peeviſh Humours on,
Seems but the ſad Effect of Years.
Kindneſs it ſelf too weak a Charm will prove,
To raiſe the feeble Fires of aged Love.
Kindneſs it ſelf, &c.

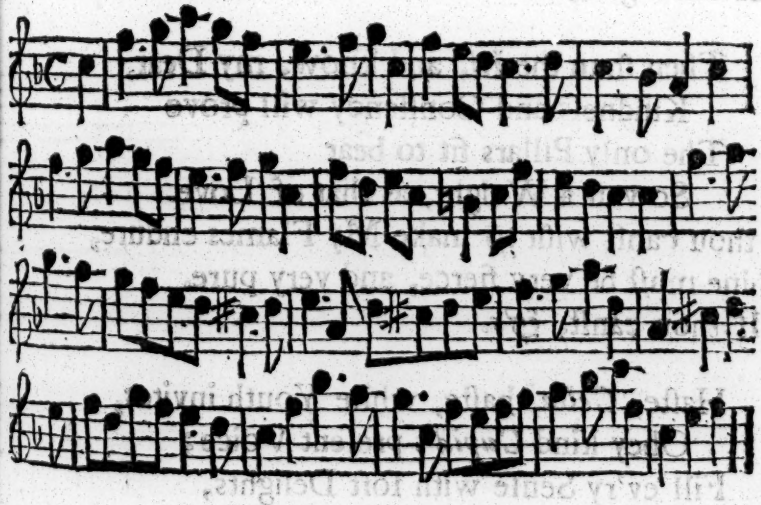
Forc'd Compliments, and formal Bows
Will ſhew Thee juſt above Neglect:
The Heat, with which thy Lover glows,
Will ſettle into cold Reſpect:
A talking dull *Platonic* I ſhall turn;
Learn to be civil, when I ceaſe to burn.
A talking, &c.

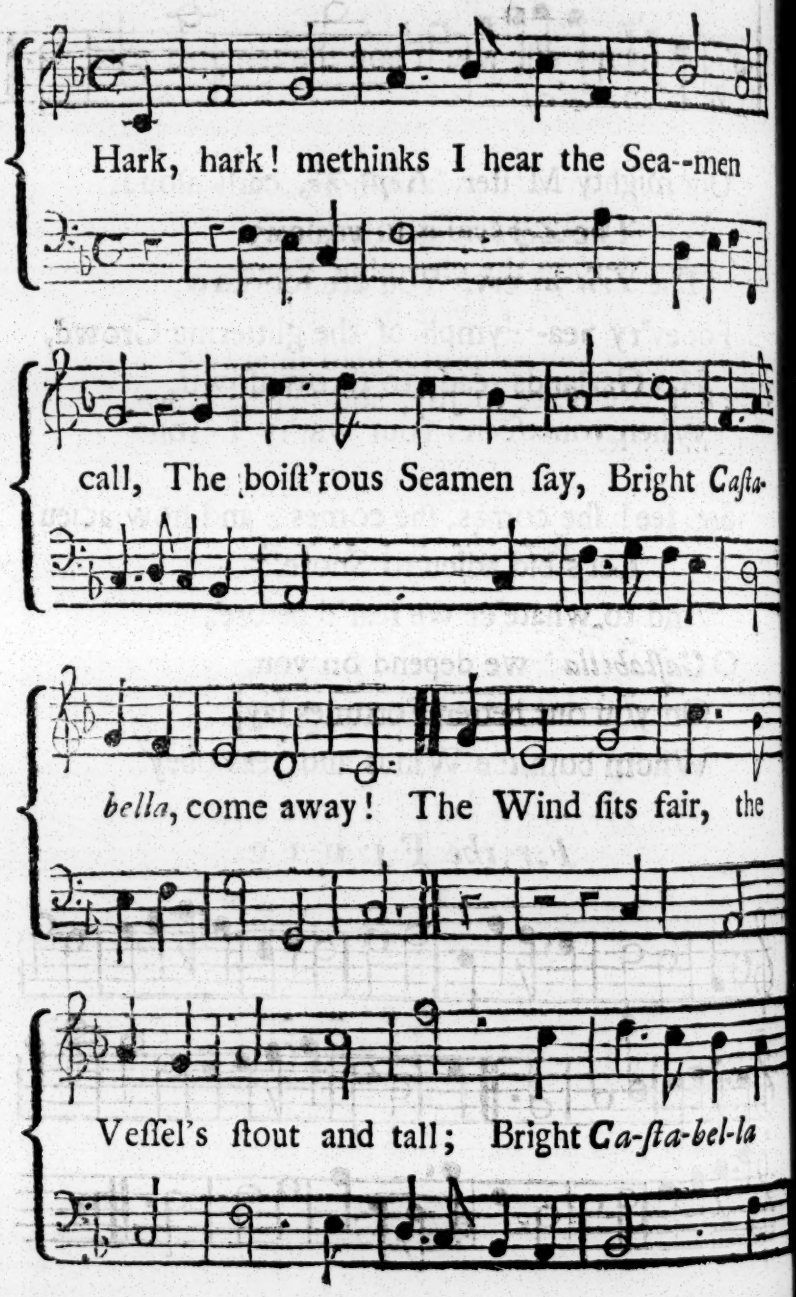
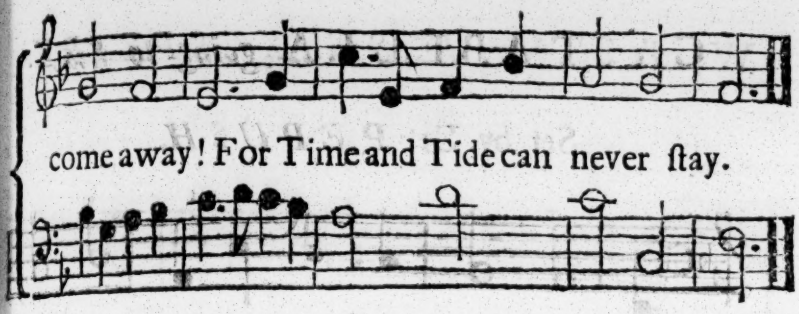
Then ſhun the Ill, and know, my Dear,
Kindneſs and Conſtancy will prove
The only Pillars fit to bear
So vaſt a Weight, as that of Love.
If thou canſt wiſh to make My Flames endure,
Thine muſt be very fierce, and very pure.
If thou canſt, &c.

Haſte, *Celia*, haſte, while Youth invites,
Obey kind *Cupid*'s preſent Voice;
Fill ev'ry Senſe with ſoft Delights,
And give thy Soul a Looſe to Joys:
Let Millions of repeated Bliſſes prove,
That Thou all Kindneſs art, and I all Love.
Let Millions, &c.

Be Mine, and only Mine; take care
Thy Looks, thy Thoughts, thy Dreams to guide
To Me alone; nor come so far,
As liking any Youth beside:
What Men e'er court Thee, fly 'em, and believe
They're Serpents all, and Thou the tempted *Eve*.
What Men, *&c.*

So shall I court thy dearest Truth,
When Beauty ceases to engage;
So thinking on thy charming Youth,
I'll love it o'er again in Age:
So Time it self our Raptures shall improve,
While still We wake to Joy, and live to Love.
So Time itself, *&c.*

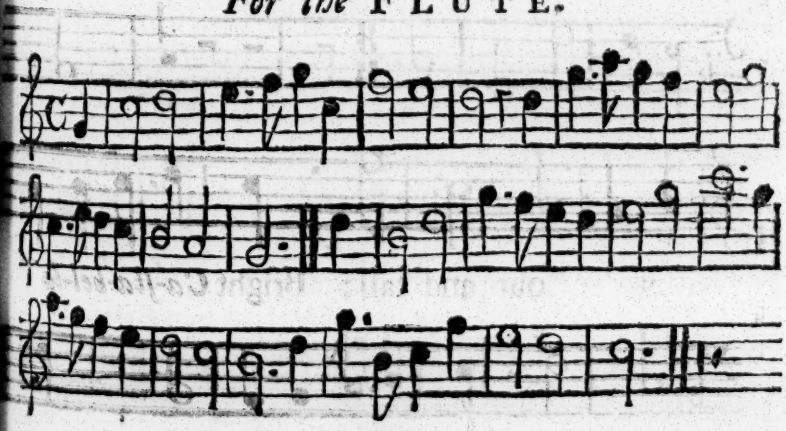
For the FLUTE.

CASTABELLA *going to Sea.*

Set by Dr. *PEPUSH.*



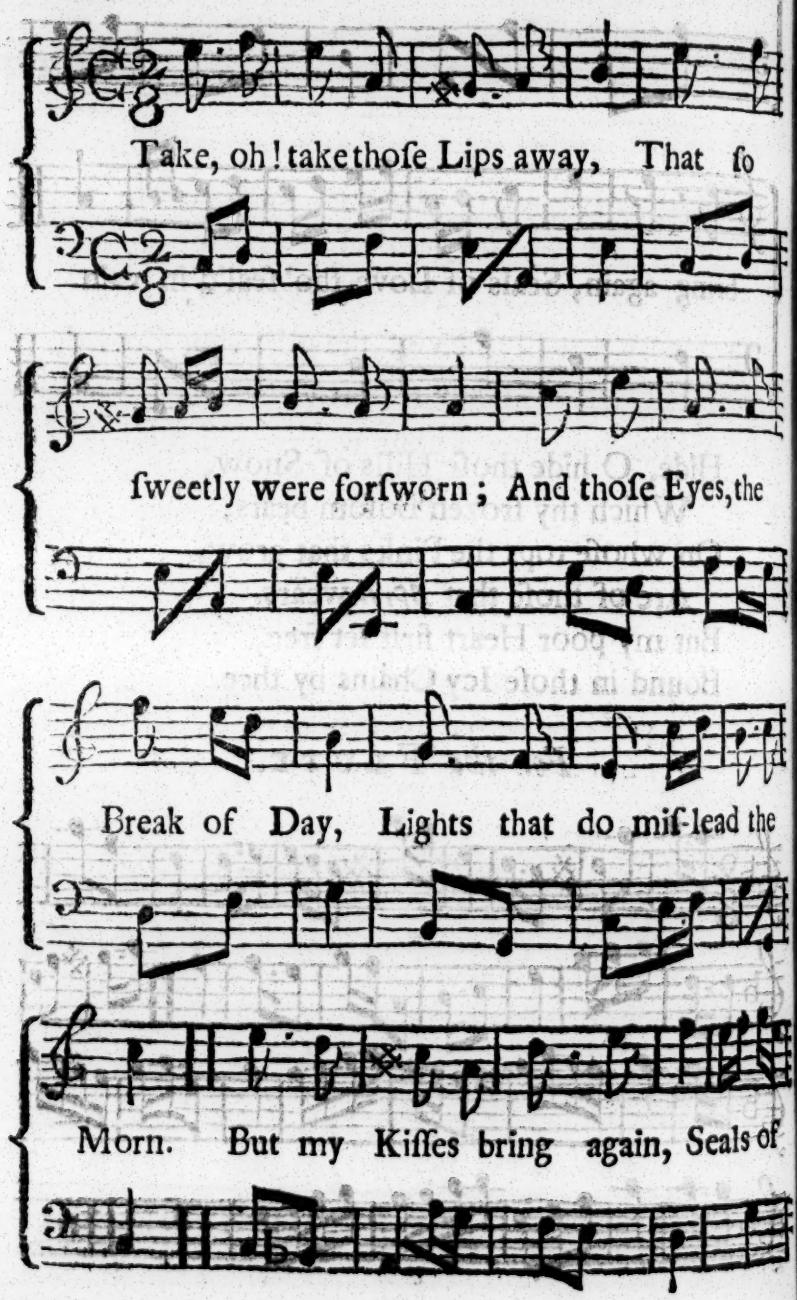
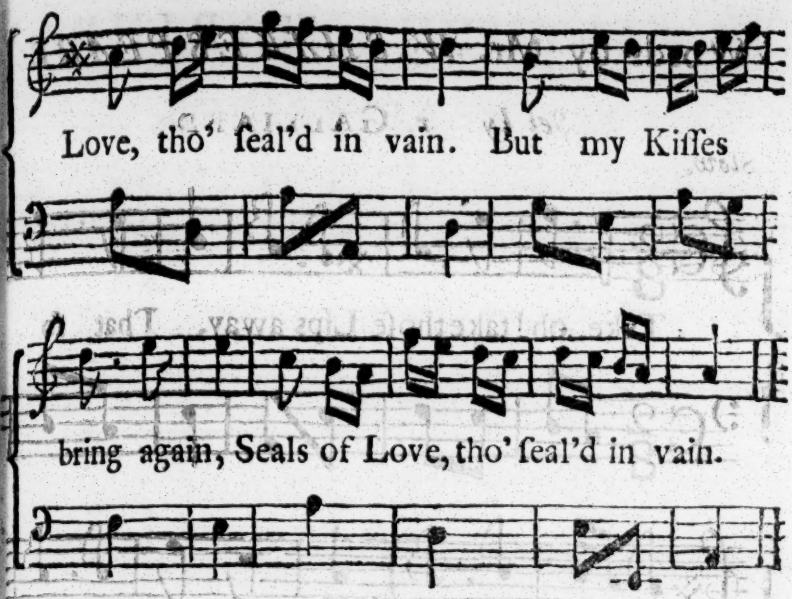
come away! For Time and Tide can never ſtay.

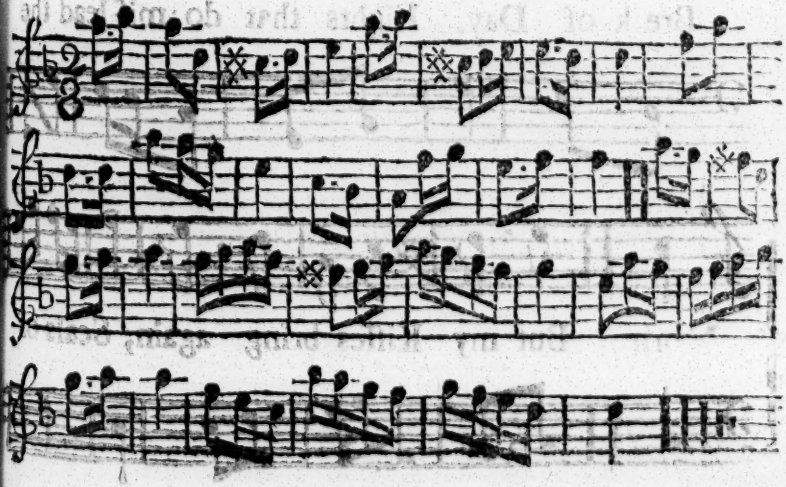
Our mighty Maſter, *Neptune*, calls aloud,
The *Zephyrs* gently blow,
The *Tritons* cry, You are too ſlow,
For ev'ry Sea-Nymph of the glittering Crowd,
Has Garlands ready to throw down,
When you aſcend your wat'ry Throne.

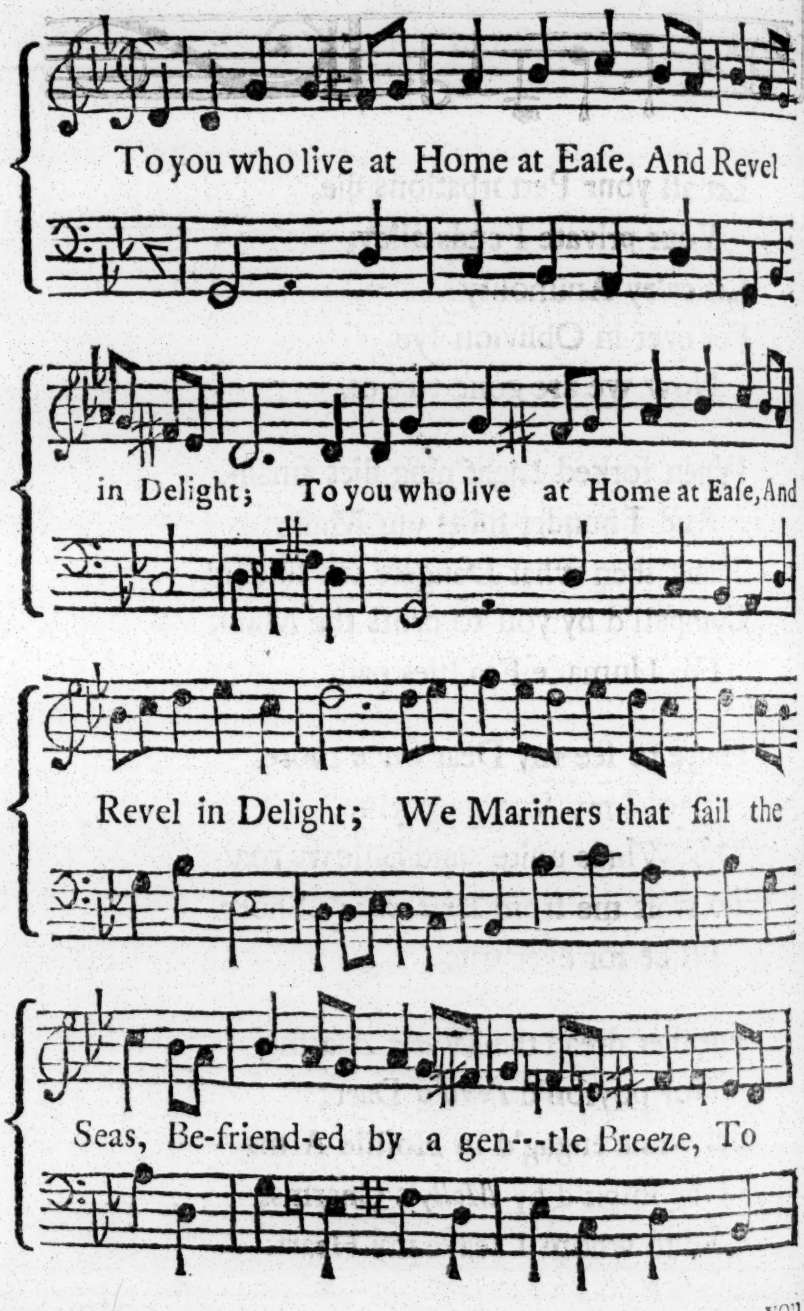
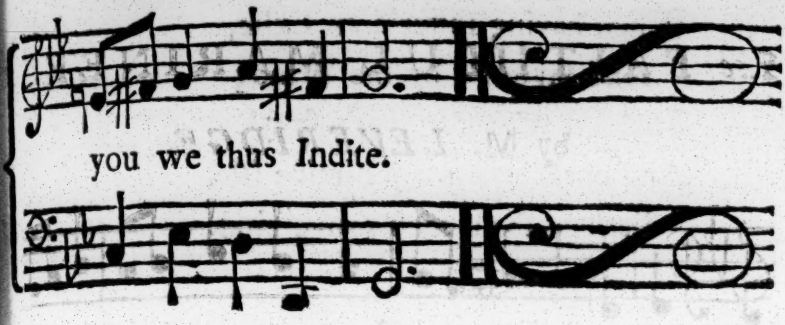
See, ſee! ſhe comes, ſhe comes; and now adieu!
Let's bid adieu to Shore,
And to whate'er we fear'd before;
O *Caſtabella!* we depend on you,
On you our better Fortunes lay,
Whom both the Winds and Seas obey.

For the FLUTE.

Words by Mr. *W. SHAKESPEARE.*

Set by Mr. GALLIARD.

Slow.

Love,

Hide, O hide thoſe Hills of Snow,
Which thy frozen Boſom bears,
On whoſe tops the Pinks that grow,
Are of thoſe that *April* wears.
But my poor Heart firſt ſet free,
Bound in thoſe Icy Chains by thee.

For the FLUTE.

The FAITHFUL MARINER.

Set by Mr. *LEVERIDGE.*

you

you we thus Indite.

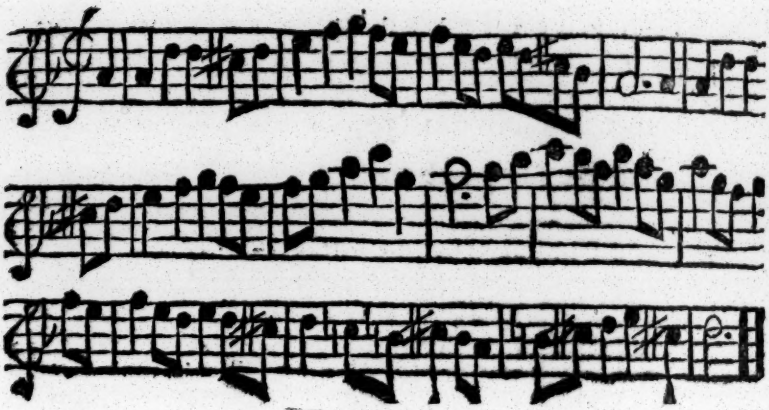
Let all your Perturbations die,
Your private Feuds allay;
Let ev'ry Animoſity
For ever in Oblivion lye,
Now we are gone to Sea.

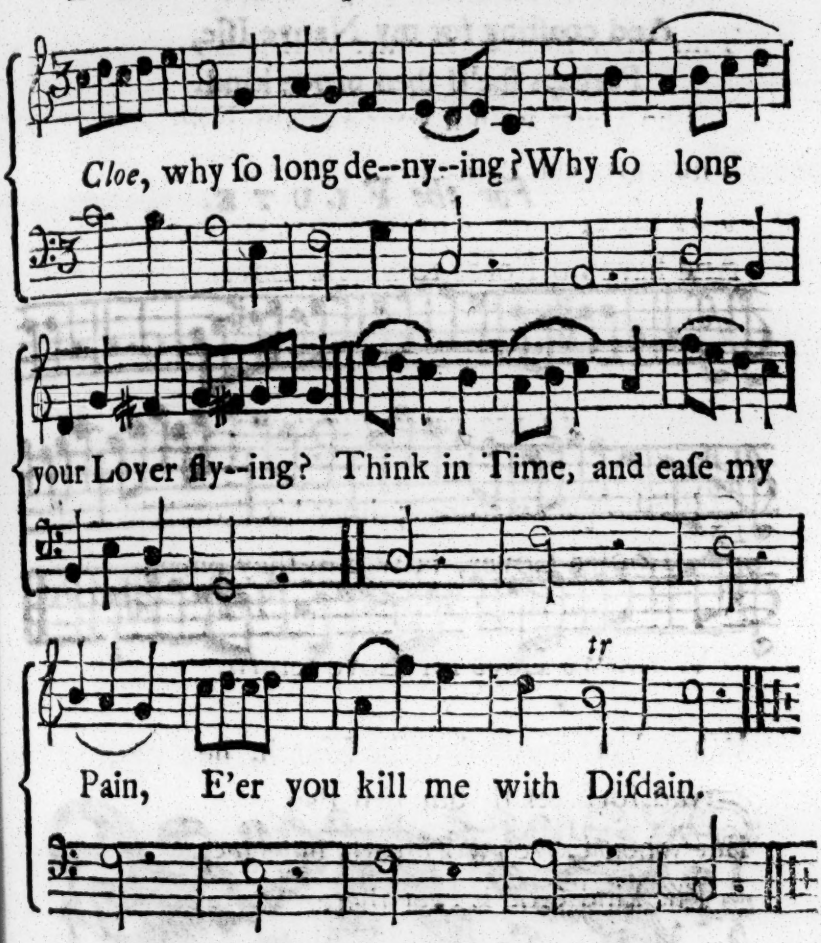
When forked Light'ning flies amain,
And Thunder ſplits our Maſt;
Think then what Dangers we ſuſtain,
Compell'd by you to croſs the Main,
For Humane Frailties paſt.

I hope to ſee my Dear once more,
Tho' I my Voy'ge purſue;
Tho' Winds unite, and Billows roar,
To waft me from *Britannia*'s Shore,
I'll be for ever true.

I neither dread the War's Alarms,
Nor poyſon'd *Indian* Dart;
But while engag'd in Hoſtile Arms,
I'll be inſpir'd by *Molly*'s Charms,
With whom I leave my Heart.

When having ſuffer'd an Exile,
And favour'd by the Wind;
Enrich'd with *Carolina*'s ſpoyl,
And coaſting for my Native Iſle,
Perhaps ſhe'll then prove kind.

For the FLUTE.

ADVICE *to* CLOE.

A MINUET: *By Mr.* DIEUPART.

View yonder blooming bluſhing Roſe,
How it does all thy Charms diſcloſe:
But ſee! how ſoon 'tis wither'd grown,
And, all at once, its Beauties flown.

How fragrant it appear'd before;
But now, alas! its Charms are o'er:
Fair Maid, let this a Warning prove,
And, while 'tis Time, reward my Love.

Take heed, fair Bloſſom, and beware,
E'er fleeting Time your Charms impair;
For all the Beauties of your Face,
Tho' now ſo gay, in time will paſs:

The Darts within your radiant Eyes,
That now can make each Heart a Prize,
Too ſoon, alas! will fruitleſs prove,
And have no Force to kindle Love.

To the foregoing Tune.

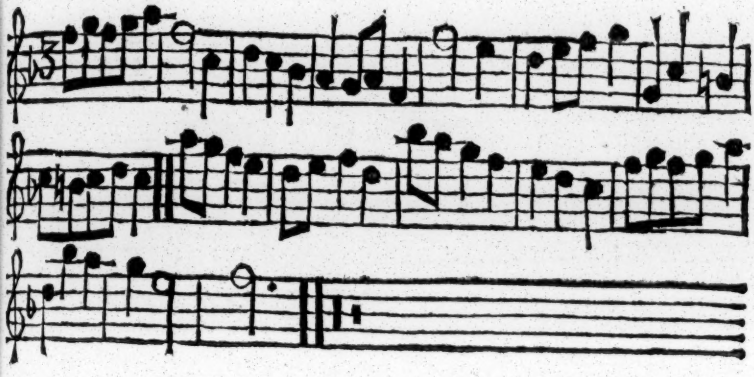
SEE! *Hymen* comes; how his Torch blazes!
Looſer Loves, how dim they burn:
No Pleaſure equals chaſte Embraces,
When we Love for Love return.

When Fortune makes the Match, he rages,
And forſakes th' unequal Pair;
But when Love two Hearts engages,
The kind God is ever there.

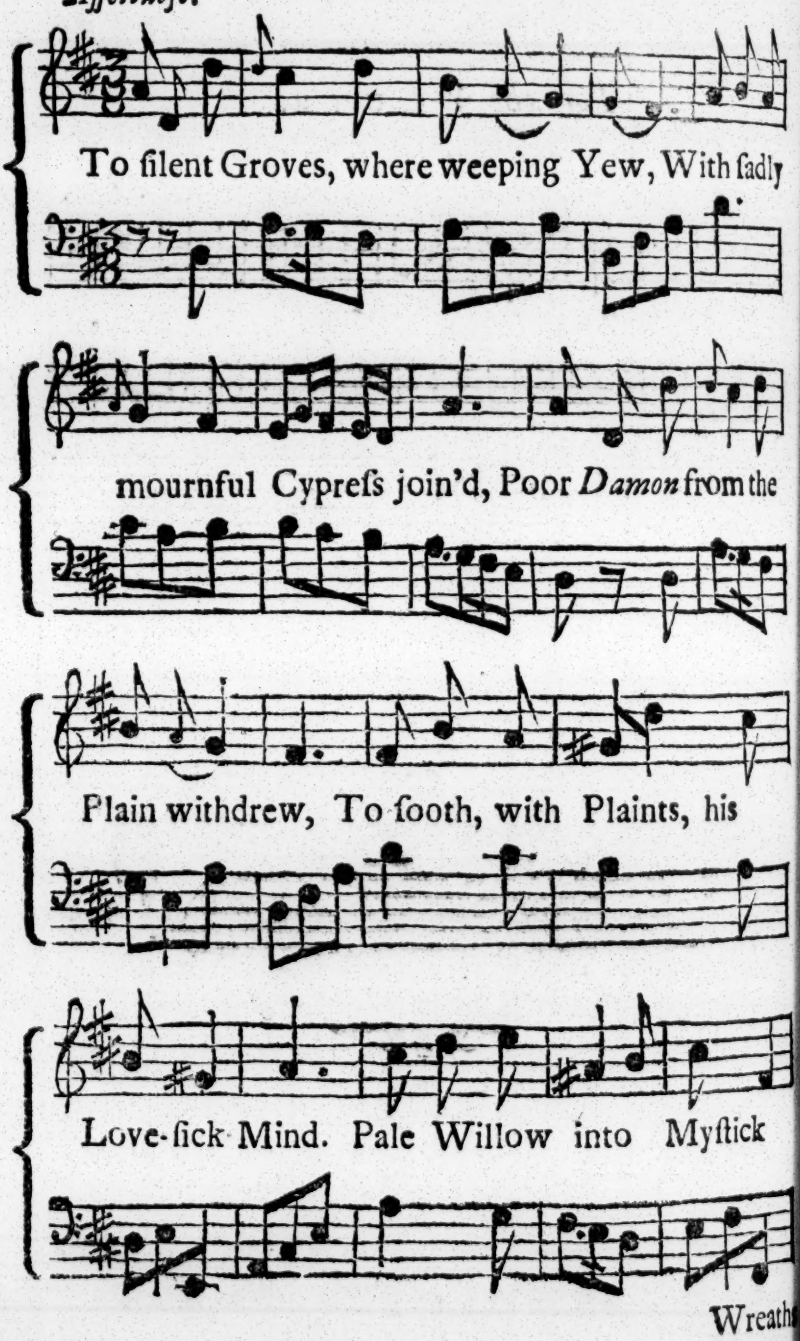
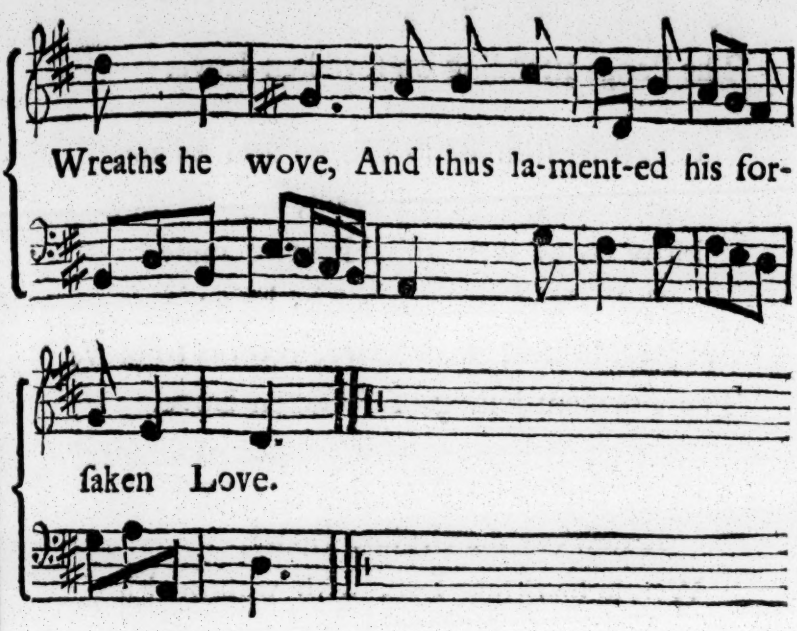
Regard not then high Blood, nor Riches,
You that would his Bleſſings have;
Let untaught Love guide all your Wiſhes;
Hymen ſhould be *Cupid*'s Slave.

Young Virgins, that yet bear your Paſſions
Coldly, as the Flint its Fire,
Offer to *Hymen* your Devotions,
He will warm you with Deſire.

Young Men, no more neglect your Duty
To the God of Nuptial Vows;
Pay your long Arrears to Beauty,
As his chaſter Law allows.

For the FLUTE.

The PANGS *of* FORSAKEN LOVE.

Set by Dr. *GREEN.*

Affettuoſo.

How lately, *Celia*, artful Maid,
With Arms entwined, did we walk
Beneath the cloſe unpierced Shade,
Beguiling Time with am'rous Talk:
But that, alas! is paſt ---- and I muſt prove
The Pangs attending on forſaken Love.

But think not, *Celia*, I will bear,
With dull Submiſſion, all the Smart;
No,---- I'll at once drive out Deſpair,
And thy lov'd Image, from my Heart.
All Arts, all Charms I'll practiſe, to remove
The Pangs attending on forſaken Love.

Bacchus, with greeneſt Ivy crown'd,
Hither repair with all thy Train,
And chaſe the jovial Goblet round,
For *Celia* triumphs in my Pain; With

With generous Wine aſſiſt me to remove
The Pangs attending on forſaken Love.

Cou'd Reaſon be ſo drown'd in Wine,
As never to revive again,
How happy were this Heart of mine,
Reliev'd at once of all its Pain:
But Reaſon ſtill, with Love, returns to prove
The Torment laſting of forſaken Love.

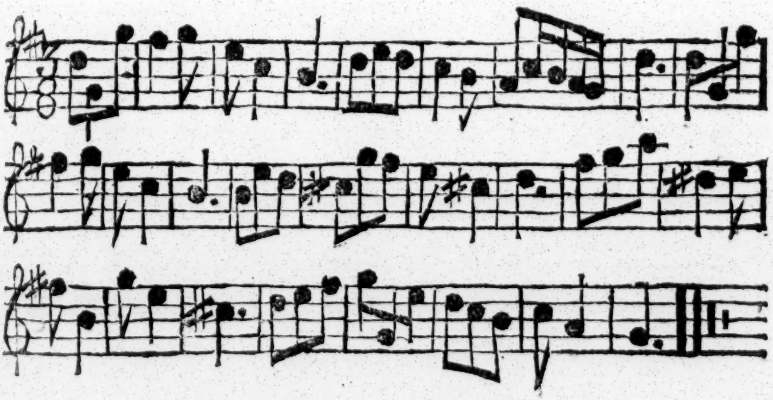
Bring me the Girl, whoſe generous Soul
Kindles at the circling Bowl,
Whoſe ſparkling Eye, with wanton Fire,
Shoots thro' my Blood a Fierce Deſire;
For ev'ry Art I'll practiſe, to remove
The Pangs attending on forſaken Love.

And what is all this tranſient Flame;
'Tis but a Blaze, and ſeen no more;
A Blaze that lights us to our Shame,
And robs us of a gay Fourſcore:
Reaſon again with Love returns, to prove
The Torment laſting of forſaken Love.

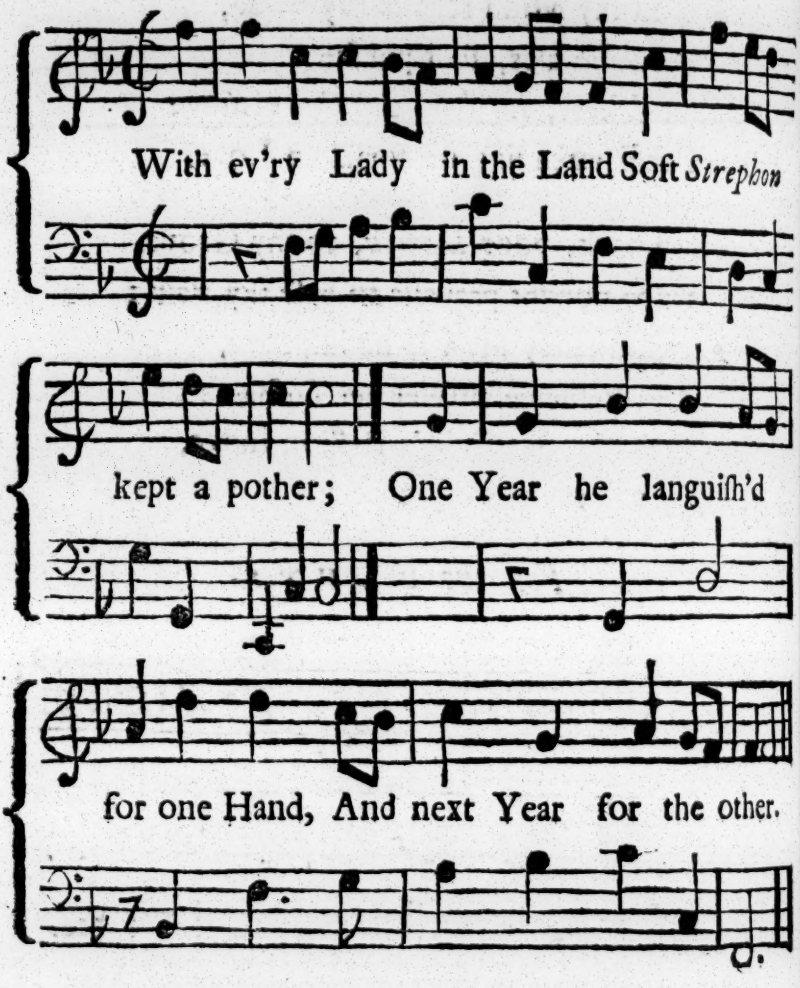
Hark, how the jolly Huntſman's Cries,
In Concert with the opening Hounds,
Rend the wide Concave of the Skies,
And tire dull Echo with their Sounds:
Thou, *Phœbe*, Goddeſs of the Chaſe, remove
The Pangs attending on forſaken Love.

Ah me! the ſprightly-bounding Doe,
The Chaſe, and ev'ry thing I view,
Still to my Mind recalls my Woe;
So *Celia* flies, ſo I purſue:
So rooted here, no Arts can e'er remove
The Pangs attending on forſaken Love.

Then back, poor *Damon*, to thy Grove,
Since nought prevails to eaſe thy Pain;
Let Conſtancy thy Flame improve,
And Patience anſwer her Diſdain:
So Gratitude may *Celia*'s Paſſion move,
To pity and reward thy conſtant Love.

For the FLUTE.

STREPHON and *FLAVIA.*

Set by Dr. PEPUSCH.



Yet when his Love the Shepherd told
To *Flavia* fair and coy,
Reſerv'd, demure, than Snow more cold,
She ſcorn'd the gentle Boy.

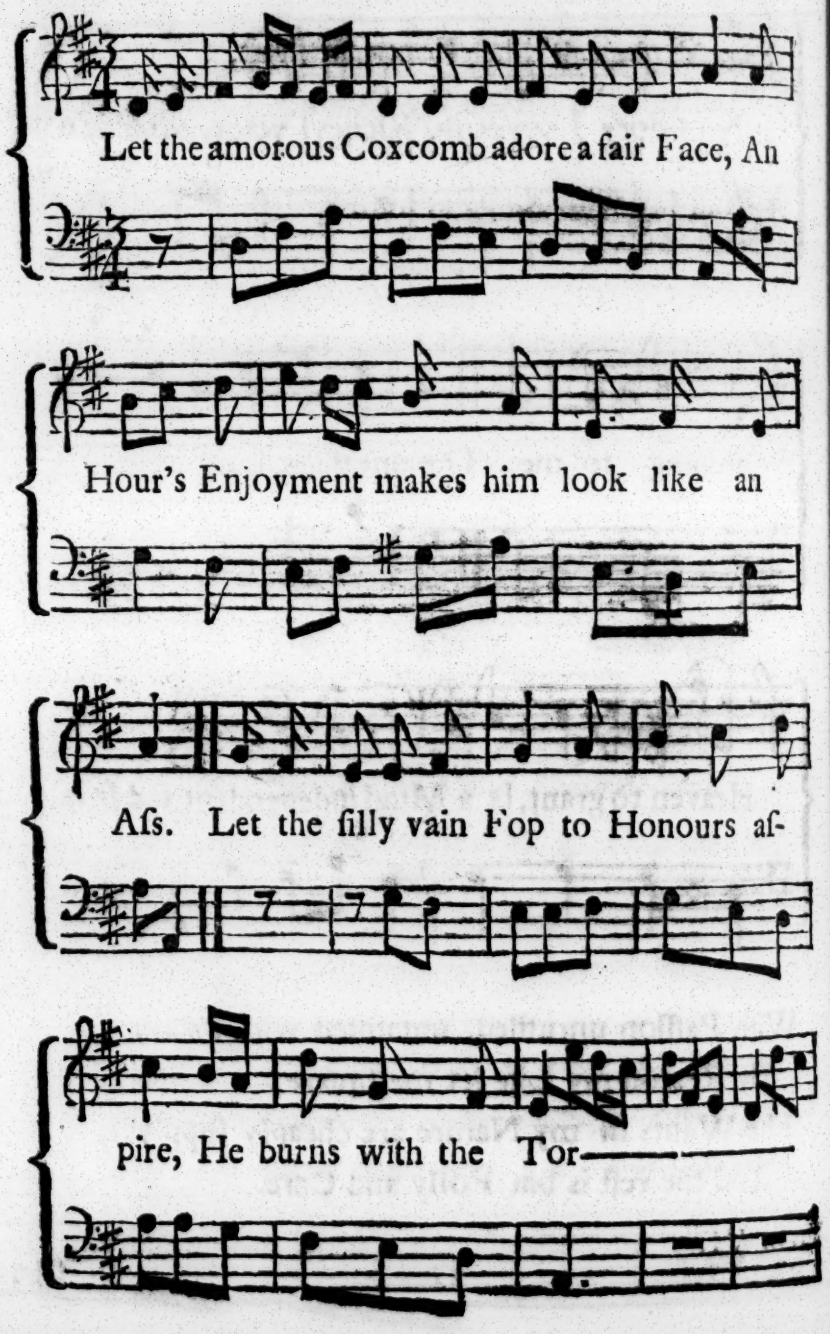
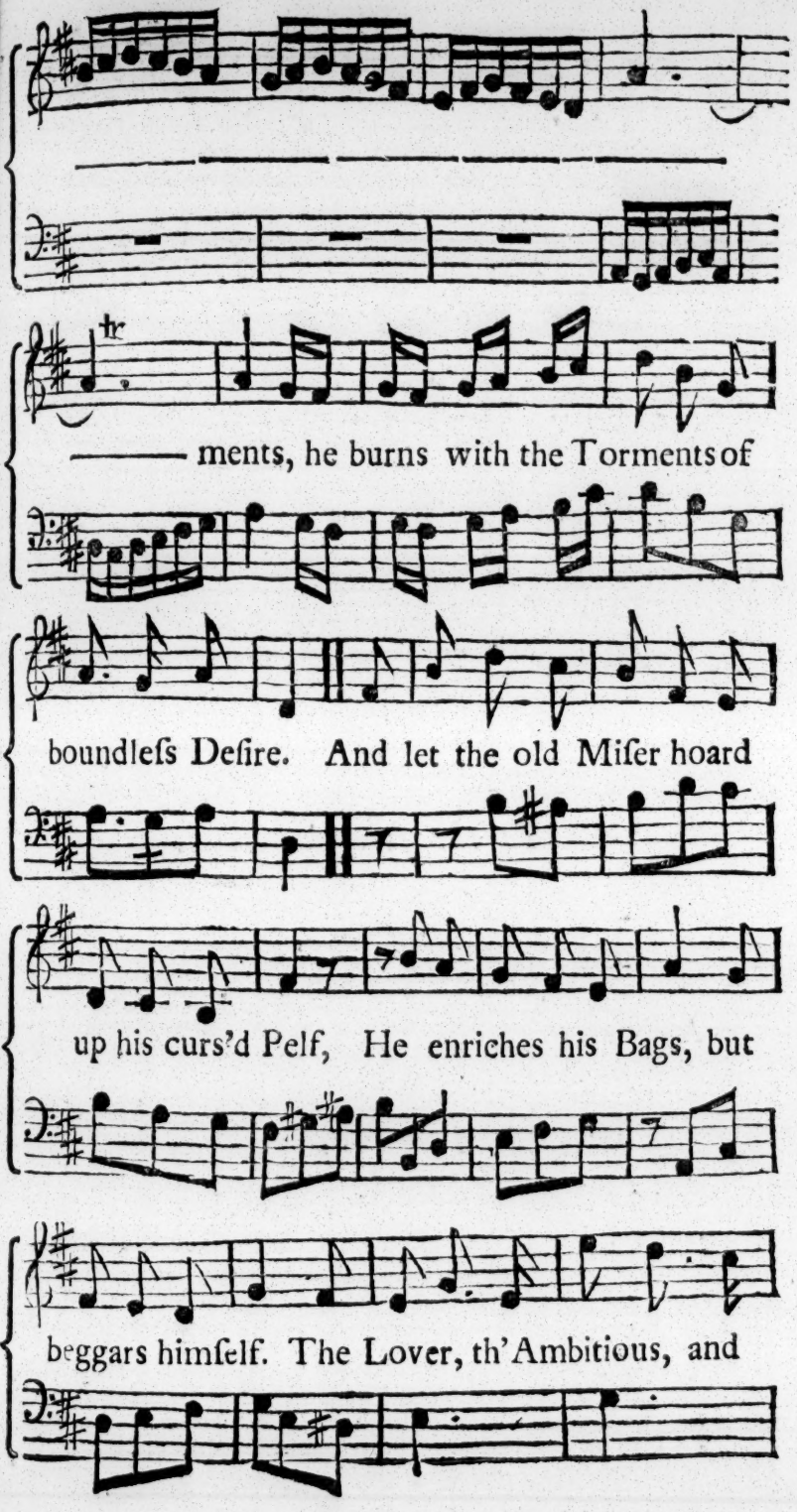
Late at a Ball he own'd his Pain;
She bluſh'd, and frown'd, and ſwore,
With all the Marks of high Diſdain,
She'd never hear him more.

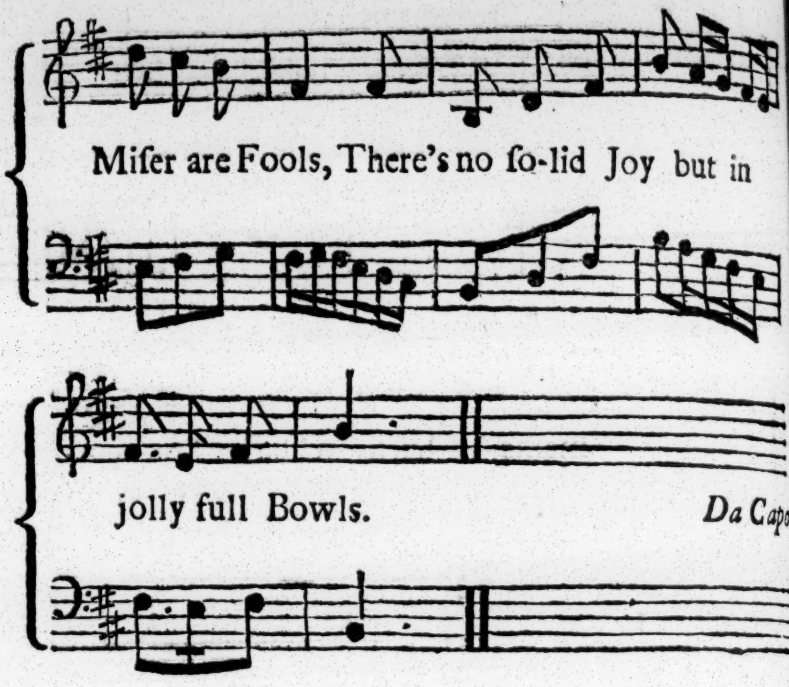
The Swain perſiſted ſtill to pray,
The Nymph ſtill to deny;
At laſt ſhe vow'd ſhe wou'd not ſtay;
He ſwore ſhe ſhou'd not fly.

Enrag'd, ſhe call'd her Footman ſtrait,
And ruſh'd from out the Room,
Drove to her Lodging, lock'd the Gate,
And lay with *Ralph* at home.

The JOLLY FULL BOWL.

Set by Mr. *MONRO.*

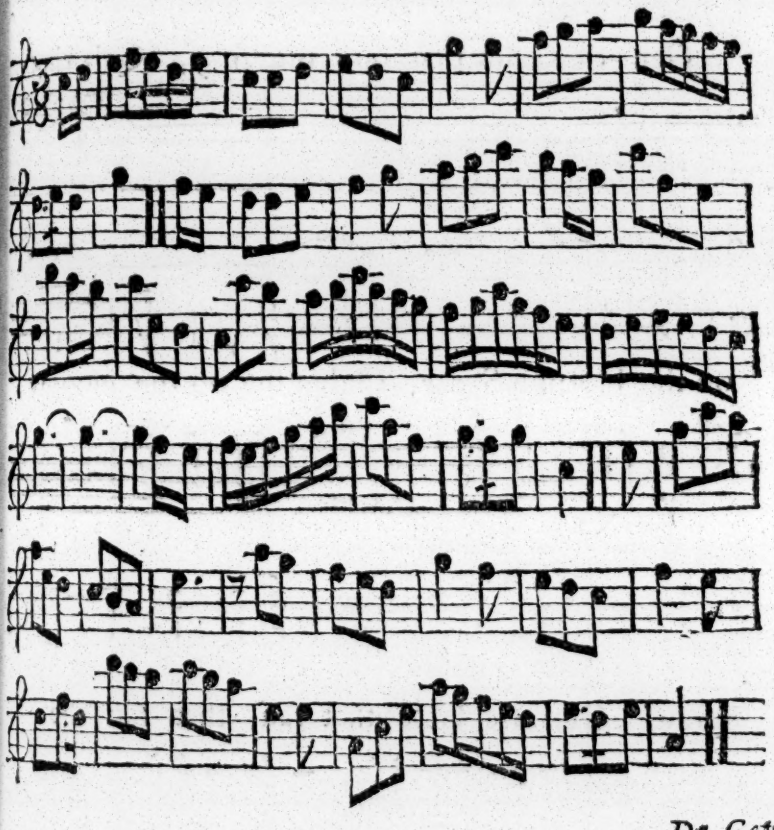


——— ments, he burns with the Torments of
boundleſs Deſire. And let the old Miſer hoard
up his curs'd Pelf, He enriches his Bags, but
beggars himſelf. The Lover, th'Ambitious, and

To the foregoing Tune.

HOW happy am I,
The fair Sex can defy,
And can ev'ry Day ſay, My Heart is my own.
For I never ſaw yet
That Beauty or Wit,
But I lov'd if I pleas'd, ———
But I lov'd if I pleas'd, or cou'd let it alone.

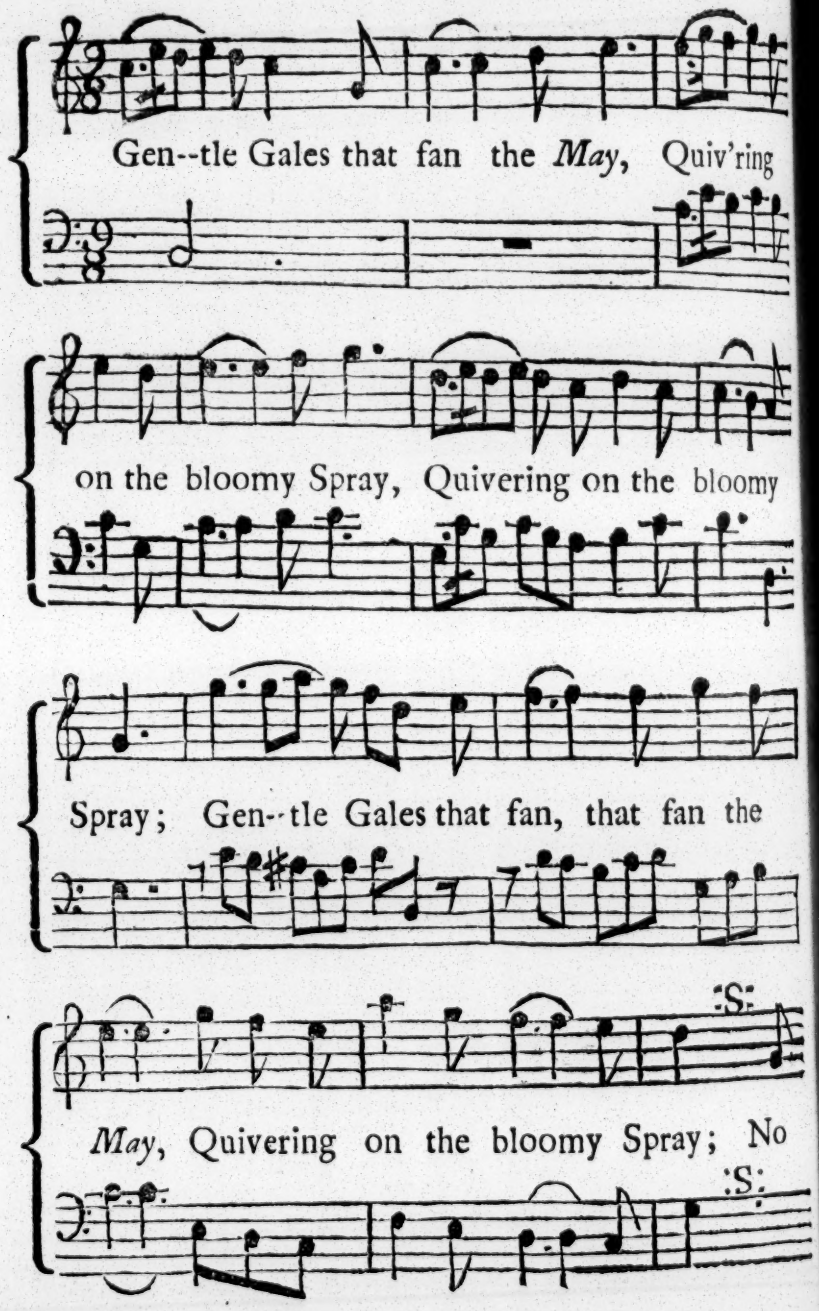
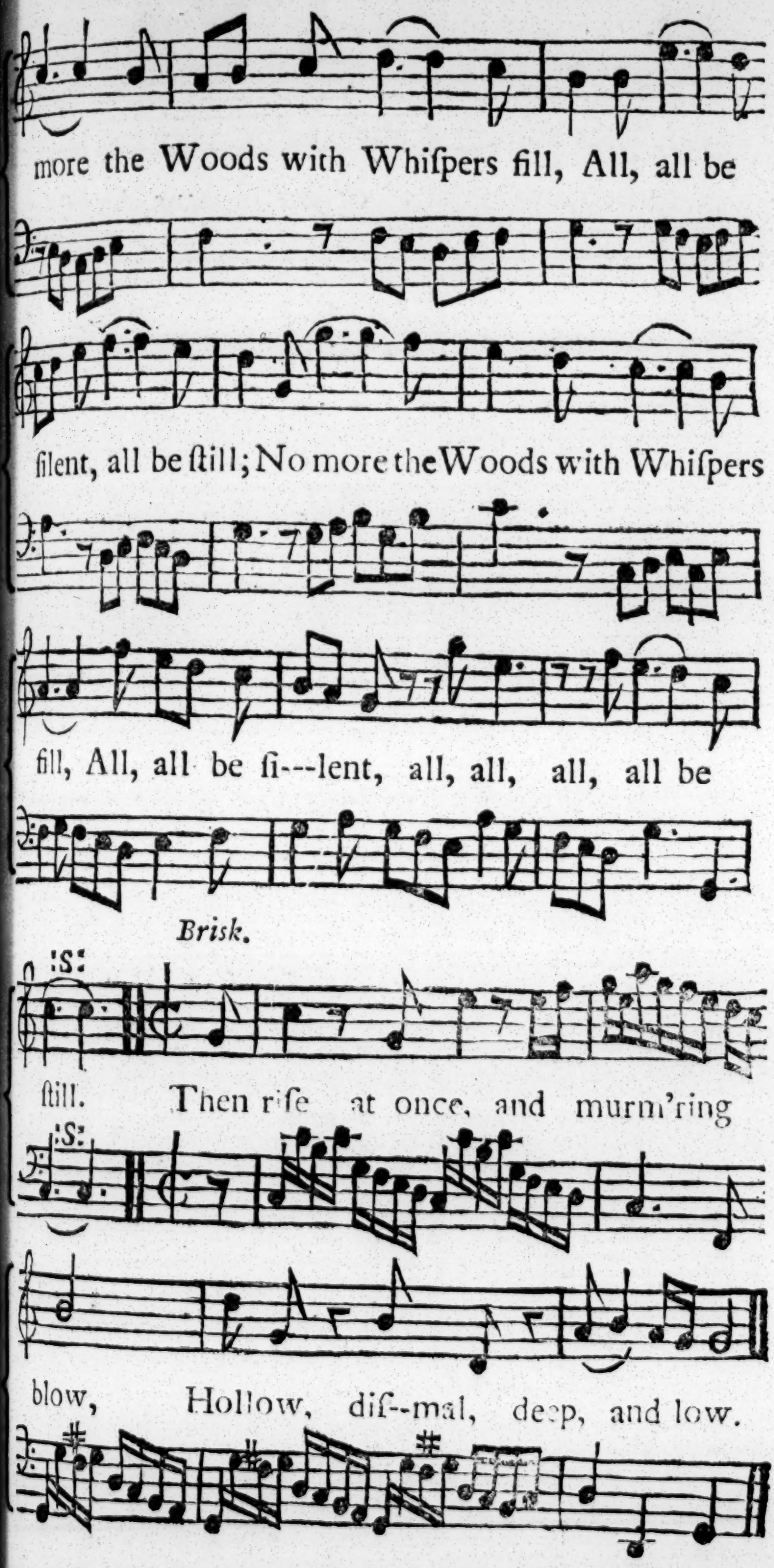
I thought that my Flame
Wou'd ſtill prove the ſame
For beautiful *Celia*, while *Celia* was true;

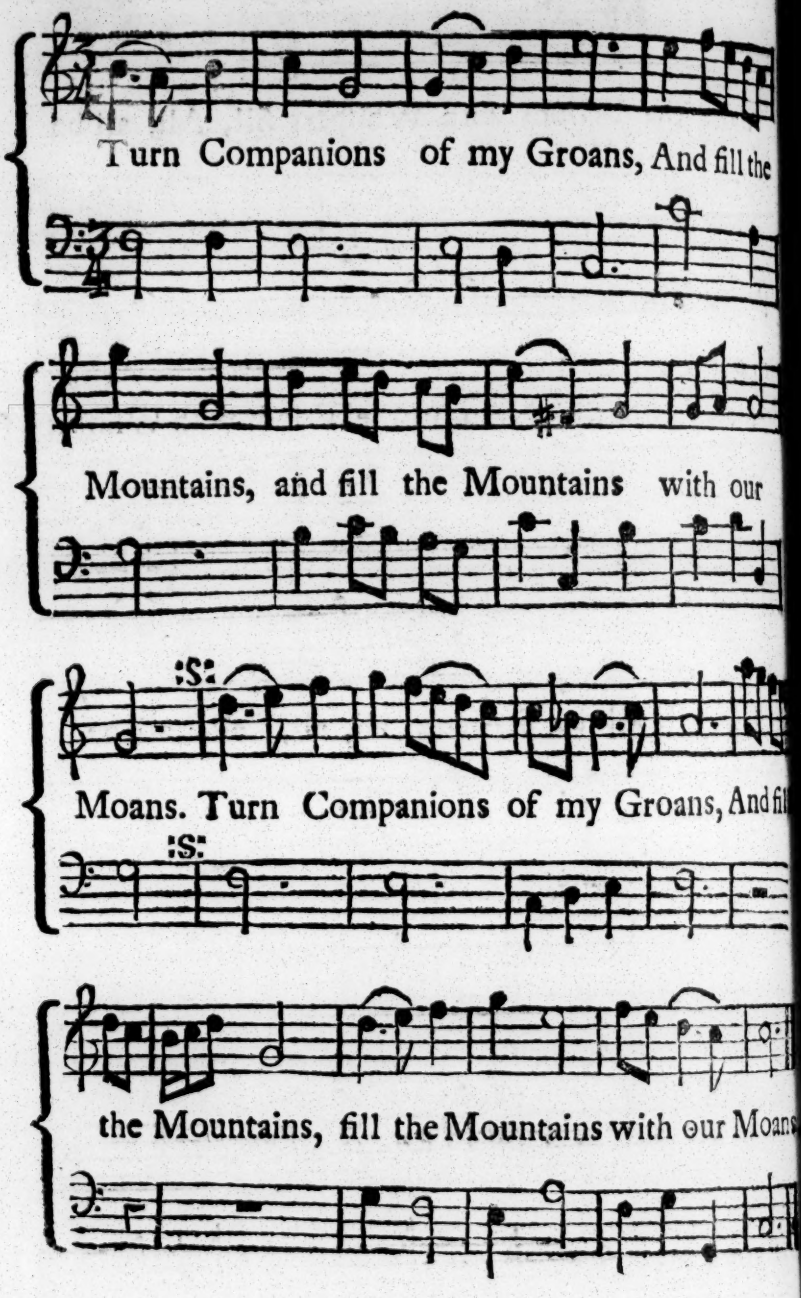
But Love was ſo blind,
When *Celia* was kind,
I chang'd her for *Mopſa*; ———
I chang'd her for *Mopſa*; for *Mopſa* was new.

For the FLUTE.

Da Capo.

The Words tranſlated from the *Italian* Opera of

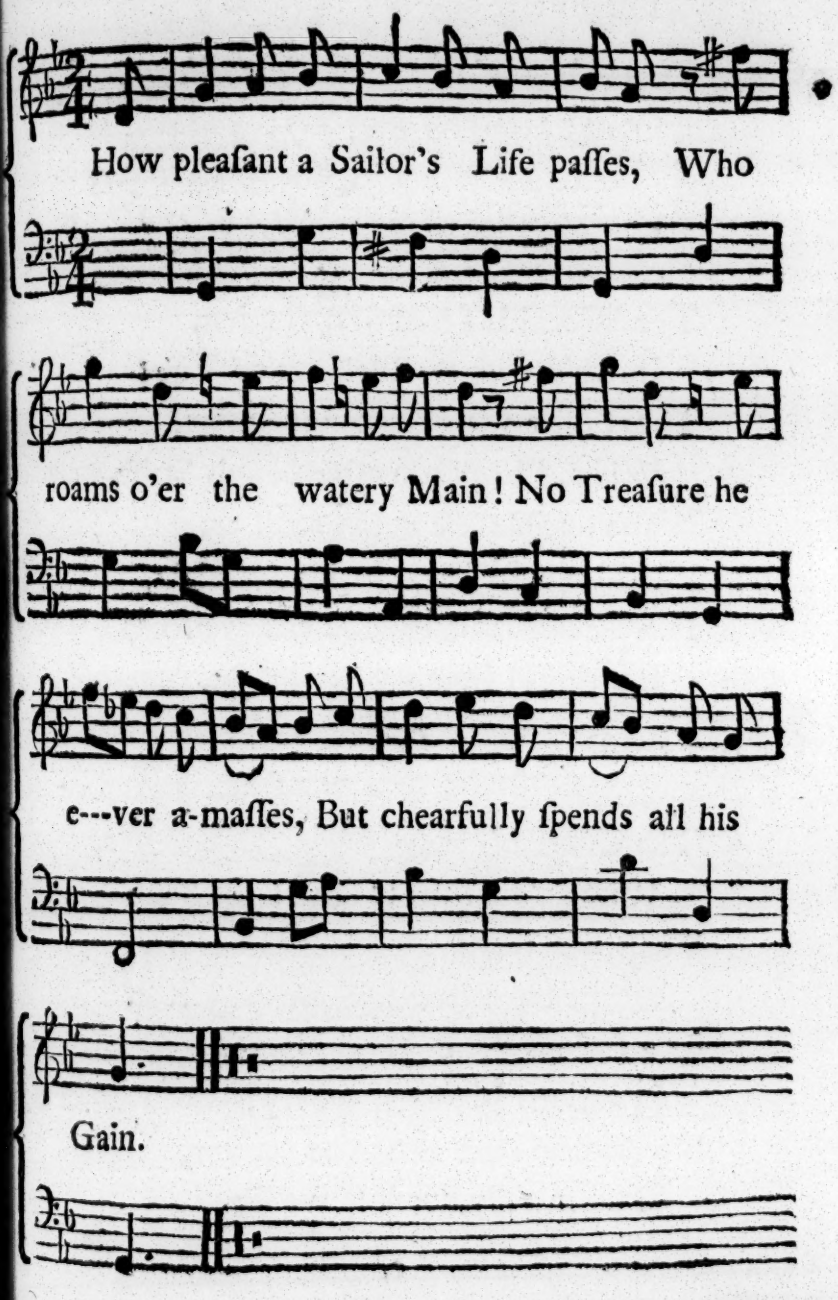
PHARNACES.

Set by Mr. J. SHEELES.


more the Woods with Whiſpers fill, All, all be
ſilent, all be ſtill; No more the Woods with Whiſpers
fill, All, all be ſi---lent, all, all, all, all be
Brisk.
ſtill. Then riſe at once, and murm'ring
blow, Hollow, diſ--mal, deep, and low.

Slow.

Turn Companions of my Groans, And fill the
Mountains, and fill the Mountains with our
Moans. Turn Companions of my Groans, And fil
the Mountains, fill the Mountains with our Moans

The SAILOR's BALLAD.

Sung by Mr. LEGAR, in PERSEUS *and* ANDROMEDA.



We're Strangers to Party and Faction,
To Honour and Honeſty true;
And wou'd not commit a baſe Action,
For Power or Profit in view.

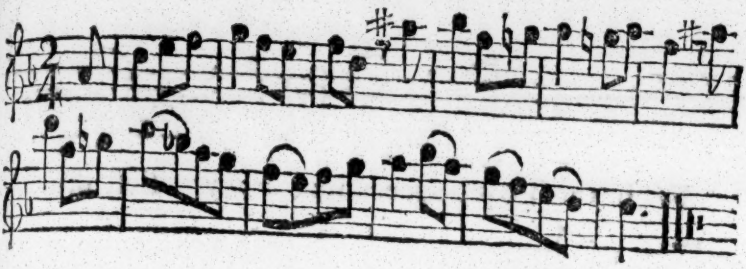
Chor. *Then why ſhou'd we quarrel for Riches,*
Or any ſuch glittering Toy;
A light Heart and a thin pair of Breeches,
Goes thorough the World, brave Boy.

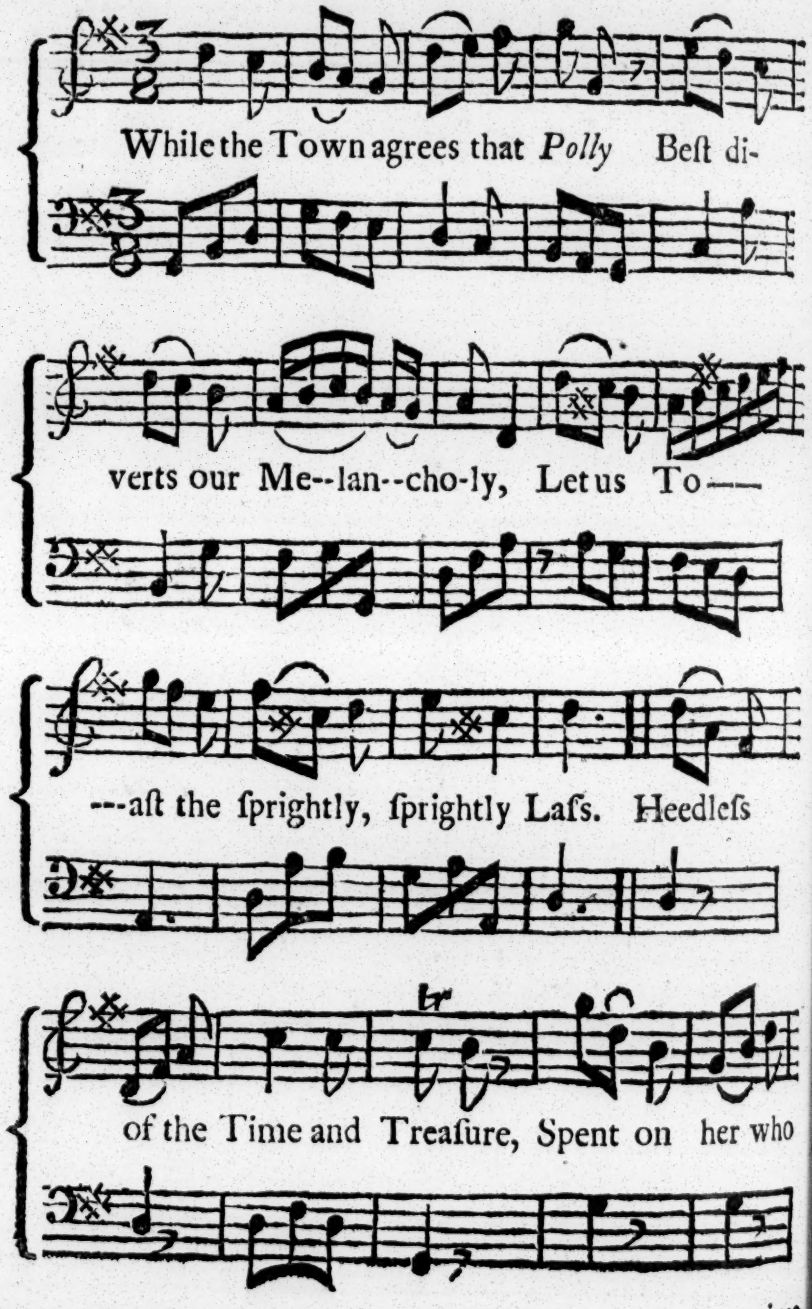
The World is a beautiful Garden,
Inrich'd with the Bleſſings of Life;
The Toiler with Plenty rewarding,
Which Plenty too often breeds Strife.
When terrible Tempeſts aſſail us,
And mountainous Billows affright,
No Grandeur or Wealth can avail us,
But skilful Induſtry ſteers right.

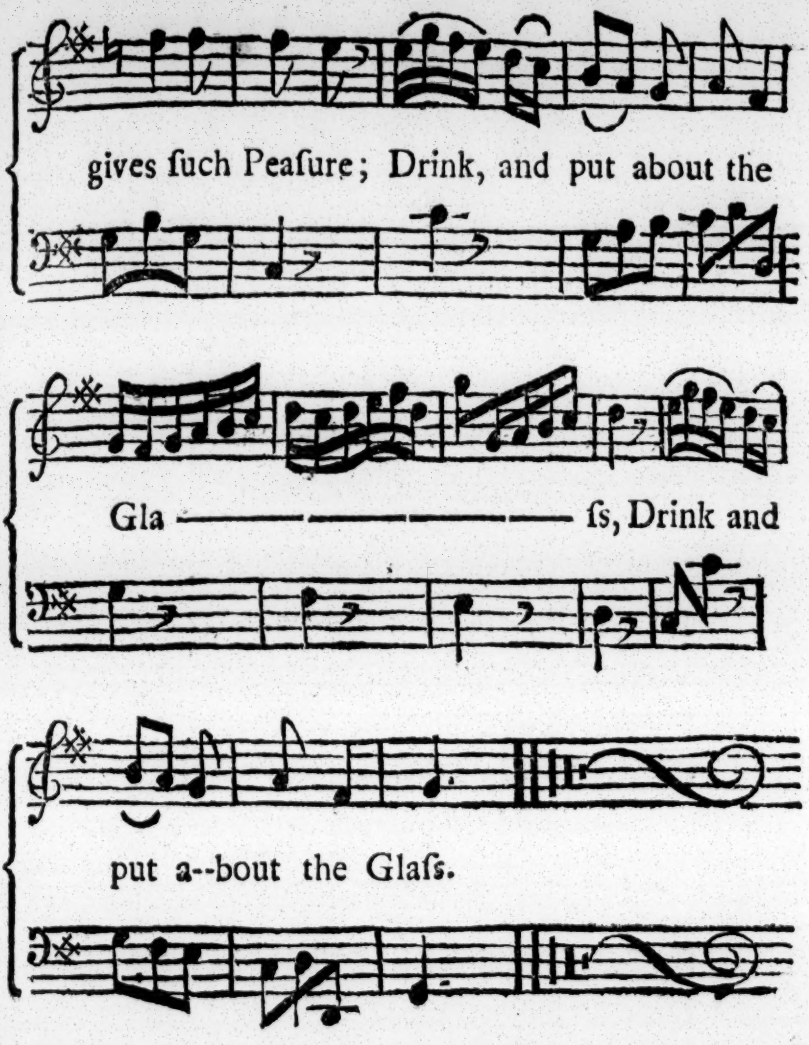
Chor. *Then why ſhould,* &c.

The Courtier's more ſubject to Dangers,
Who rules at the Helm of the State
Than we, that to Politicks Strangers,
Eſcape the Snares laid for the Great.
The various Bleſſings of Nature,
In various Nations, we try;
No Mortal than us can be greater,
Who merrily live 'till we die.

Chor. *Then why ſhould,* &c.

For the FLUTE.

A SONG *in Praiſe of* POLLY.

Set by Mr. MONROE.

gives



Polly's Charms are ſo extenſive,
That the Cheerful, Grave, and Penſive,
Equally their Pow'r, equally their Pow'r obey.
In a Bed, or o'er a Bottle,
Full of Wit and am'rous Prattle,
Pretty *Polly*'s always Gay;
Pretty *Polly*'s always Gay.

To the foregoing Tune.

HARK, *Lucinda*, to the Wooing,
Murm'ring Turtles am'rous Cooing;
Shelly Grotts their Love rebound:
Streams along the Pebbles trilling,
Heart with trembling Pleaſure filling,
Sweetly anſwer to the Sound,
Sweetly anſwer to the Sound.

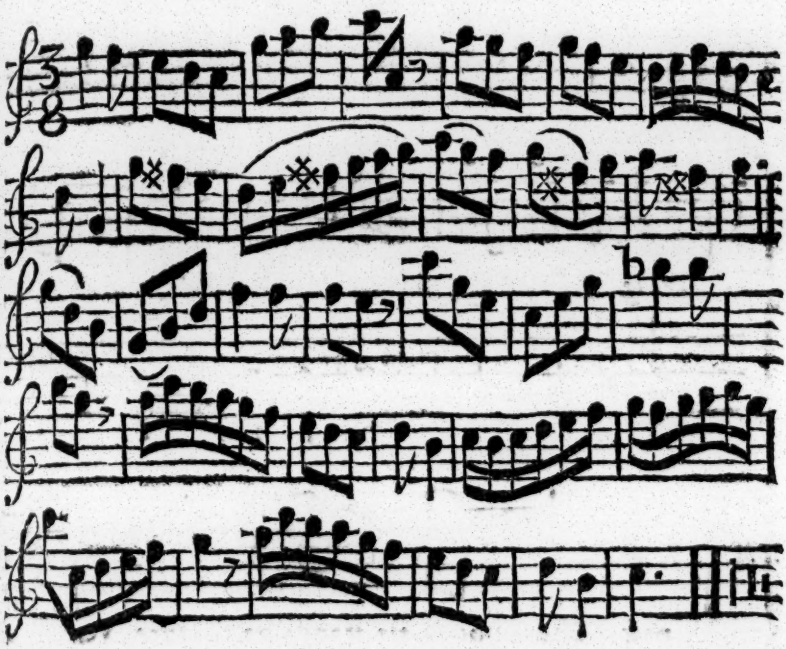
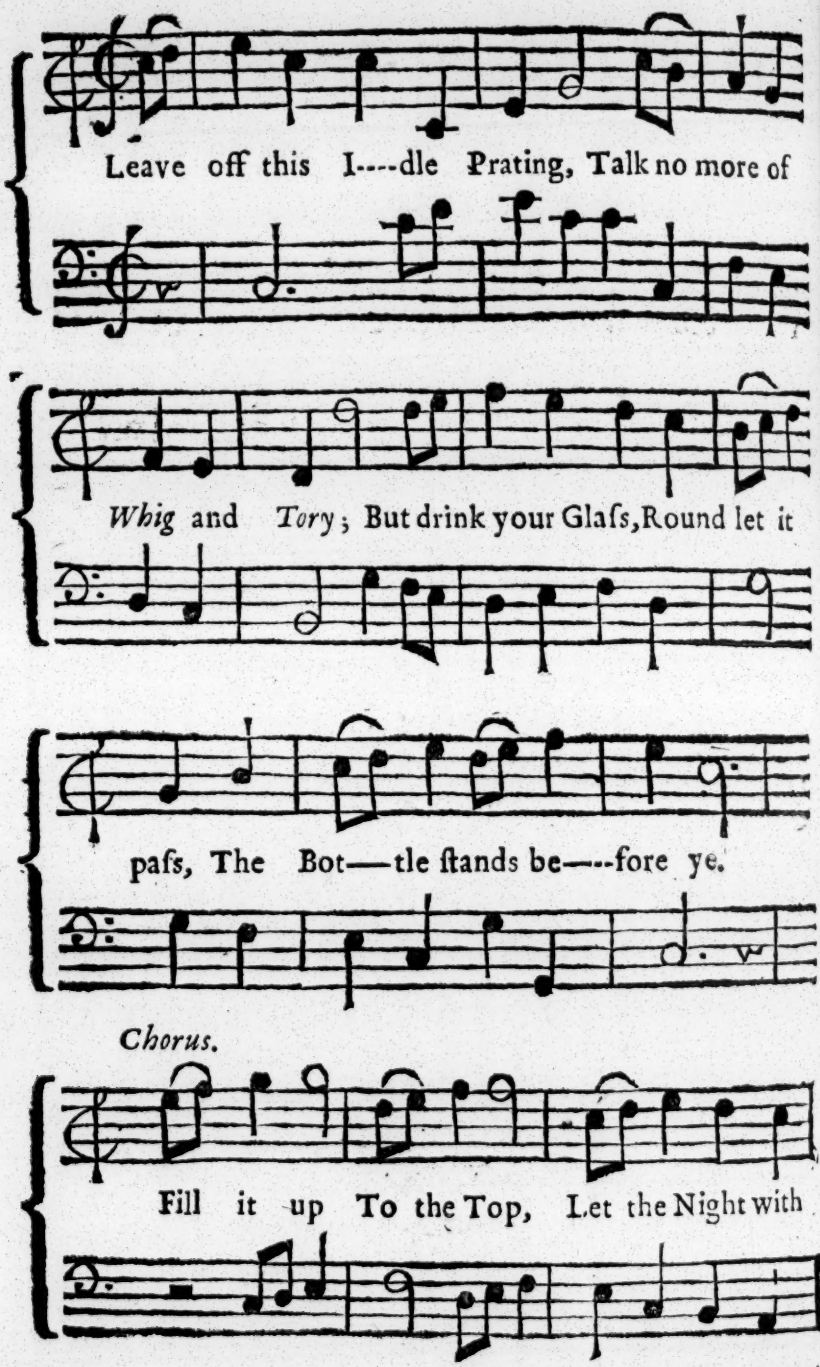
Twiſted Boughs above combining,
Loving Joy around them twining,
Guard thee with a mingled Shade:
Purple Vi'lets, bluſhing Roſes,
Od'rous Flow'rs in various Poſies,
Dreſs thy Boſom, and thy Head,
Dreſs thy Boſom, and thy Head,

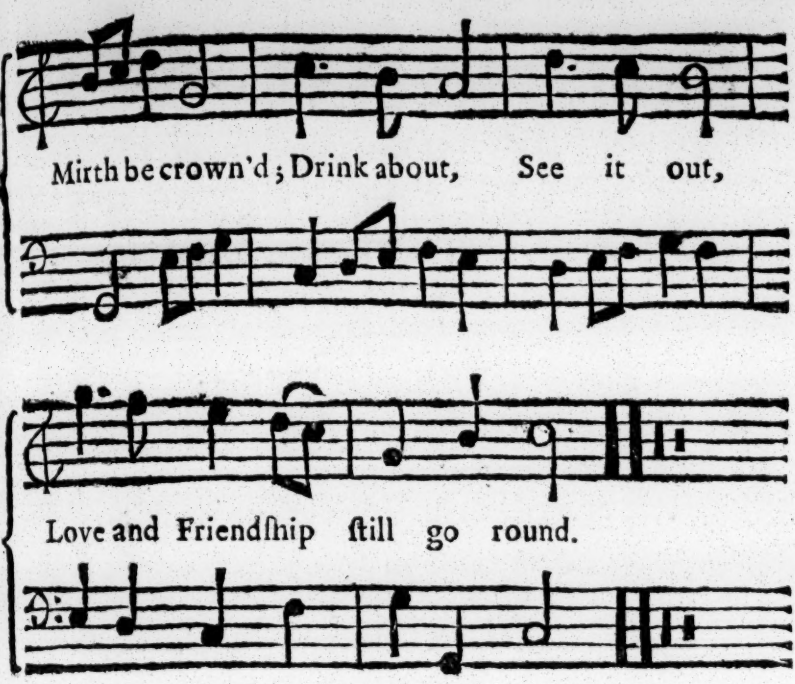
See! their tender Beings flying!
Quickly fading, quickly dying!
Beauty ne'er was fram'd to laſt;
Let the Lover once adviſe thee,
To improve the Good that flies thee;
Soon, ah! ſoon, the Seaſon's paſt,
Soon, ah! ſoon, the Seaſon's paſt.

Air, with hollow Tempeſts ſwelling,
Gathering Clouds a Storm foretelling,
Shroud in Night the faireſt Day:

Springing

Springing Beauty, gaily blooming,
Sees not lowry Winter's coming,
To *December* change her *May*,
To *December* change her *May*.

For the FLUTE.

LOVE *and* FRIENDSHIP.

Mirth



If Claret be a Bleſſing,
This Night devote to Pleaſure;
Let Worldly Cares,
And State Affairs,
Be thought on at more Leiſure.
Fill it up, &c.

If any is ſo zealous,
To be a Party's Minion,
Let him drink like me,
We'll ſoon agree,
And be of one Opinion.
Fill it up, &c.

Sung

Sung in the Comedy call'd, RAPE upon RAPE.

To the foregoing Tune.

LET a Set of ſober Aſſes
Rail againſt the Joys of Drinking,
While Water, Tea,
And Milk agree,
To ſet cold Brains a thinking:
Power and Wealth,
Beauty, Health,
Wit and Mirth in Wine are crown'd;
Joys abound,
Pleaſure's found,
Only where the Glaſs goes round.

The antient Sects on Happineſs,
All differ'd in Opinion,
But wiſer Rules,
Of modern Schools,
In Wine fix her Dominion:
Power and Wealth, &c.

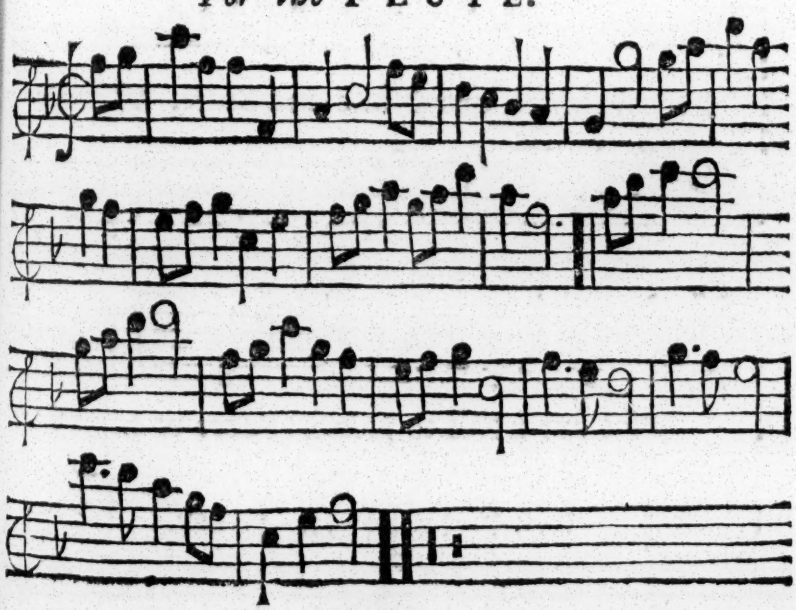
Wine gives the Lover Vigour,
Makes glow the Cheeks of Beauty,
Makes Poets write,
And Soldiers fight,
And Friendſhip do its Duty:
Power and Wealth, &c.

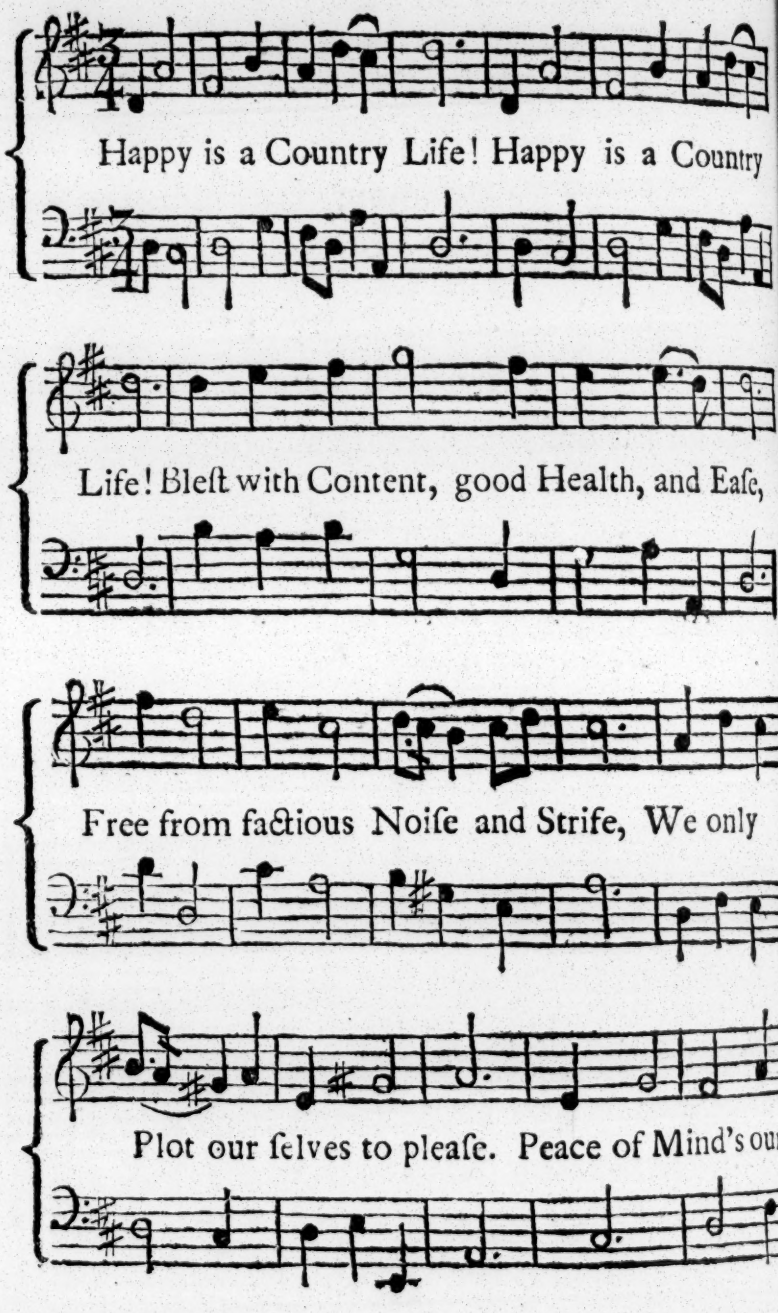
Wine was the only *Helicon*,
Whence Poets are long-liv'd ſo;
'Twas no other Main,
Than brisk *Champaigne*,
Whence *Venus* was deriv'd too:
Power and Wealth, &c.

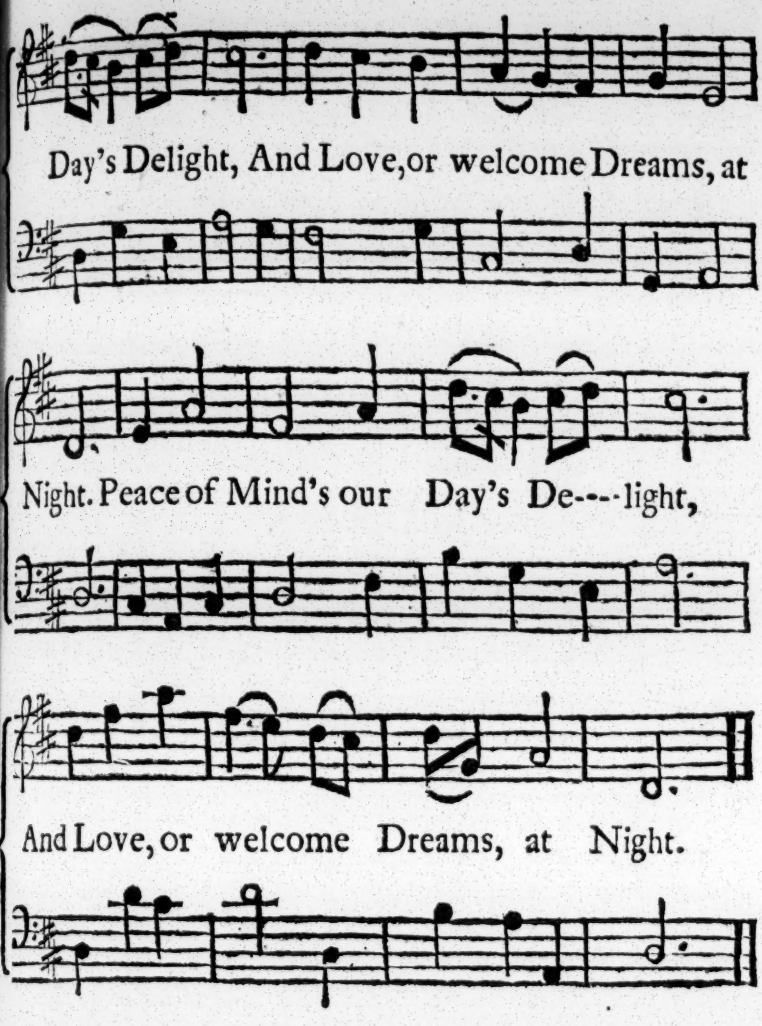
When Heav'n in *Pandora*'s Box
All kind of Ill had ſent us,
In a merry Mood,
A Bottle of Good
Was cork'd up, to content us:
Power and Wealth, &c.

All Virtues Wine is Nurſe to.
Of ev'ry Vice Deſtroyer;
Gives Dullards Wit,
Makes juſt the Cit,
Truth forces from the Lawyer:
Power and Wealth, &c.

Wine ſets our Joys a flowing,
Our Care and Sorrow drowning.
Who rails at the Bowl,
Is a *Turk* in's Soul,
And a Chriſtian ne'er ſhou'd own him:
Power and Wealth, &c.

For the FLUTE.

The COUNTRY LIFE.



Day's

Hail! green Fields, and ſhady Woods!
Hail! Chryſtal Streams that ſtill run pure,
Nature's uncorrupted Goods,
Where Virtue only dwells ſecure;
Free from Vice, and free from Care,
Age has no Pain, nor Youth a Snare.

To the foregoing Tune.

HE, whoſe active Thoughts diſdain
To be Captive to one Foe,
And wou'd break his ſingle ſingle Chain,
Or elſe more wou'd undergo;
Let him learn the Art of me,
By new Bondage to be free.

What tyrannick Miſtreſs dare,
To one Beauty, Love confine?
Who, unbounded as the Air,
All may court, but none decline.
Why ſhou'd we the Heart deny
As many Objects as the Eye?

Whereſoe'er I turn, or move,
A new Paſſion ſtill detains me;
Thoſe kind Beauties that approve,
Or thoſe proud Nymphs that diſdain me.
This Frown melts, and that Frown burns me,
This to Tears, that Aſhes turns me.

Soft freſh Virgins, not full-blown,
With their youthful Sweetneſs take me;
Sober Matrons that have known,
Long ſince, what theſe prove, awake me:
Here, ſtay'd Coldneſs I admire;
There, the lively active Fire.

She,

She, that doth by Skill diſpenſe
Ev'ry Favour ſhe beſtows;
Or, the harmleſs Innocence,
Which nor Court, nor City knows:
Both alike my Soul inflame;
That Wild Beauty, and this Tame.

She that wiſely can adorn
Nature, with the Wealth of Art;
Or She, whoſe rural Sweets ſcorn
Borrow'd Helps to take a Heart:
The vain Care of That's my Pleaſure,
Poverty of This my Treaſure.

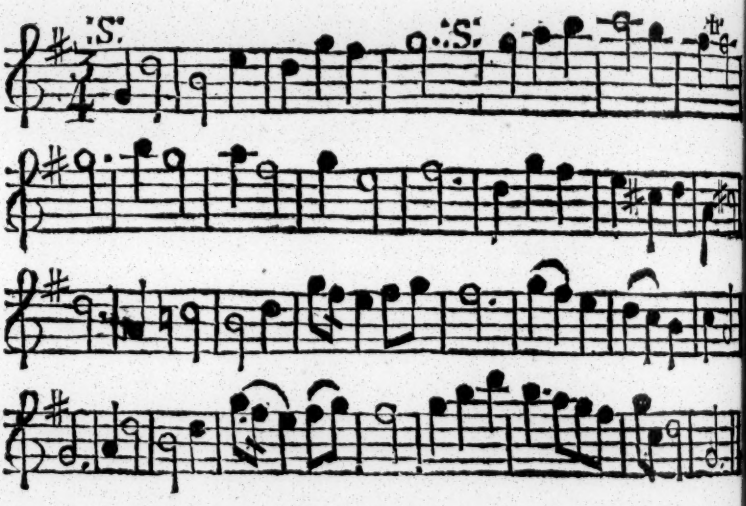
Both the Wanton, and the Coy,
Me, with equal Pleaſures move;
She, whom I by Force enjoy,
Or, who forceth me to love:
This, becauſe ſhe'll not confeſs;
That, not hide her Happineſs.

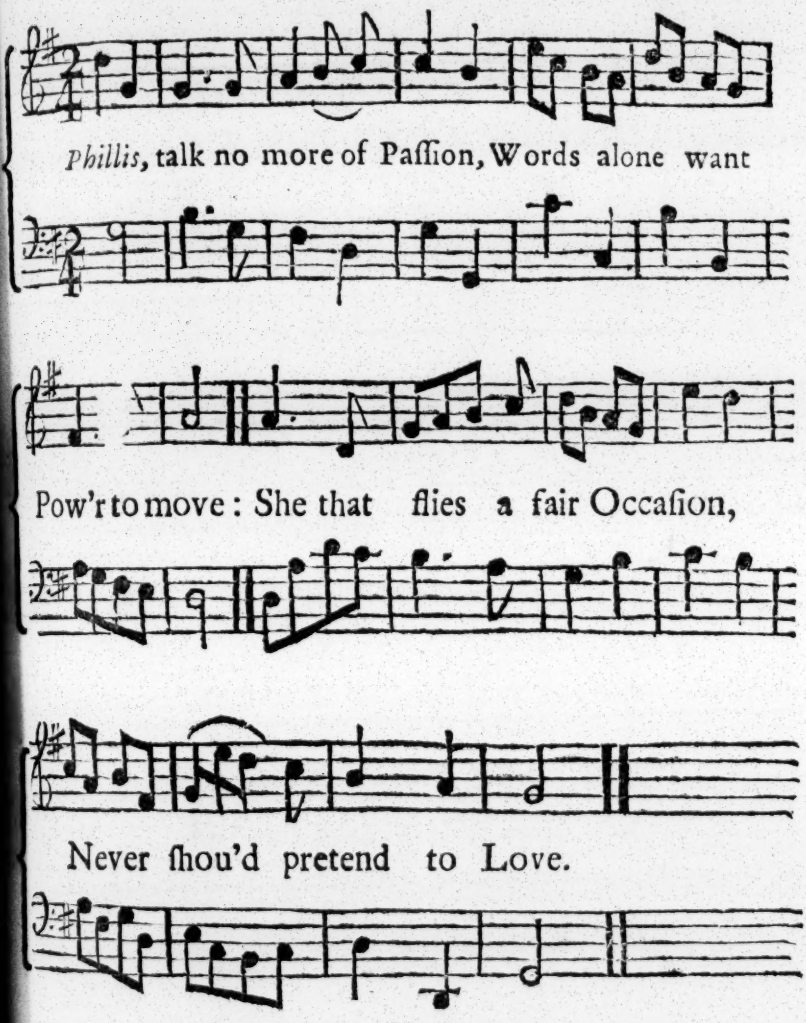
She, whoſe looſely-flowing Hair,
Scatter'd like the Beams o'th' Morn,
Playing with the ſportive Air,
Hides the Beauties it adorns;
Captive in that Net reſtrains me,
In thoſe golden Fetters chains me.

Nor doth ſhe with Pow'rs leſs bright,
My divided Heart invade,
Whoſe ſoft Treſſes ſpread, like Night,
O'er her Shoulders a black Shade; For

For the Star-light of her Eyes
Brighter ſhines through thoſe dark Skies.

Black, or fair, or tall, or low,
I alike with all can ſport;
The bold ſprightly *Thais* wooe,
Or the frozen Veſtal court.
Ev'ry Beauty takes my Mind;
Ty'd to all, to none confin'd.

For the FLUTE.

The REPROACH.

Set by Mr. *MONRO.*

Honour, that ſo oft you boaſt on,
Love poſſeſſing once the Mind,
Only is a vain Pretenſion
Women uſe that won't be kind.

See the winged Moments flying,
Whereon Youth and Beauty ride;
She, who long perſiſts denying,
Ne'er can hope to be a Bride.

She that now evades poſſeſſing,
By her ſilly Doubts betray'd;
When ſhe'd yield to ſhare the Bleſſing,
May, neglected, dye a Maid.

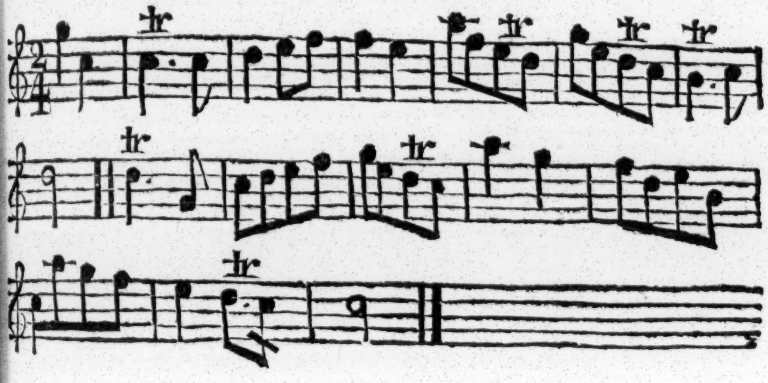
To the foregoing Tune.

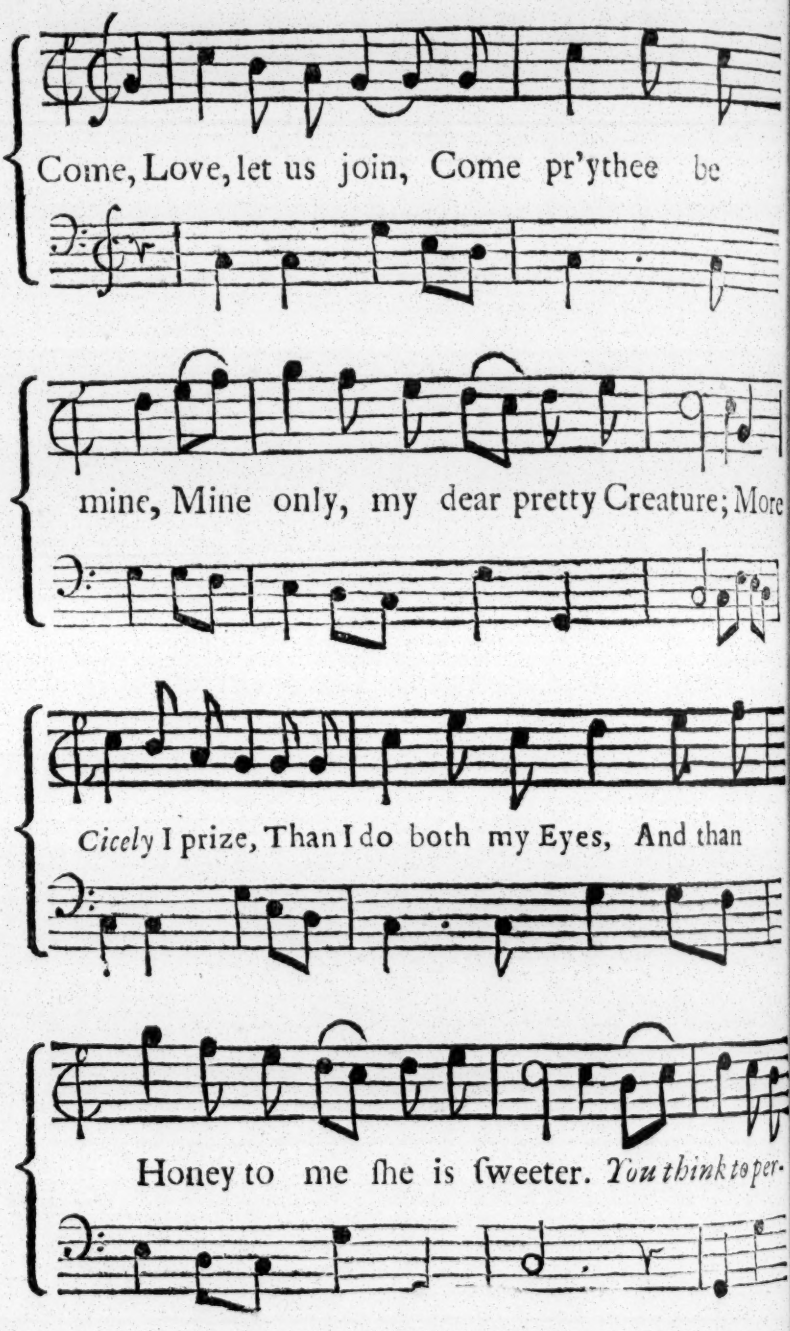
CELIA, hence with Affectation,
Hence with all this careleſs Air;
Hypocriſy is out of Faſhion
With the Witty and the Fair.

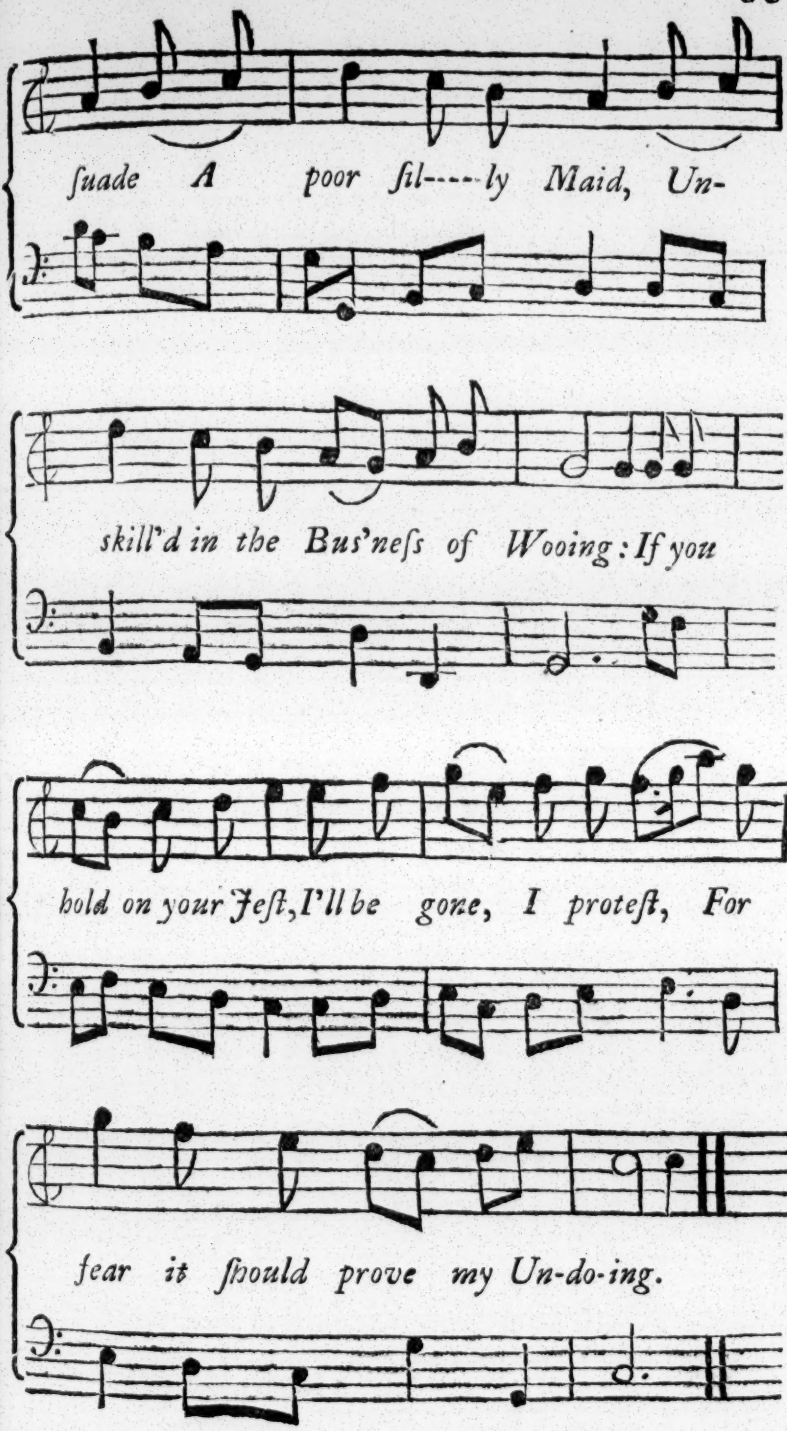
Nature all thy Arts diſcloſes,
While the Pleaſure ſhe ſupplies
Paints thy glowing Cheeks with Roſes,
And inflames thy ſparkling Eyes.

Fooliſh *Celia*, not to know
Love thy Int'reſt and thy Duty,
Thou to Love alone do'ſt owe
All thy Joy, and all thy Beauty.

Mark the tuneful feather'd Kind,
At the coming of the Spring;
All in happy Pairs are join'd,
And becauſe they love, they ſing.

For the FLUTE.

ROGER and *CICELY.*



ſuade

ſuade A poor ſil----ly Maid, Un-
ſkill'd in the Buſ'neſs of Wooing: If you
hold on your Jeſt, I'll be gone, I proteſt, For
fear it ſhould prove my Un-do-ing.

I'm in ſuch a Fever,
The like it was never;
So dreadfully ſore is my Smart,
That *Cupid*, I weet,
Were you but to ſee't,
Has bor'd a great Hole in my Heart.
Yes, yes, the plain Caſe is,
You know all your Paces,
Whene'er you would compaſs your Pleaſure;
And if ſilly Wenches
Believe your Pretences,
They're left to repent at their Leiſure.

In Pity forbear
To inſult me, my Dear,
O ſpare, while ſo ſorely I languiſh!
What Room, dear Unkind,
For Deceit can you find
In a Breaſt that is brim-full of Anguiſh?
Nay, nay, Roger, *now*,
You wrong me, I vow,
I would not be reckon'd hard-hearted:
But, alas! I have known,
For believing too ſoon,
Poor Maids that have wofully ſmarted.

Pray do not ſuppoſe,
That I'm one of Thoſe,
Who can leave their Sweet-hearts in the Lurch;
I mean, in good Sooth,
To plight you my Troth,
When the Bans have been ask'd in the Church.

But then, ſhould you ſoon,
With the firſt Honey-moon,
Should you forfeit the Troth which you plighted;
Should you, cool to your Spouſe,
Laugh at all your paſt Vows,
And Cicely, *poor* Cicely! *be ſlighted?*

Come, Sweet! be not ſhy,
On your True-love rely;
Come, with hearty Good-will let's agree;
You may quit ev'ry Fear,
When, without you, I ſwear,
All the World would be nothing to me.
Well, I can't but approve
Of ſo honeſt a Love;
Nor dread to be ſuch a one's Wife.
And a Love, my dear *Cis*,
That's as honeſt as this,
Is as long and as laſting as Life.

CUPID turn'd TINKER.

To the foregoing Tune.

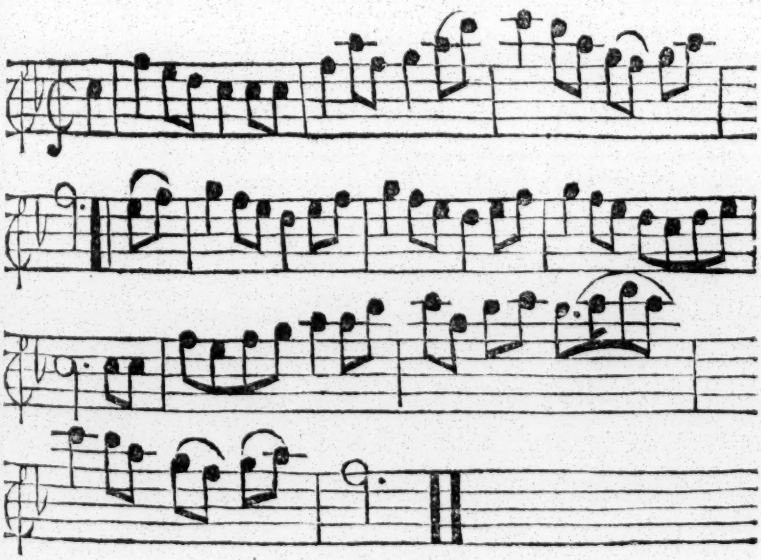
FAIR *Venus*, they ſay,
On a rainy bleak Day,
Thus ſent her Child *Cupid* a packing;
Get thee gone from my Door,
Like a Son of a Whore,
And elſewhere ſtand bouncing and cracking.

To tell the plain Truth,
Our little blind Youth
Beat the Hoof a long while up and down, Sir,
'Till, all Dangers paſt,
By good Fortune, at laſt
He ſtumbled into a great Town, Sir.

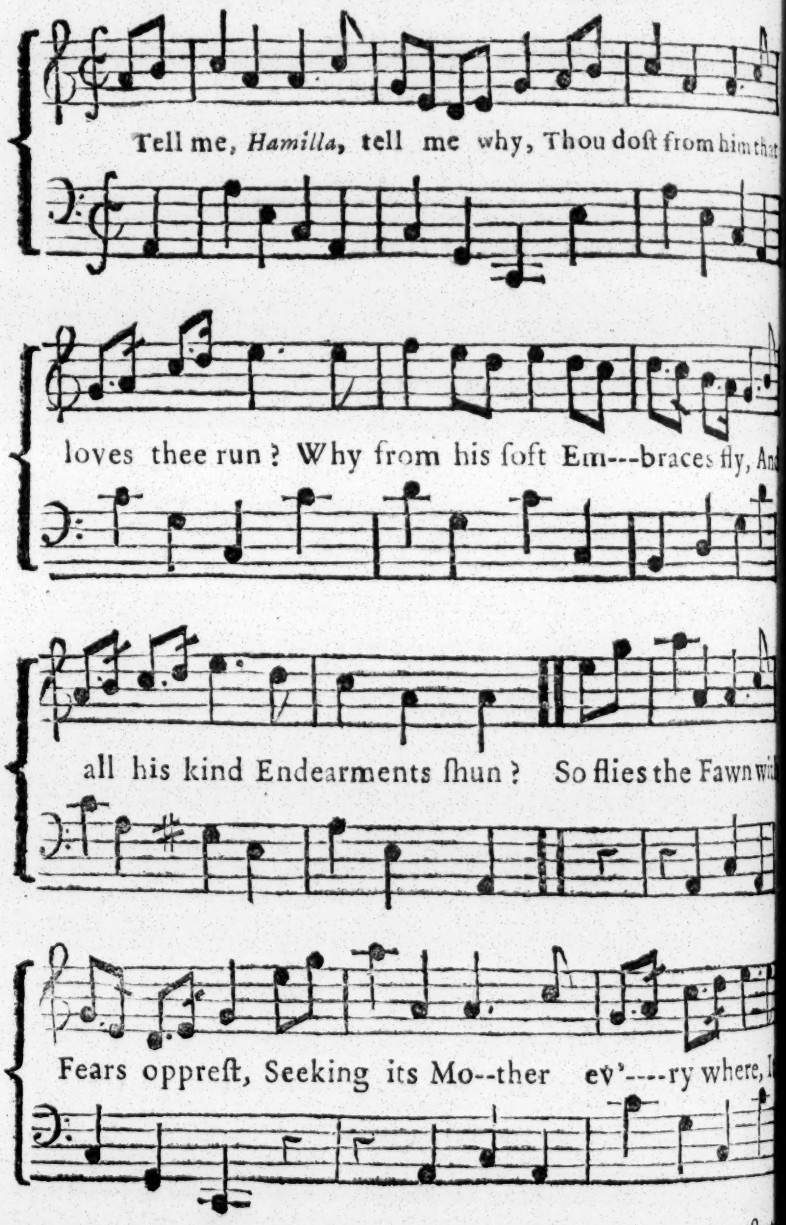
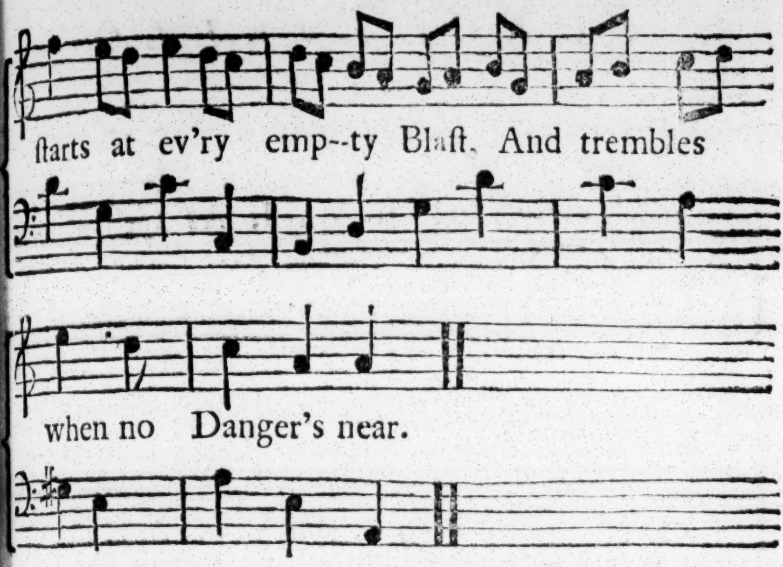
Then ſtraight to himſelf
Cries this tiny ſly Elf,
Since Begging brings little Relief, Sir,
A Trade I'll commence
That ſhall bring in the Pence;
And ſtraight he ſet up for a Thief, Sir.
At Play-houſe and Kirk,
Where he ſlily did lurk,
He ſtole Hearts both from young and old People,
'Till at laſt, ſays my Song,
He had like to have ſwung
On a Gallows as high as a Steeple.

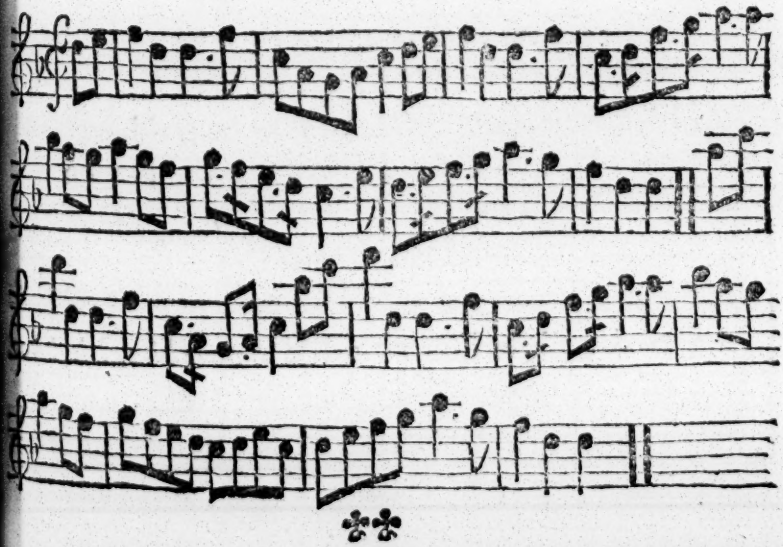
Then with Arrows and Bow
He a Soldier muſt go;
And ſtraight he ſhot Folks without Warning;
He thought it no Sin,
When his Hand once was in,
To kill you a Hundred each Morning.
When he found that he made
Little Gains by this Trade,
What does our ſly graceleſs Blinker,
But ſtraight chang'd his Note,
As well as his Coat,
And needs muſt paſs for a Tinker.

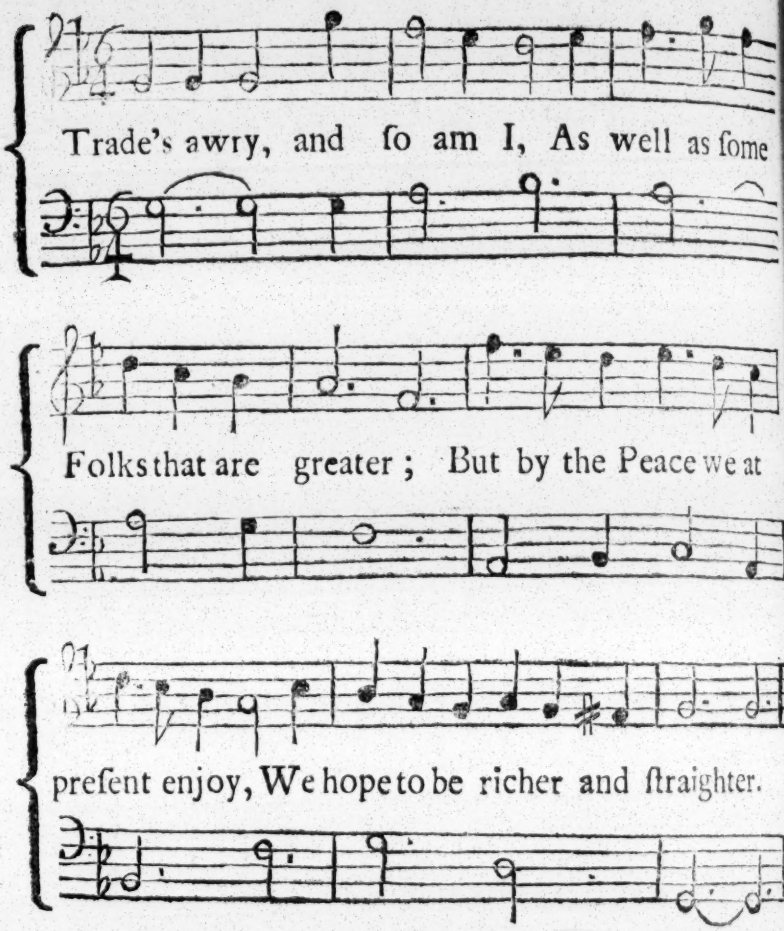
Have you any Hearts to mend,
Come, I'll be your Friend,
Or elſe I expect not a Farthing:
Tho' they're burnt to a Coal,
I'll ſoon make 'em whole;
And, Maids, is not this a fair Bargain?
But, Maids, have a care,
Of this Tinker beware,
Shun the Rogue, tho' he ſets ſuch a Face on't;
Where he ſtops up one Hole,
'Tis true, by my Soul,
He'll at leaſt leave a Score in the place on't.

For the FLUTE.

To HAMILLA.

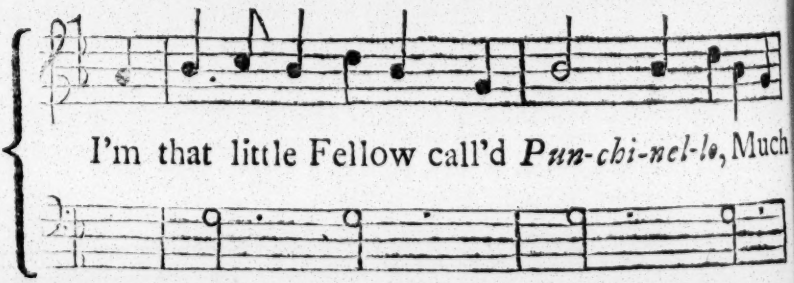
In Imitation of *Horace*, Book I. Ode XXIII.

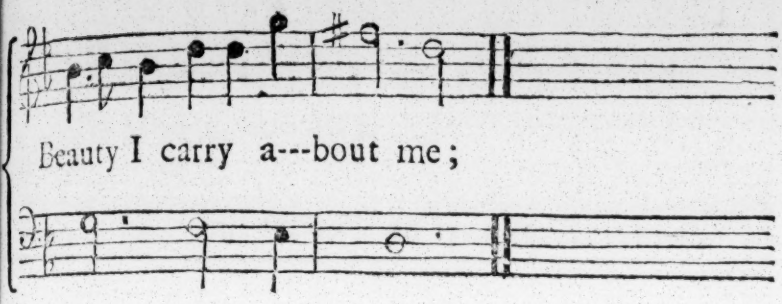
To the Tune of LOGAN WATER.

And yet I keep thee but in view,
To gaze the Glories of thy Face,
Not with a hateful Step purſue,
As Age, to rifle ev'ry Grace.
Ceaſe then, dear Wildneſs, ceaſe to toy,
But haſte all Rivals to outſhine;
Now grown mature, and ripe for Joy,
Leave *Mamma*'s Arms, and fly to *mine*.

For the FLUTE.

PUNCHINELLO.

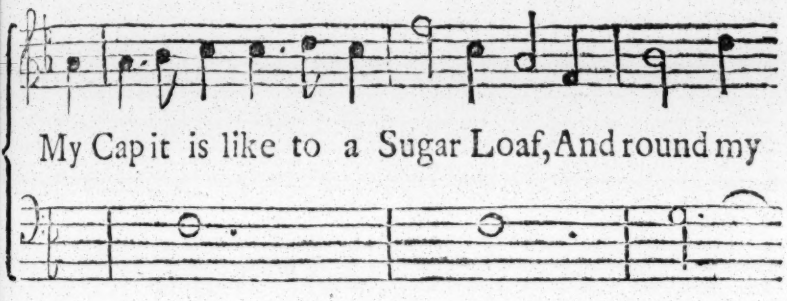


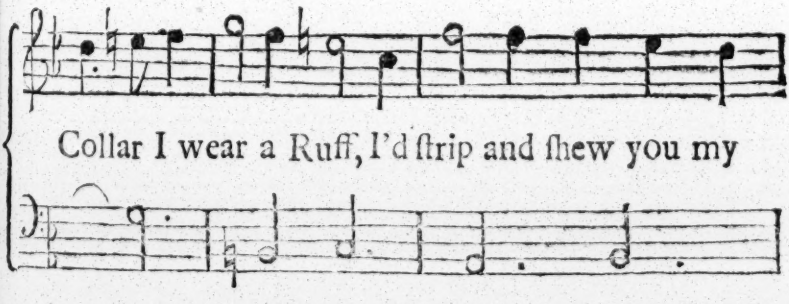
Brib'ry muſt be laid aſide,
To ſome-body's Mortification:
He that is guilty, O! let him be try'd,
And expos'd for a Rogue to the Nation.

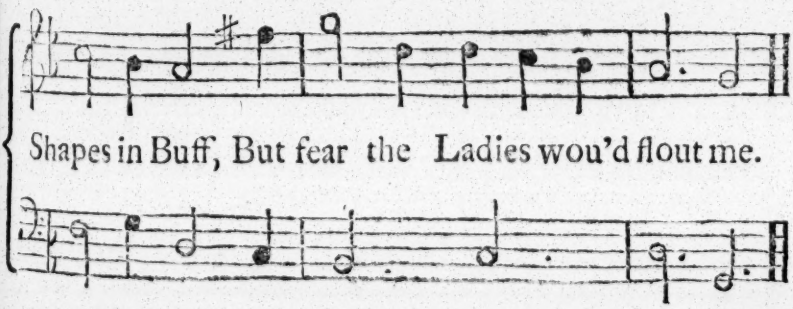




I'm witty, and pretty,
And come to delight you,
You cannot be merry without me.





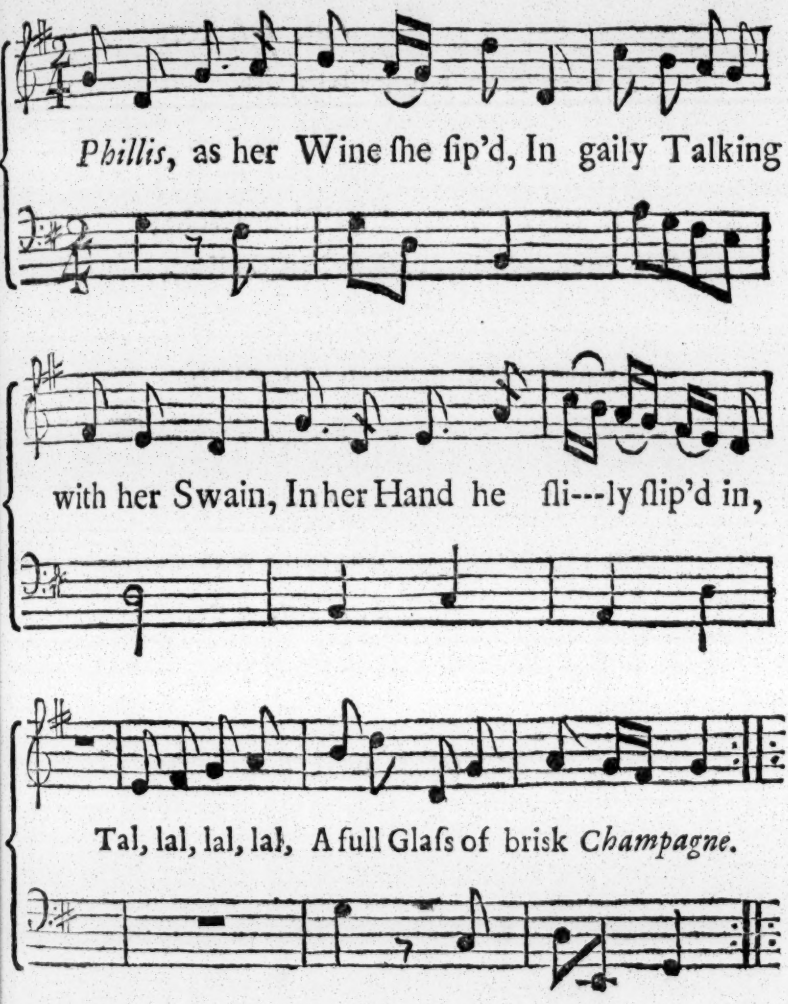


[*Sing*

[*Sing this Stanza to the latter Part of the Tune.*]

My riſing Back, and diſtorted Breaſt,
Whene'er I ſhow 'em become a Jeſt;
And as for what is below my Waiſt,
No Lady ever need doubt me.

Æſop was a monſt'rous Slave,
And waited at *Xanthus*'s Table;
Yet he was always a comical Knave,
And an excellent Dab at a Fable.
So when I preſume to ſhow
My Shapes, I am juſt ſuch another,
By my ſweet Looks and good Humour, I know,
You muſt take me for him, or his Brother.
The Fair, and the Comely,
May think me but homely,
Becauſe I am Tawney, and Crooked,
But he that by Nature
Is taller and ſtraiter,
May happen to prove a Block-head;
But I, fair Ladies, am full as wiſe,
As he that tickles your Ears with Lyes,
And thinks he pleaſes your charming Eyes
With a Rat-tail Wig, and a Cockade;
I mean, the Bully that never fought,
Yet dreſſes himſelf in a Scarlet Coat,
Without a Commiſſion, not worth a Groat,
But ſtruts with an empty Pocket.

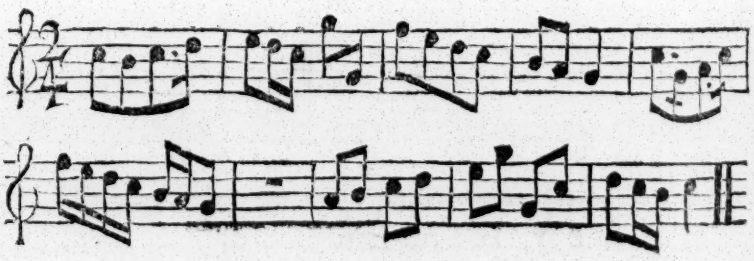
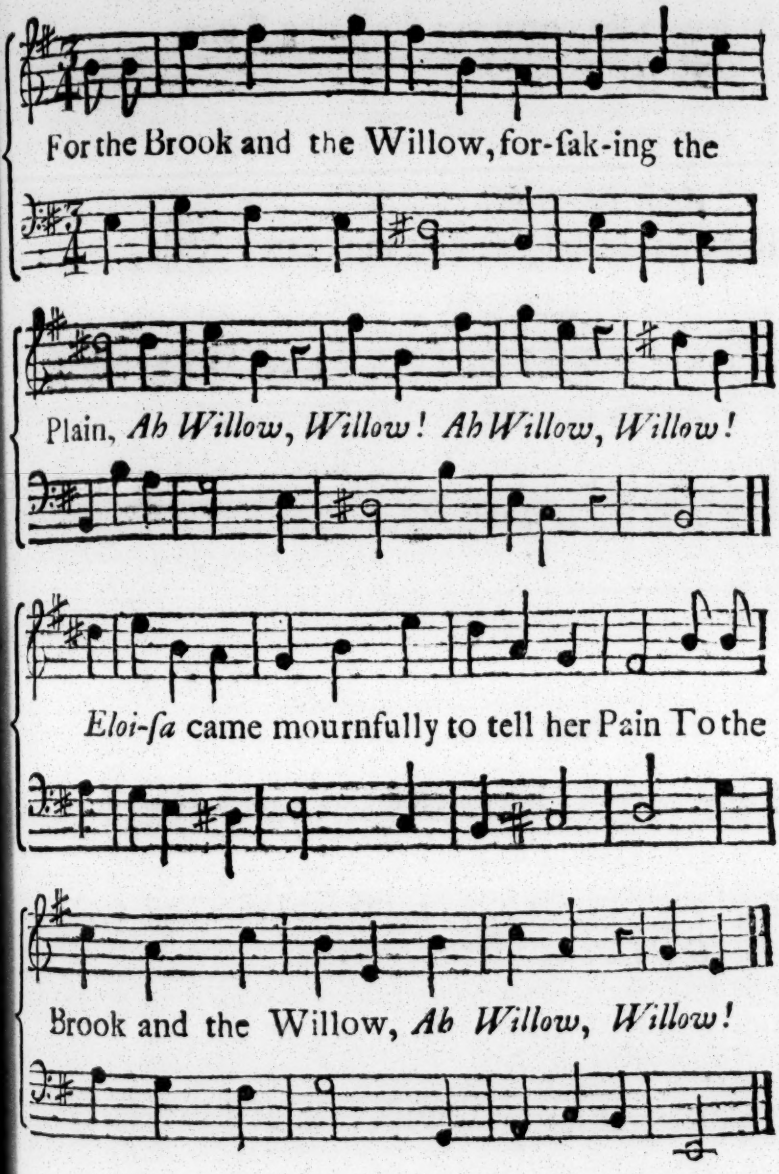
The DOUBLE ENTENDRE.

Why ſo coy, ſaid he, and fickle?
Muſt I always ſigh in vain?
Muſt I never hope to tickle,
Tal, lal, &c.
Your Ear with a merry Strain?

Long

Long have I been toſs'd and fretting,
Like a Sailor on the Main;
Sure, at length 'tis time to get in,
Tal, lal, &c.
To the Port I hope to gain.

Hearts you take Delight in ſtealing;
Of new Conqueſts ſtill are vain;
Torture others, whilſt I'm feeling,
Tal, lal, &c.
Pleaſure that's devoid of Pain.

Won at length, ſhe liſten'd kindly,
And from Love cou'd not refrain;
So in the Nick, the Nymph was finely,
Tal, lal, &c.
Fitted for her cold Diſdain.

For the FLUTE.

ELOISA's COMPLAINT.

On her trembling Hand ſhe reclin'd her ſad Head;
Ah Willow, &c.
And preſt her pale Cheek, for the Colour was fled:
O the Brook! &c.

Her languid Eyes rais'd, after many Groan,
Ah Willow, &c.
At length ſhe began in a faultering Tone,
To the Brook, &c.

Soft Zephyr, and Willow, kind Brook lend your Aid;
Ah Willow, &c.
Regard the Complaint of an unhappy Maid,
Moſt compaſſionate Willow, &c.

If the Man that I lov'd ſhou'd here chance to ſtray,
Ah Willow, &c.
In murm'ring Sounds let the Brook to him ſay,
And the Willow, &c.

The Maid, by Perſuaſion and You, led aſtray,
Ah Willow, &c.
Came here to relate her ſad Story, one Day,
To the Brook, &c.

For you, ev'ry Shepherd ſhe us'd with Diſdain,
Ah Willow, &c.
And pitch'd upon you for her fav'rite Swain;
O the Brook! &c.

But when her true Heart you poſſeſs'd, you forbore
Ah Willow, &c.
The Reſpect ſhe had always been us'd to before:
O the Brook! &c.

And tho' her hard Fate was oft told in your Ear,
Ah Willow, &c.
You in her Defence ne'er thought fit to appear,
But ſent her a Willow, &c.

If any Compaſſion you have in your Breaſt,
Ah Willow, &c.
You'll ſhew it, by granting this humble Requeſt,
To the Brook, &c.

For the ſake of the Nymph that your Wit did enſnare,
Ah Willow, &c.
Add a Tear to this Brook, and a Sigh to this Air;
To the Brook, &c.

But if your hard Heart doth relentleſs remain,
Ah the Willow, &c.
May you always make Love, but make it in vain,
With the Willow, &c.

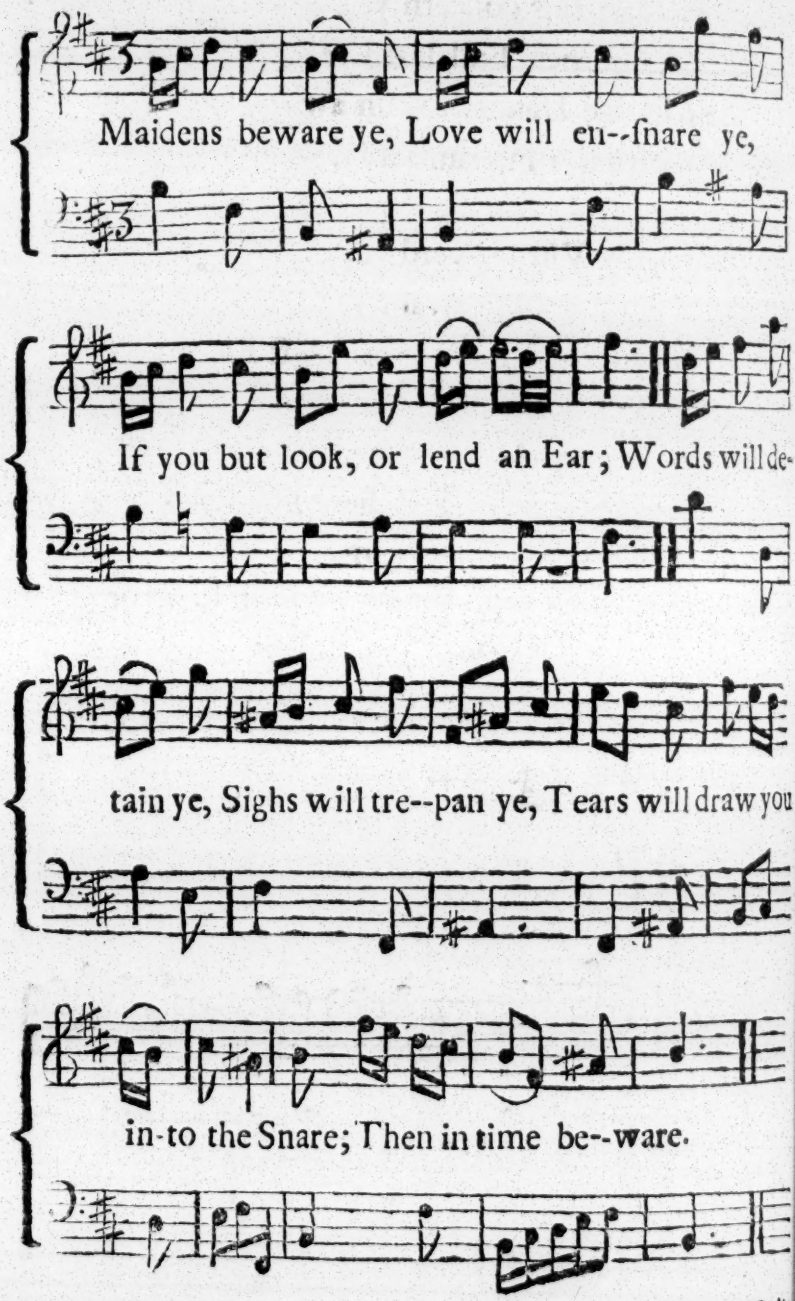
May the Laſs ever ſlight you, that you think moſt fair,
Ah Willow, &c.
And deſpis'd, may you ever have reaſon to wear
The Willow, &c.

Having truſted the Zephyr and Brook with her Grief,
Ah Willow, &c.
She call'd upon Death for to bring her Relief;
To the Brook, &c.

For the FLUTE.

ADVICE.

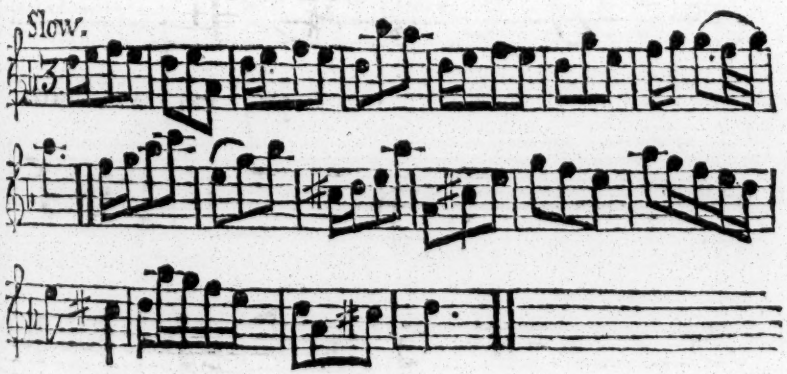
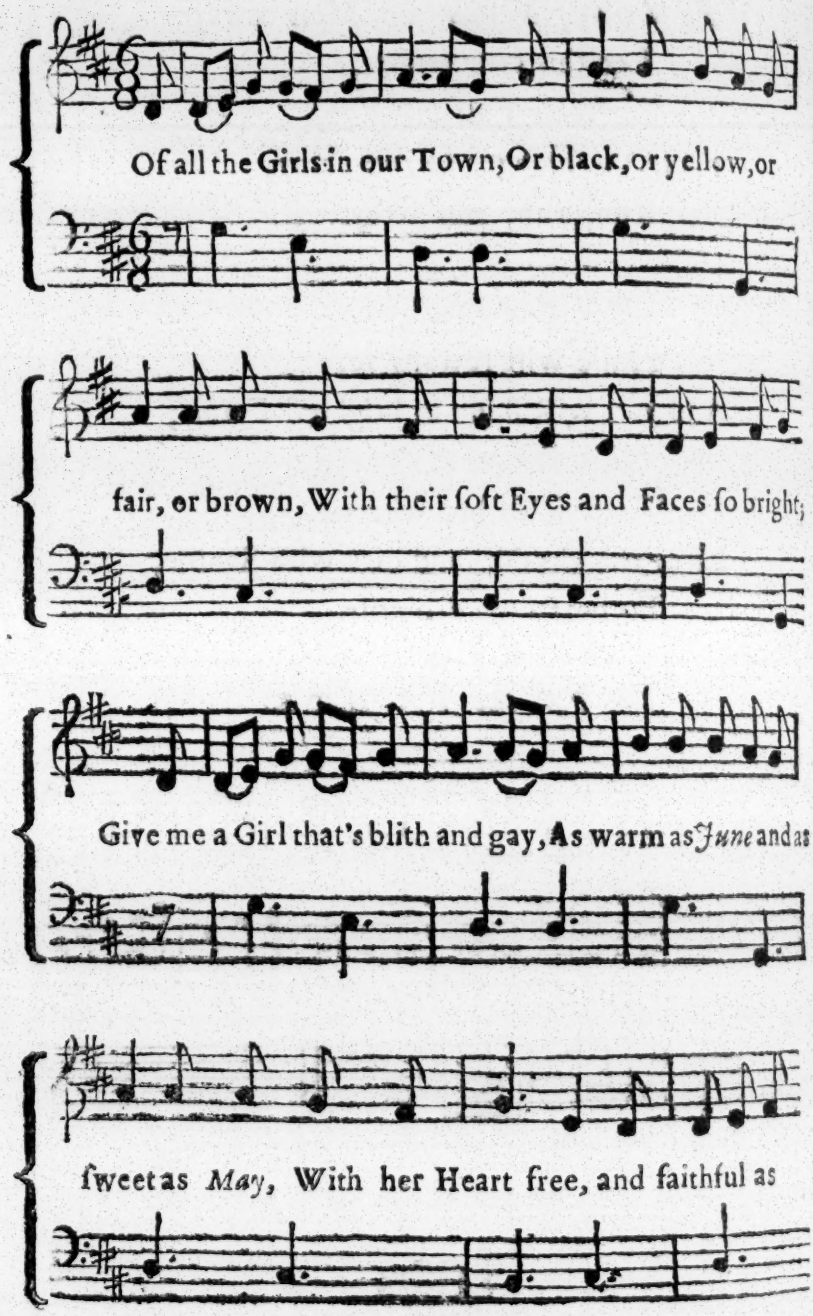
Slow.

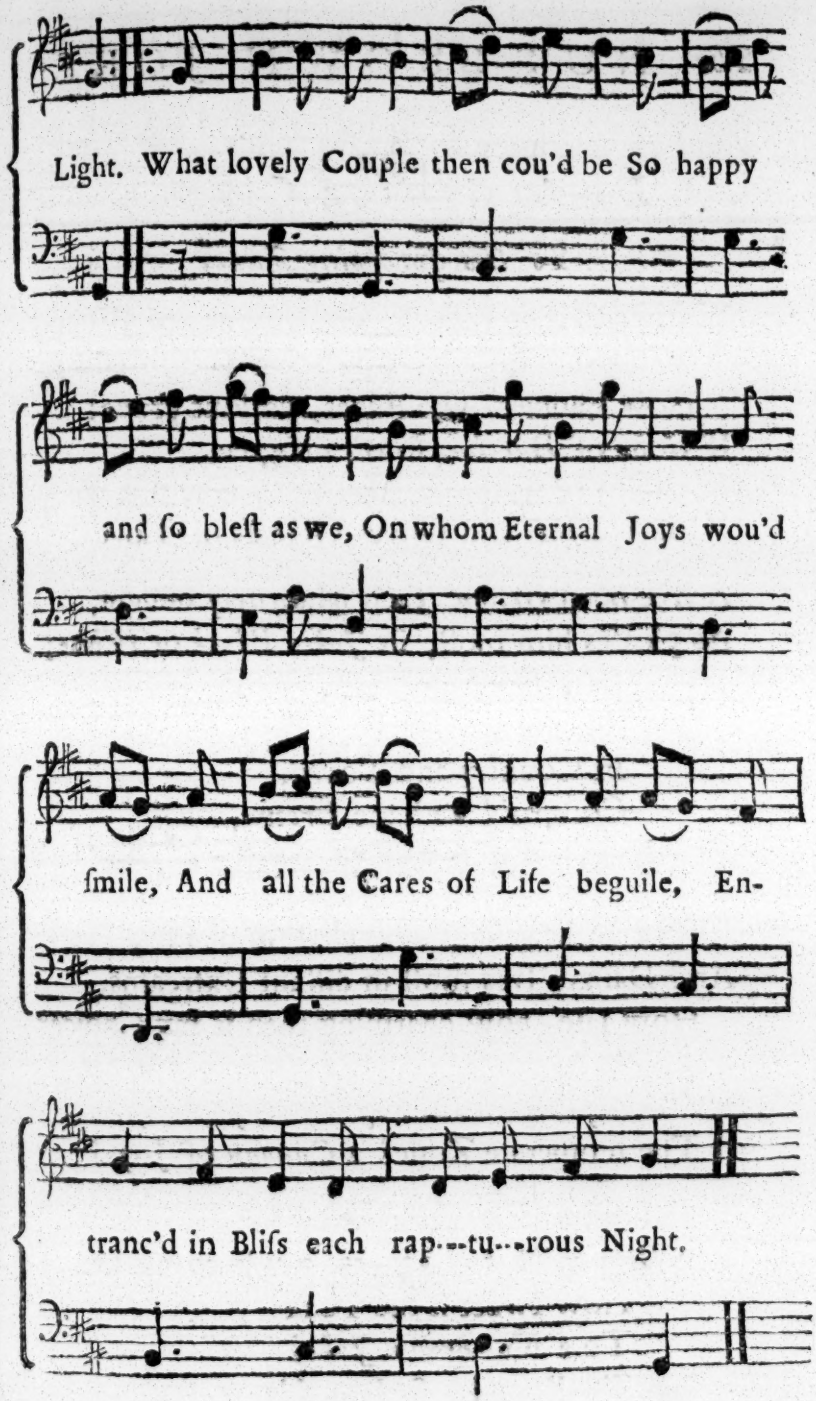


Daily

Daily you'll find it,
If you'll but mind it,
How many Maids falſe Men betray:
Let this concern ye,
Let their Fall learn ye,
From the Danger to run away,
Run, run, run away.

Let Virtue guard ye,
Praiſe will reward ye,
And you will ſhine in brighteſt Fame;
When the poor Creature,
That yields her Charter,
Lives abandon'd, and dies with Shame,
To bear ſuch a Name.

For the FLUTE.

The COAL-BLACK JOAK.

Night


Light. What lovely Couple then cou'd be So happy
and ſo bleſt as we, On whom Eternal Joys wou'd
ſmile, And all the Cares of Life beguile, En-
tranc'd in Bliſs each rap---tu---rous Night.

The NUT-BROWN JOKE:

OR,

K—y's MAGICK CIRCLE.

To the foregoing Tune.

INSPIR'D by Int'reſt, or Paſſions, or Whims,
What one calls Meat, t'other Poiſon eſteems—
How Fancies, like Faces, various prove!
If Sons of *Bacchus* ſo oft diſagree
In choice of Liquors, then why may not we
Have divers and ſundry Objects of Love?

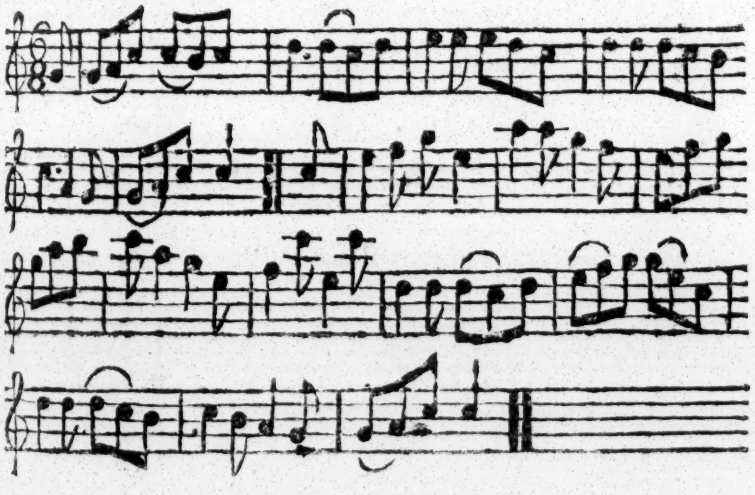
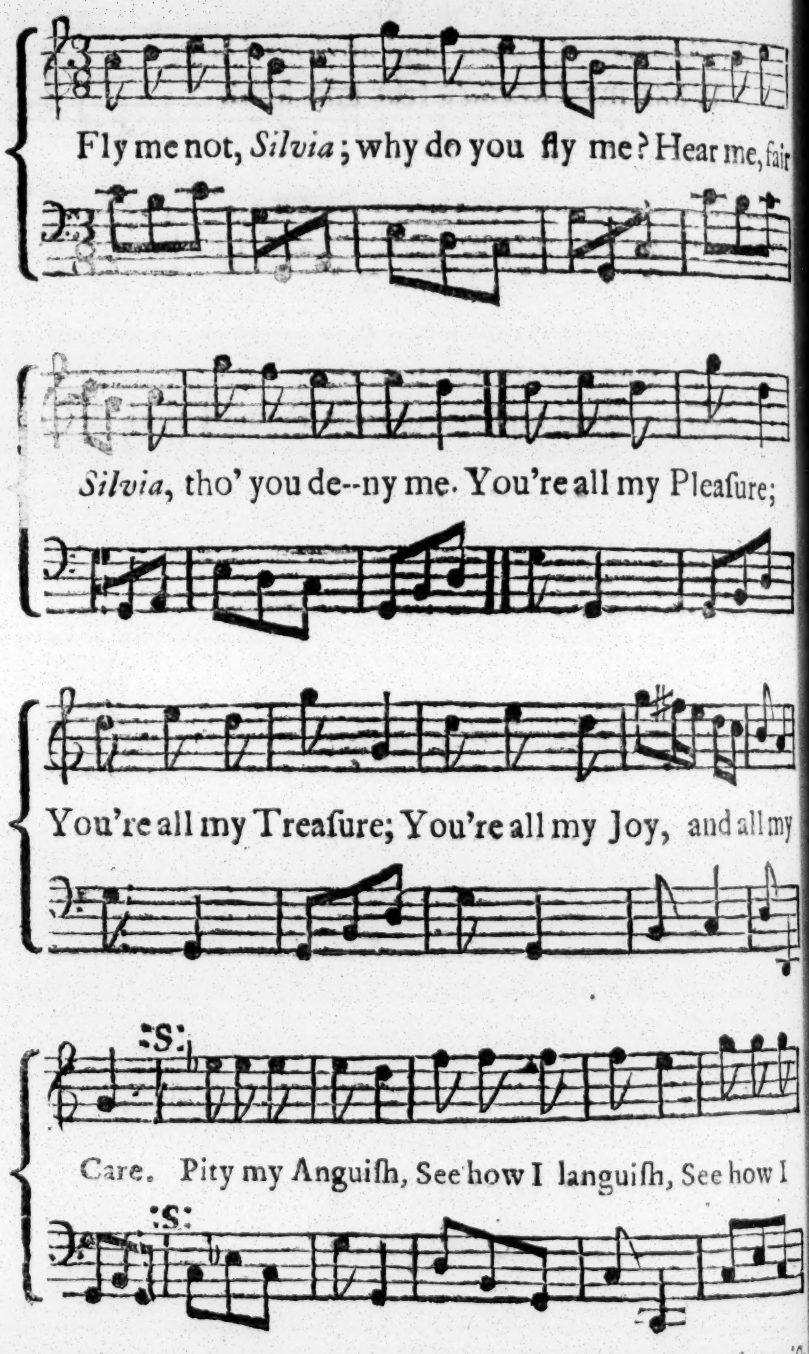
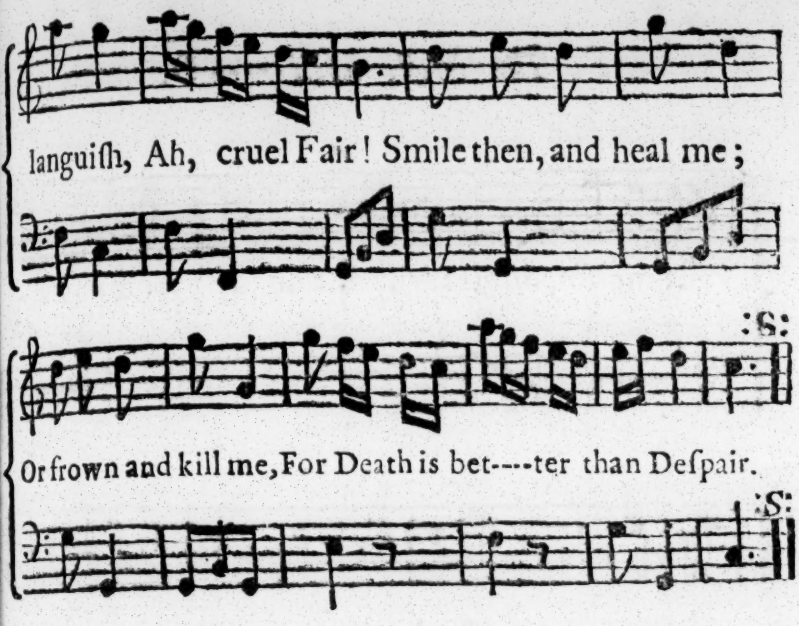
A free born *Briton*, each Man may delight,
As pleaſes him moſt, in *Jokes Black* or *White*;
But, like a dull Jeſt,
To me are the reſt,
In Country and Town,
Compar'd with the *Brown*,
The *Nut-brown*, that might captive a *Jove!*

If Virtue the middlemoſt Station claims,
And Danger lyes moſt in diſtant Extreams,
How ſafe, how charming then is my Choice?
The *Nut-brown Joke*, nor a *Saturn*, nor *Sol*,
Invites my Senſes and raptures my Soul,
The temperate Zone! a *Canaan* of Joys!

To all other *Jokes* for ever adieu:
The *Brown*, that conquers, can keep me true.
How ſweet is the Yoak
To a *Nut-brown Joke*?
To Bounds, ſuch as this,
Confinement's a Bliſs;
And all other earthly Manna cloys.

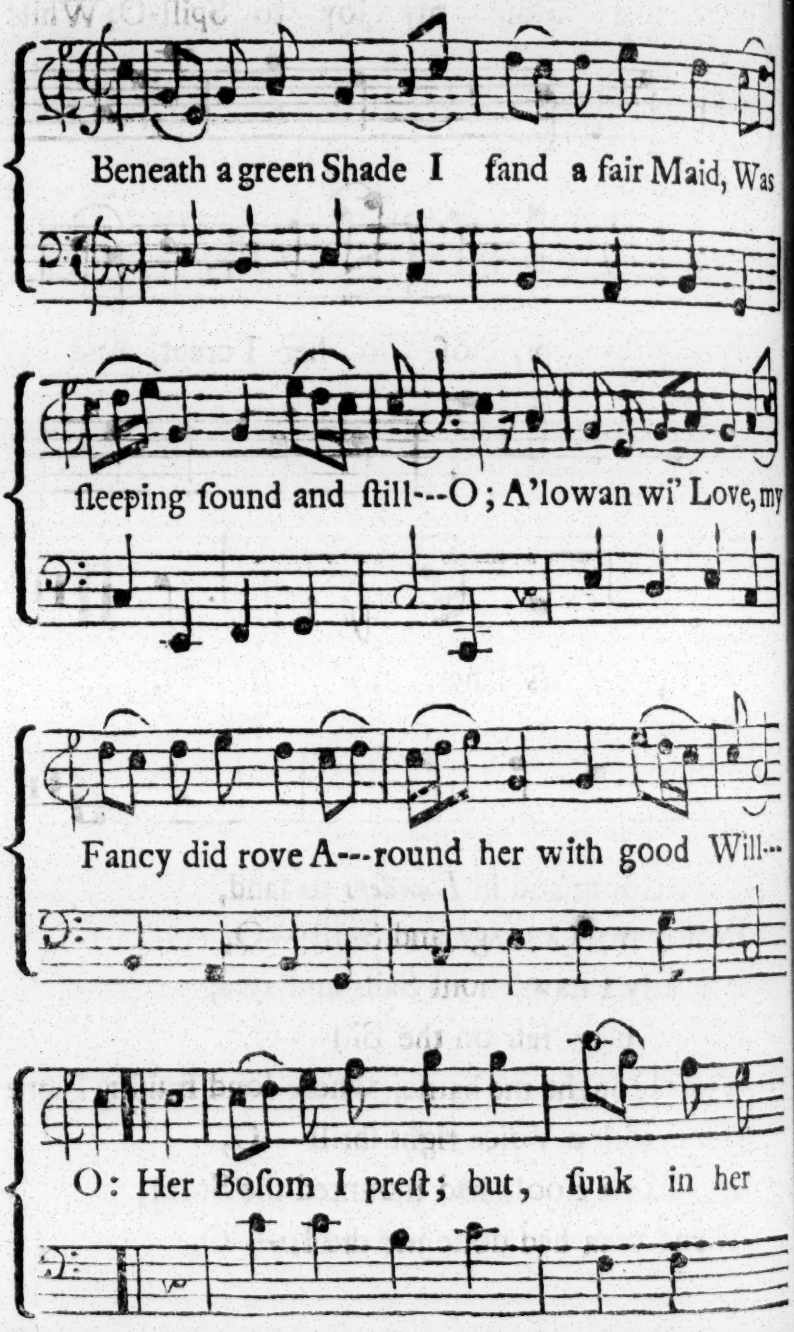
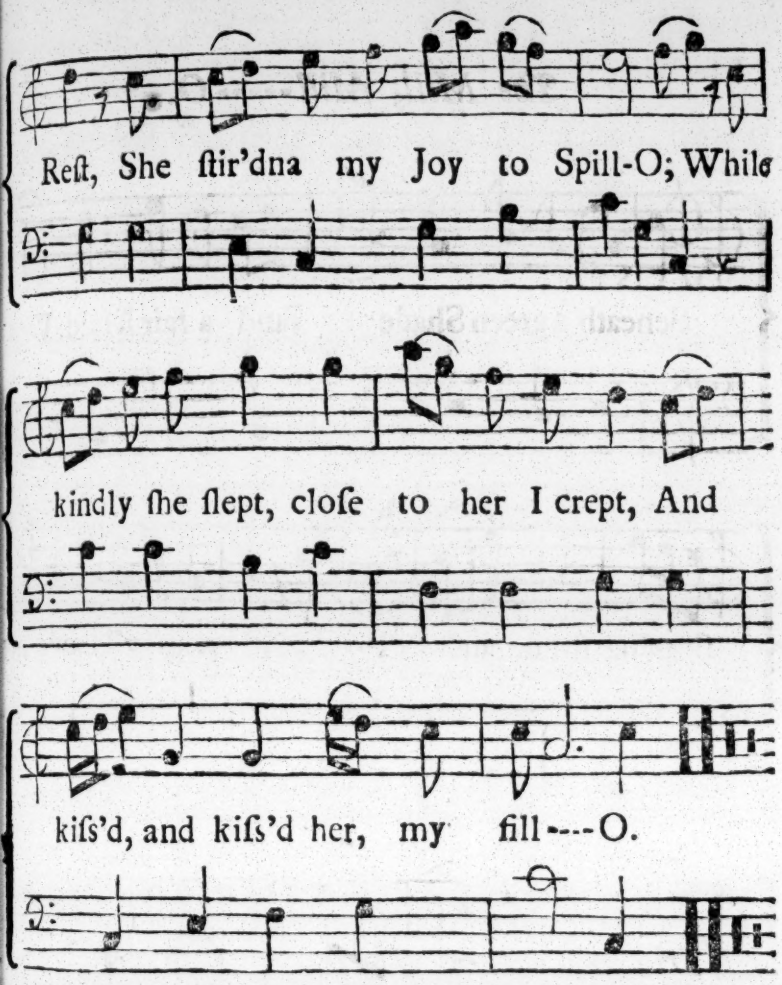
Nor Splendour of Courts, nor warlike Alarms,
Affect me in my *Florella*'s Arms,
Or make Impreſſions on my Mind.
I'll laugh at ev'ry rival Fair,
At *Fortune*, at *Fame*, and anxious *Care*,
While my *Florella*'s true and kind.

No Magick has ſo mighty a Force,
Both Perſon and Heart, for Better and Worſe,
In a Circle to lock,
As her *Nut-brown Joke*,
Where Ages are loſt,
And Pleaſures engroſt,
Where Soul and Senſe their Paradiſe find.

For the FLUTE.

Sung in the Opera of VESPASIAN.



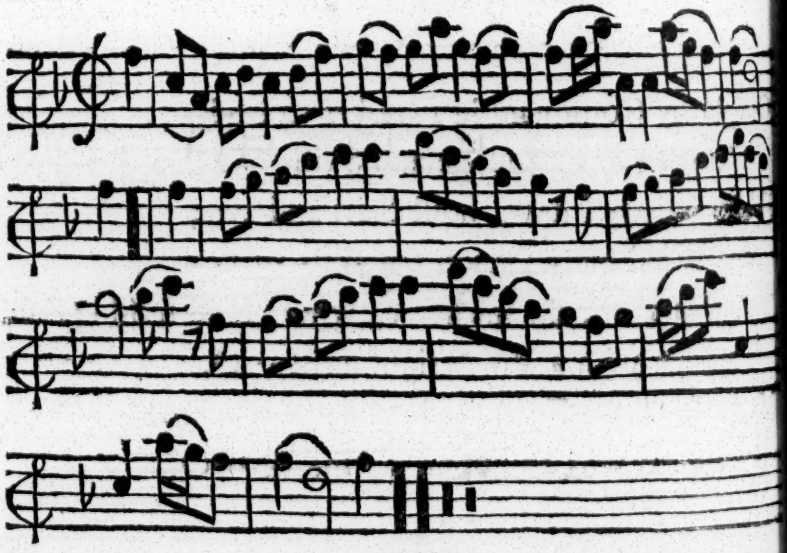
To the foregoing Tune.

CELIA, my deareſt, no longer depreſs me,
But haſten to bleſs me,
And fly to my Arms.
O cou'd I charm you!
How I wou'd warm you!
How I wou'd revel and ſport in your Arms!
No one is near,
Why ſhou'd we fear?
Why ſhould we then theſe Moments delay?
If I've offended,
I ne'er intended;
I'll beg your Pardon another Day.

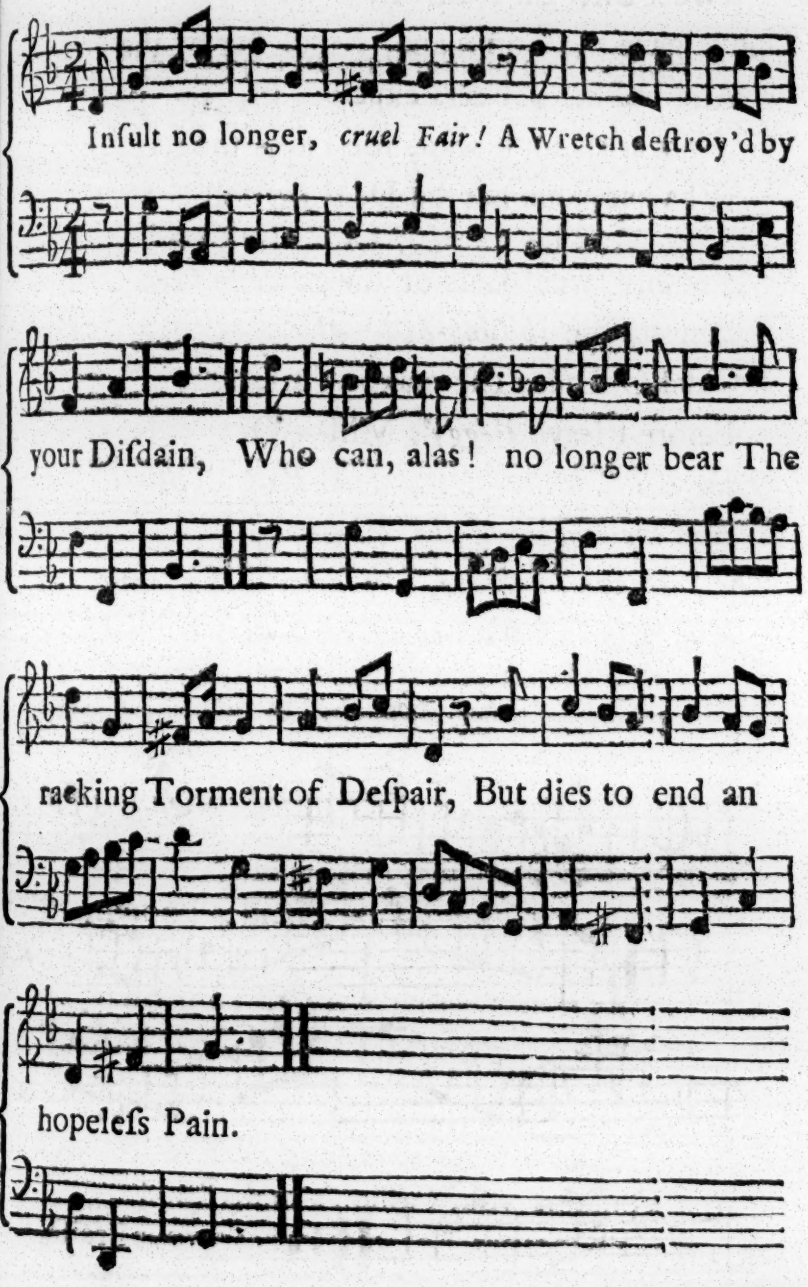
The Mill, Mill----- O.

Reſt,

Oblig'd by Command in *Flanders* to land,
T'employ my Courage and Skill----O,
Frae'er quietly I ſtaw, hoiſt Sails and awa,
For Wind blew fair on the Bill----O.
Twa Years brought me hame, where loud fraiſing Fame
Tald me with a Voice right ſhrill----O,
My Laſs, like a Fool, had mounted the Stool,
Nor kend wha had done her the Ill----O.

Mair fond of her Charms, with my Son in her Arms,
I ferlying ſpeer'd how ſhe fell----O.
Wi' the Tear in her Eye, quoth ſhe, Let me die,
Sweet Sir, gin I can tell----O.
Love gave the Command, I took her by the Hand,
And bad her a' Fears expell----O,
And nae mair look wan, for I was the Man
Wha had done her the Deed my ſell----O.

My bonny ſweet Laſs on the gowany Graſs,
Beneath the *Shilling-hill----O*,
If I did Offence, I'ſe make ye amends
Before I leave *Peggy*'s Mill----O.
O the Mill, Mill----O, and the Kill, Kill----O,
And the cogging of the Wheel----O ;
The Sack and the Sieve, a' thae ye maun leave,
And round with a Sodger reel----O.

For the FLUTE.

To FLORA.

Words by Mr. BAKER. Set by Mr. WHICHELLO.



One

One gentle Look of Pity give,
And he contented will expire,
Without one murm'ring Groan receive
His deſtin'd Fate, nor wiſh to live
Abandon'd to a vain Deſire.

Since You his Paſſion can't approve,
Nor He, without your Favour, live,
Let Death your Prejudice remove,
Compaſſionate this fatal Love,
And his unhappy Crime forgive.

But when ſome more ſucceſsful *Slave*
Shall (not in vain) for Mercy ſue,
Remember *Strephon* in the Grave,
And let his mould'ring Aſhes crave
One Tear, who wept ſo much for you.

To the foregoing Tune.

YOU meaner Beauties of the Night,
Who poorly ſatisfy our Eyes,
More with your Number than your Light,
Like common People of the Skies;
What are you when the Moon doth riſe?

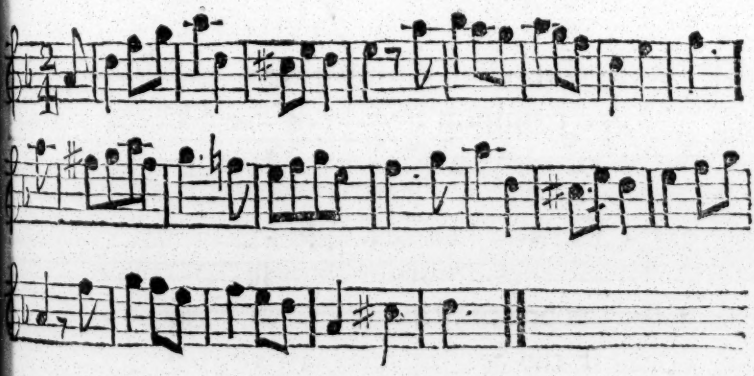
You Violets, that firſt appear,
By your fine purple Mantles known,
Like the proud Virgins of the Year,
As if the Spring were all your own;
What are you when the Roſe is blown?

You warbling Chanters of the Wood,
Who fill our Ears with Nature's Lays,
Thinking your Paſſion's underſtood
By meaner Accents; what's your Praiſe,
When *Philomel* her Voice doth raiſe?

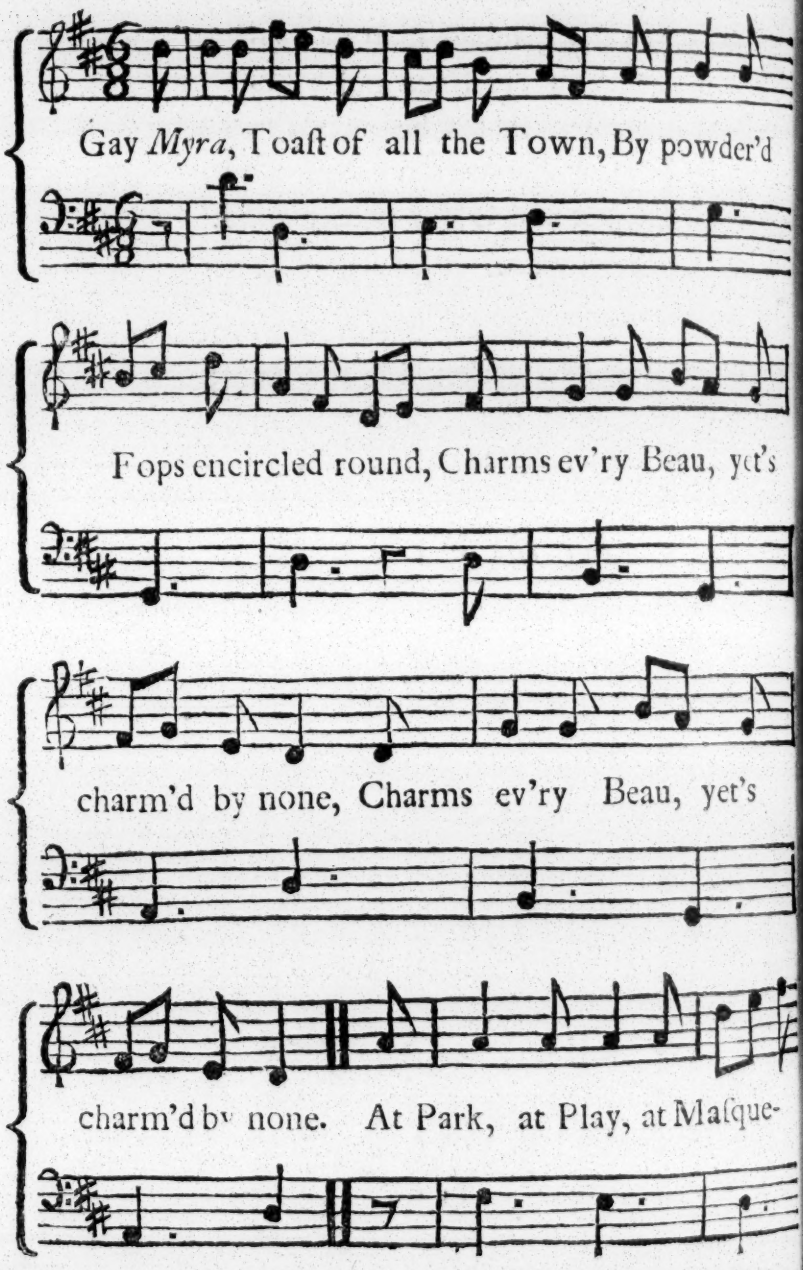
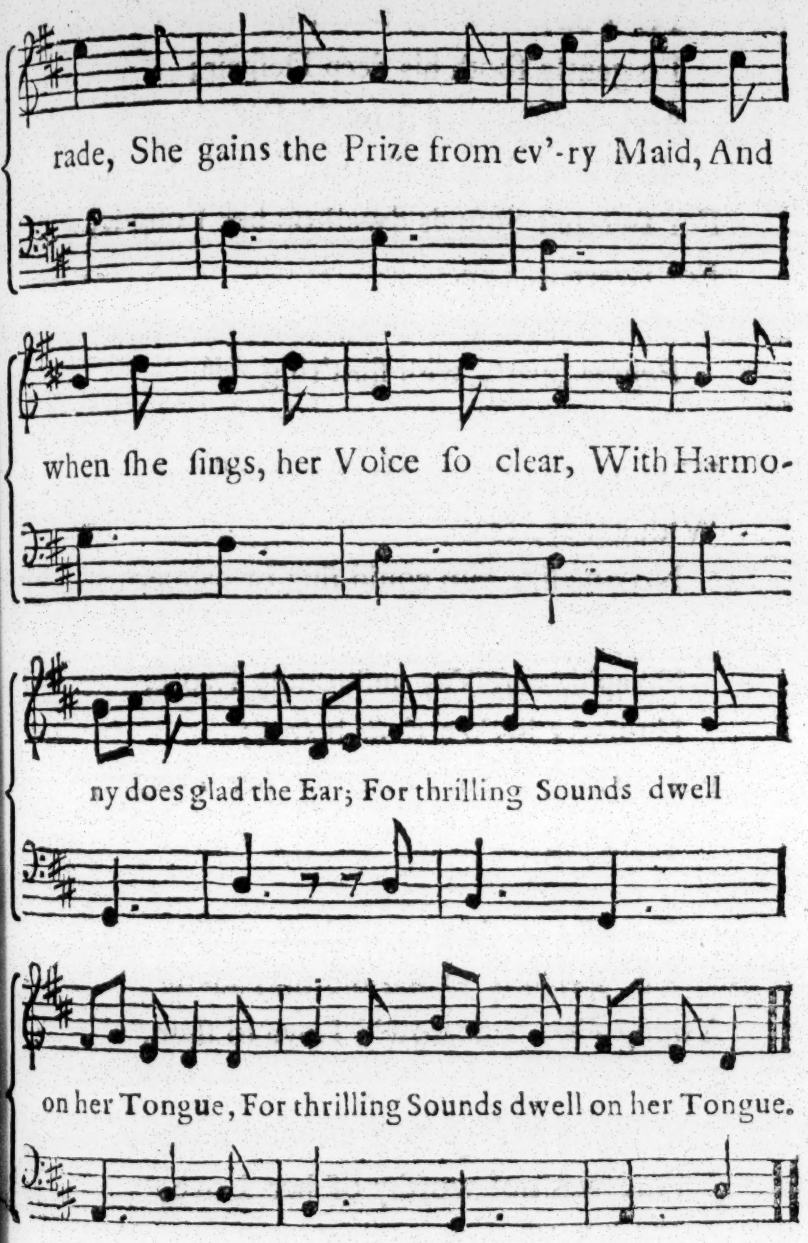
You glorious Trifles of the Eaſt,
Whoſe Eſtimation Fancies raiſe,
Pearls, Rubies, Saphires, and the reſt
Of glittering Gems; what is your Praiſe,
When the bright Diamond ſhews his Rays?

So, when my Princeſs ſhall be ſeen
In Beauty of her Face and Mind,
By Virtue firſt, then Choice, a Queen;
Tell me, if ſhe were not deſign'd
Th'Eclipſe and Glory of her Kind.

The Roſe, the Vi'let, the whole Spring,
Unto her Breath for Sweetneſs run;
The Diamond's darken'd in the Ring;
If ſhe appear, the Moon's undone,
As in the Preſence of the Sun.

For the FLUTE.

The WHITE JOAK.

Sung by Mrs. ROBERTS *at the Theatre in* Drury-Lane.

The Words by Mr. *DAVIS.*

Fidelio, grac'd with ev'ry Charm,
That cou'd the Heart of Virgin warm,
For *Myra* ſigh'd, for her alone,
For *Myra*, &c.

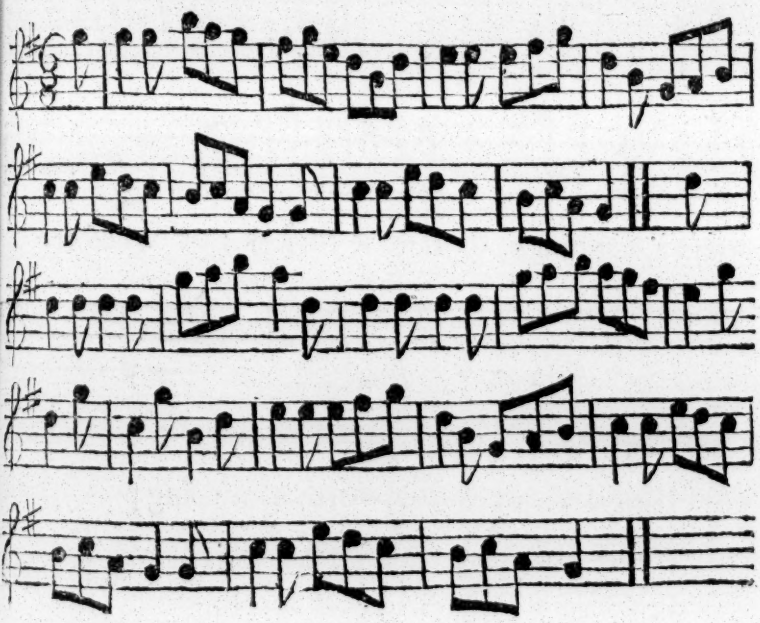
Yet wou'd not Pity touch the Fair
To gently ſooth his deep Deſpair;
And tho' ſhe ever frown'd Diſdain,
He ſtill muſt languiſh, tho' in vain;
For ſweeteſt Sounds dwell on her Tongue,
For ſweeteſt, *&c.*

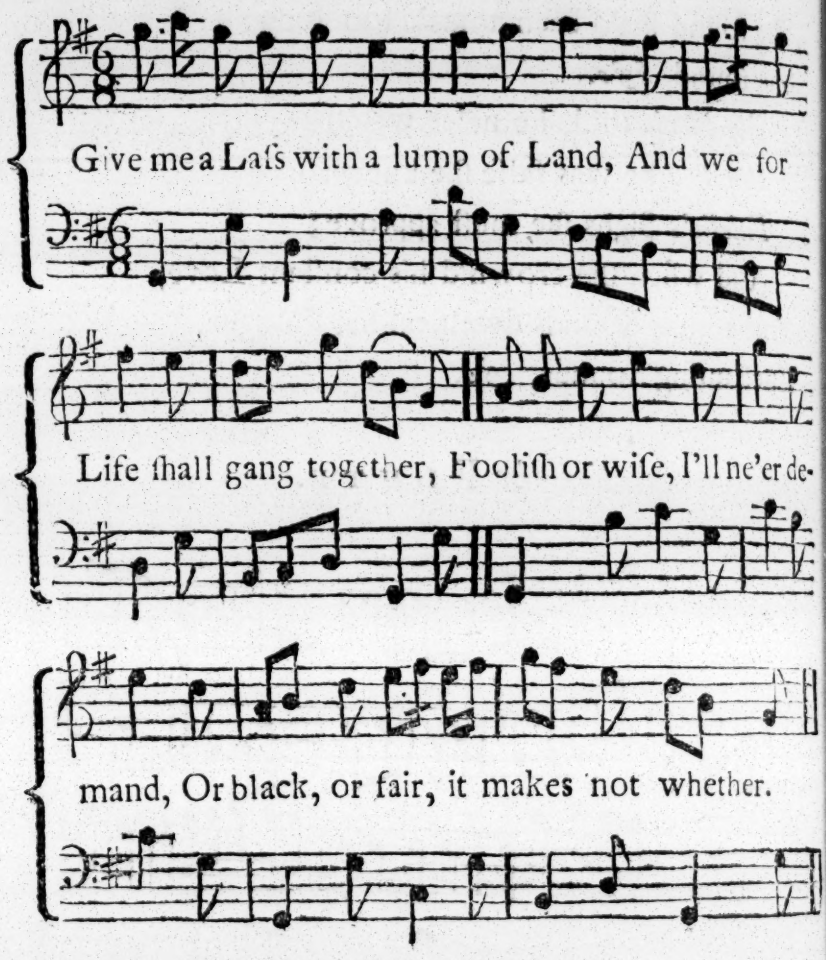
Papilio ſmart, with flutt'ring Air,
Breath'd artfully his mimick Care;
With gaudy Charms the Fopling ſhone,
With gaudy, *&c.*
No one like him could ſing or dance,
The Spark was newly come from *France*,
He ap'd, careſs'd, and fondly ſwore,
He never lov'd a *Belle* before;
For melting Sounds dwelt on her Tongue,
For melting, *&c.*

Cordelio, gen'rous, prudent, wiſe,
The ſprightly Dame did thus adviſe,
Young *Florio*'s borrow'd Love to ſhun,
Young *Florio*'s, *&c.*
Since falſe *Papillio* ſoon wou'd prove,
And was not worthy of her Love;
Fidelio's Flame was chaſte and pure,
And wou'd 'till ebbing Life endure;
His Heart ſincere as was his Tongue,
His Heart, *&c.*

At length with flatt'ring Courtſhip cloy'd,
And faithleſs Vows, of Paſſion void,
She found ſhe'd been amus'd too long:
She found, *&c.*

She *Florio* told, he ne'er was true;
Papilio, he was falſe ſhe knew;
Fidelio's Sighs ſhe muſt approve;
And when ſhe crown'd his conſtant Love,
Enchanting Sounds dwelt on her Tongue,
Enchanting Sounds, *&c.*

For the FLUTE.

A LASS *with a* LUMP *of* LAND.



I'm off with Wit, and Beauty will fade,
And Blood alone is not worth a Shilling;
But ſhe that's rich, her Market's made,
For ev'ry Charm about her is killing.

Give me a Laſs with a lump of Land,
And in my Boſom I'll hug my Treaſure;
If I had once her Gold in my Hand,
Shou'd Love turn dead, it will find Pleaſure.

Laugh

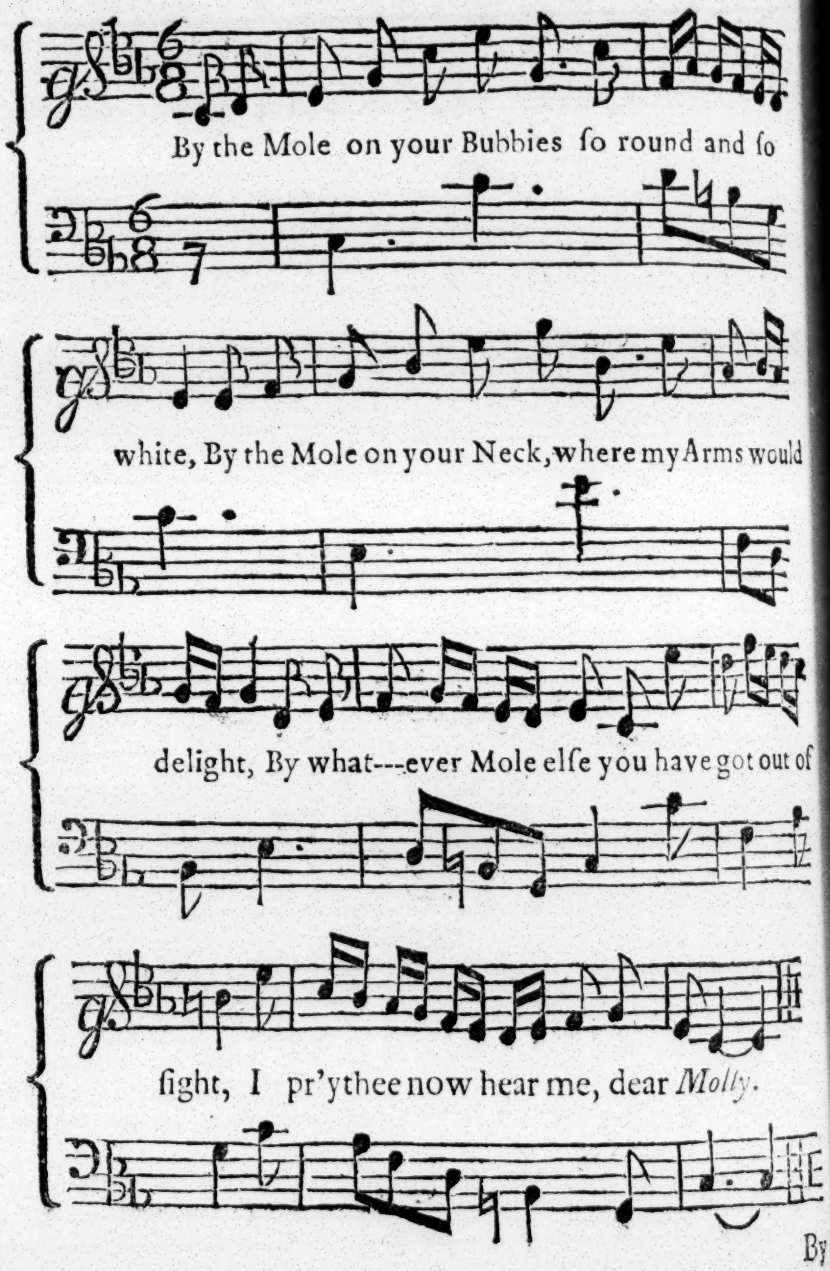
Laugh on who likes, but there's my Hand,
I hate with Poortith, tho' bonny, to meddle,
Unleſs they bring Caſh, or a Lump of Land,
They'ſe never get me to dance to their Fiddle.

There's meikle good Love in Bands and Bags,
And Silver and Gold's a ſweet Complexion;
But Beauty, and Wit, and Virtue in Rags,
Have loſt the Art of gaining Affection.

Love tips his Arrows with Woods and Parks,
And Caſtles, and Riggs, and Moors, and Meadows,
And nothing can catch our modern Sparks,
But well tocher'd Laſſes or joynter'd Widows.

The GALLANT SCHEMER's PETITION *to the Honourable Mrs.* F——s.

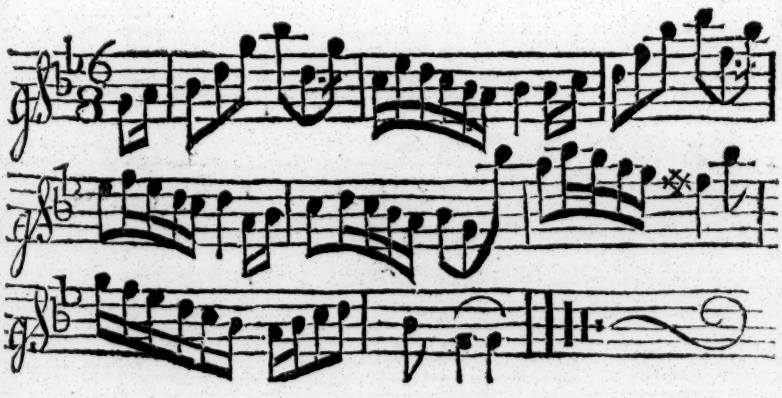
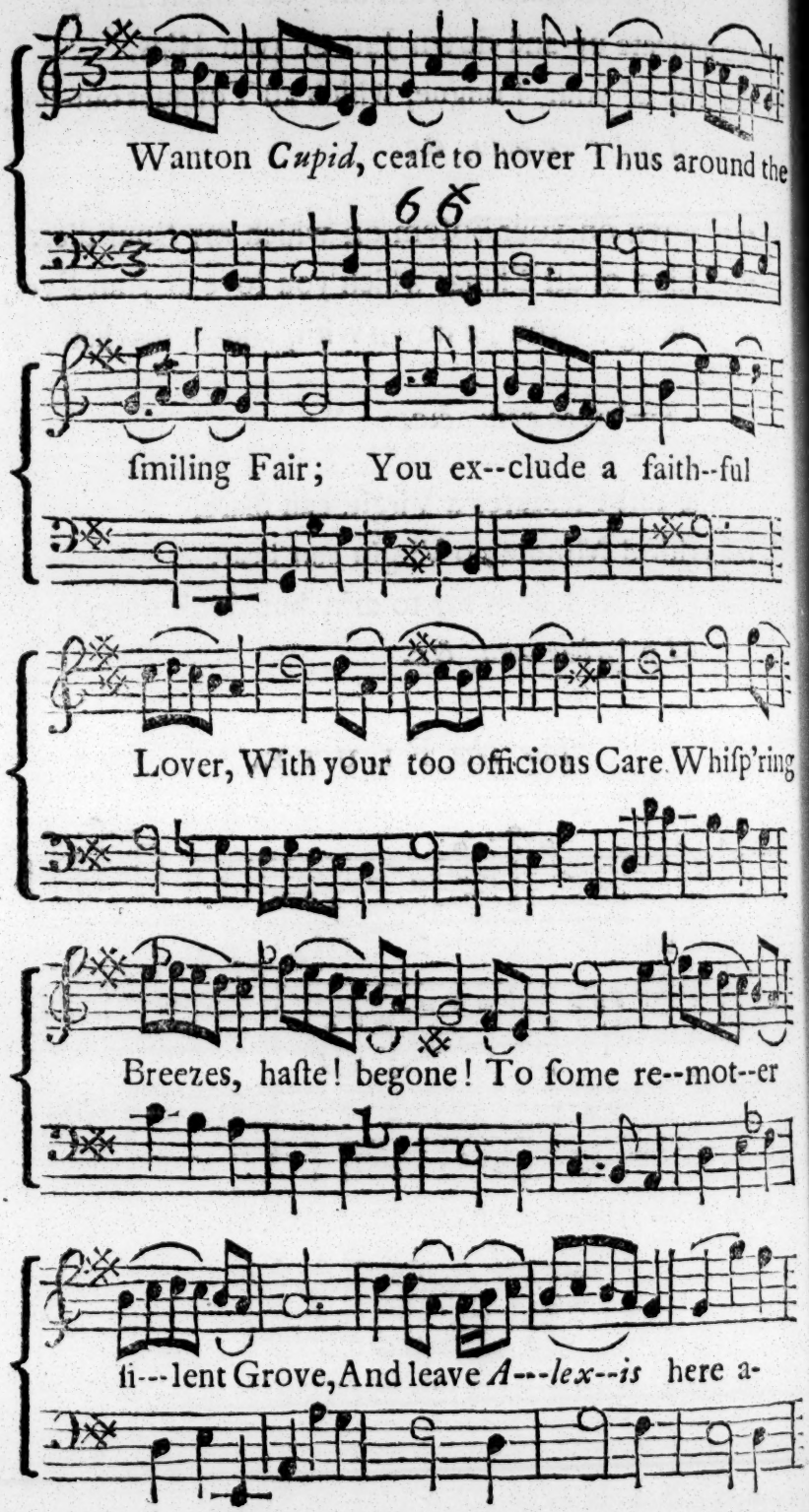
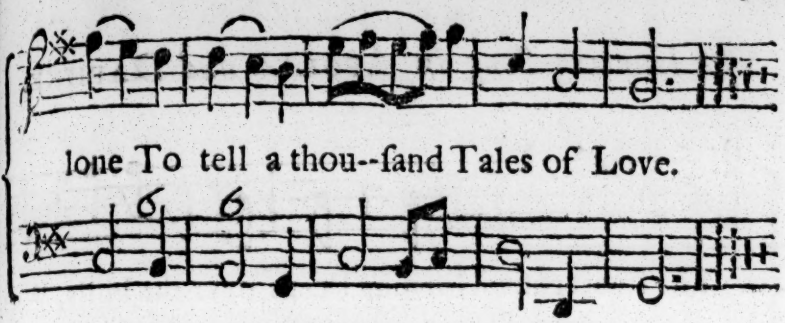
Words by the Earl of ----- Set by Mr. J. SHEELES.

Slow.

By

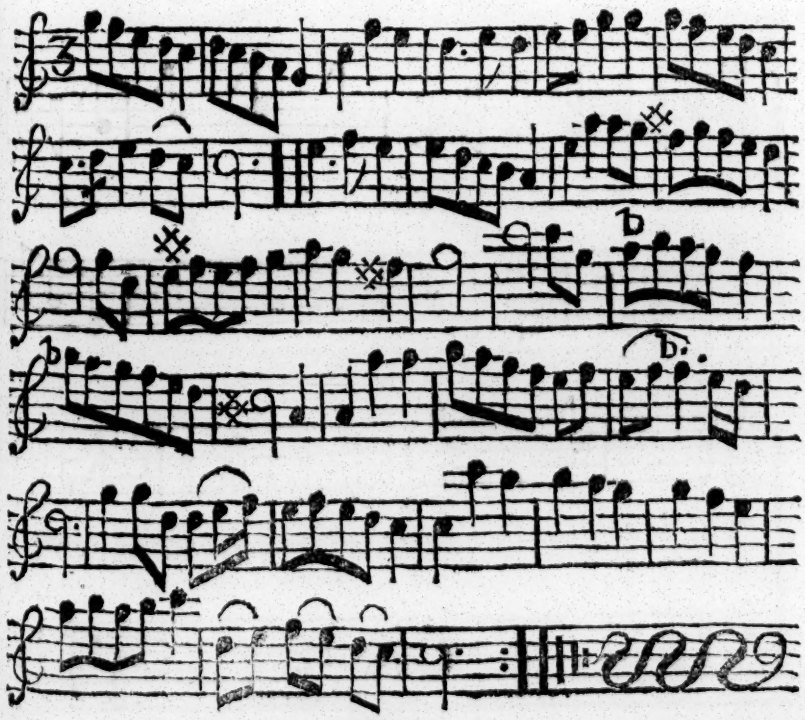
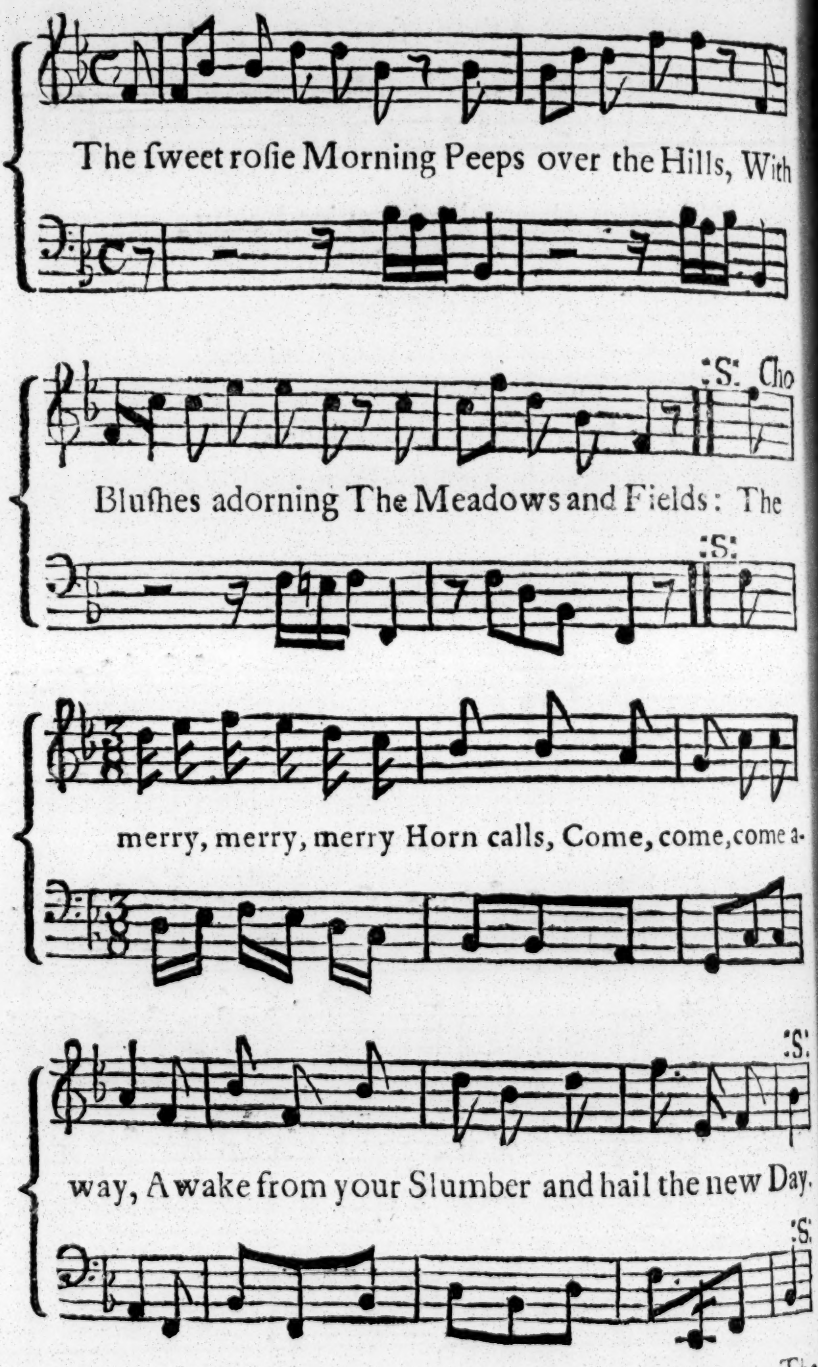
By the Kiſs juſt a ſtarting from off your moiſt Lips,
By the delicate up-and-down Jutt of your Hips,
By the Tip of your Tongue, which all Tongues out-tips,
I pr'ythee now, &c.

By the Down on your Boſom on which my Soul dies,
By the Thing of all Things which you love as your Eyes,
By the Thoughts you lie down with, and thoſe when you riſe,
I pr'ythee now, &c.

By all the ſoft Pleaſures a Virgin can ſhare,
By the critical Minute no Virgin can bear,
By the Queſtion I burn for to ask, but don't dare,
I pr'ythee now, &c.

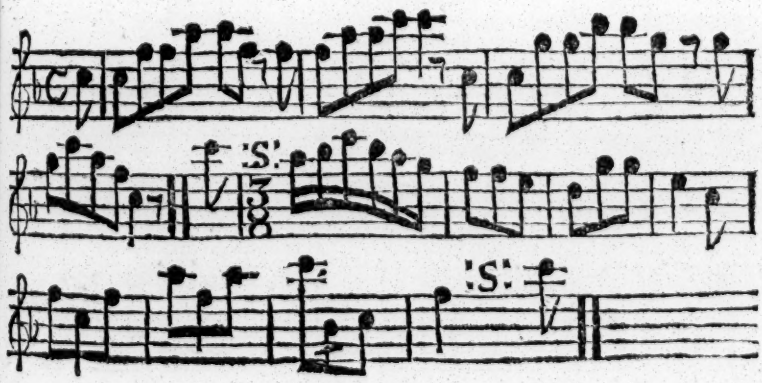
For the FLUTE.

Set by the late Mr. *D. PURCELL.*



How I'm charm'd with ev'ry Feature
That adorns her lovely Face!
How ſhe's ev'ry thing that Nature
Can e'er give, with every Grace!
If ſhe liſten to my Story,
And for me have equal Love,
I'll not envy humane Glory,
But be bleſt as thoſe above.

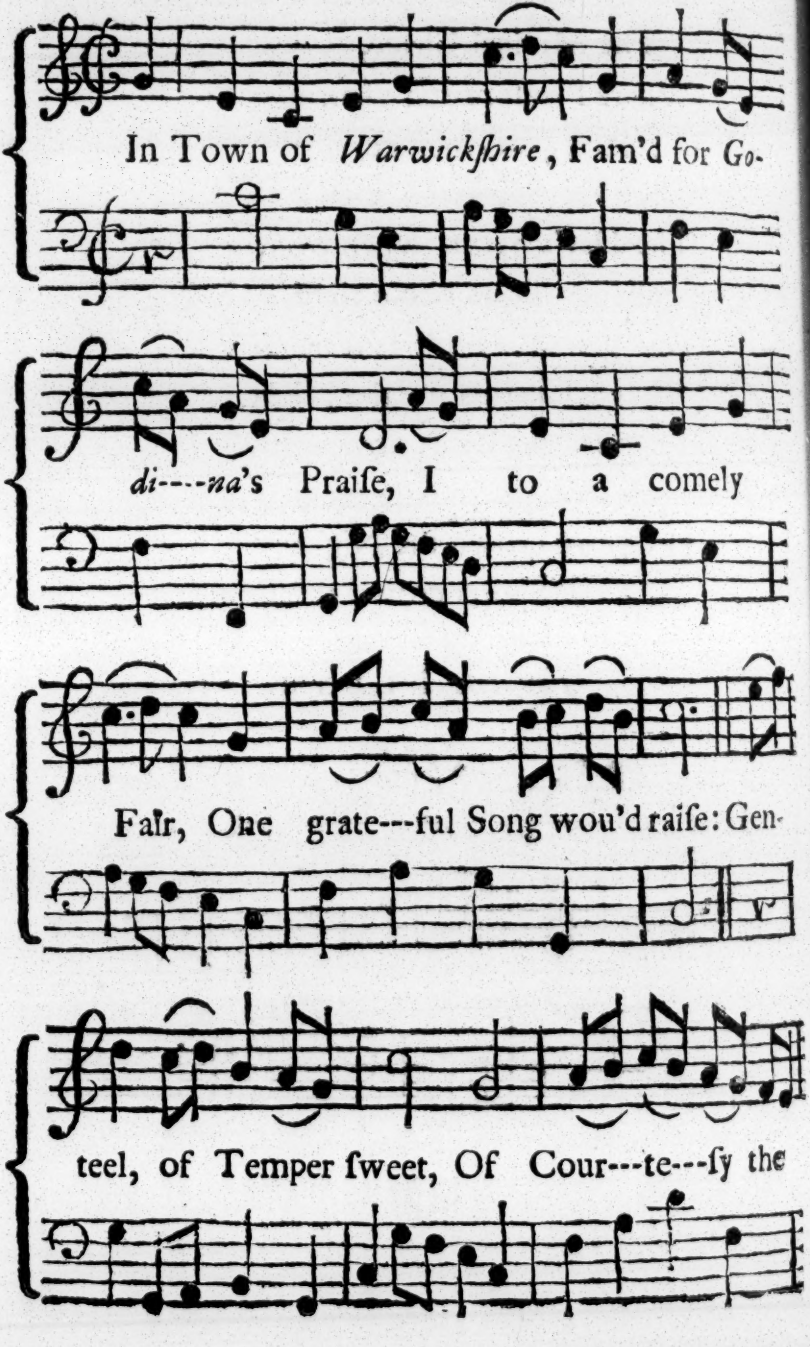
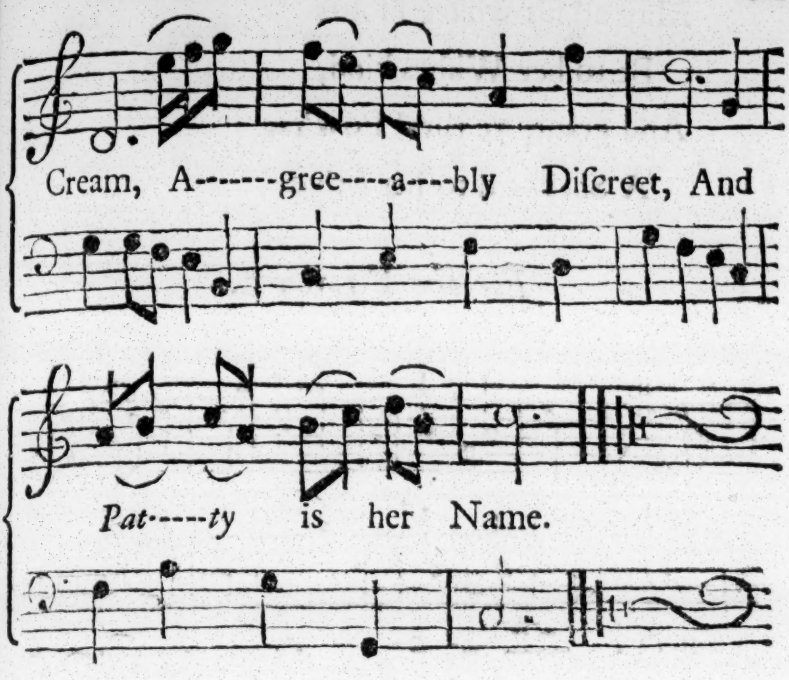
For the FLUTE.

The Hunting-Song in APOLLO *and* DAPHNE.

The

The Stag rous'd before us
Away ſeems to fly,
And pants to the *Chorus*
Of Hounds in full Cry:
Cho. Then follow, follow, follow, follow
The Muſical Chace,
Where Pleaſure and vigorous
Health you embrace.

The Day's Sport, when over,
Makes Blood circle right,
And gives the brisk Lover
Freſh Charms for the Night.
Cho. Then let us, let us now enjoy
All we can, while we may,
Let Love crown the Night,
As our Sports crown the Day.

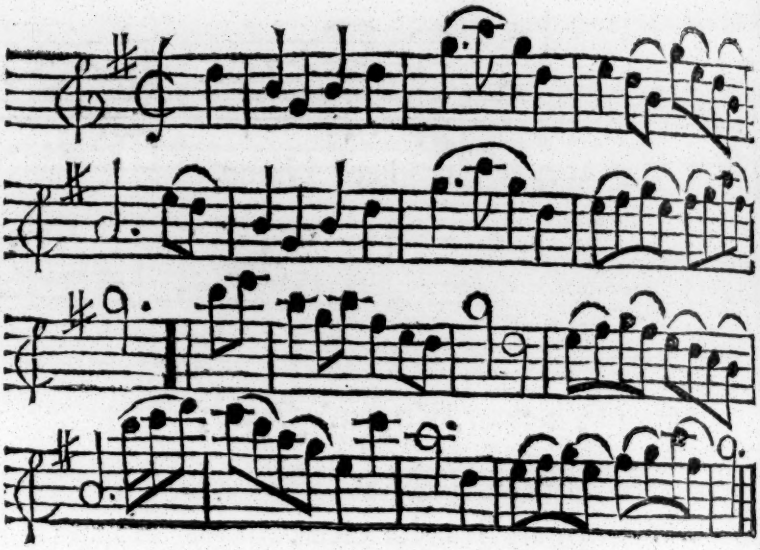
For the FLUTE.

COMELY *PATTY*.

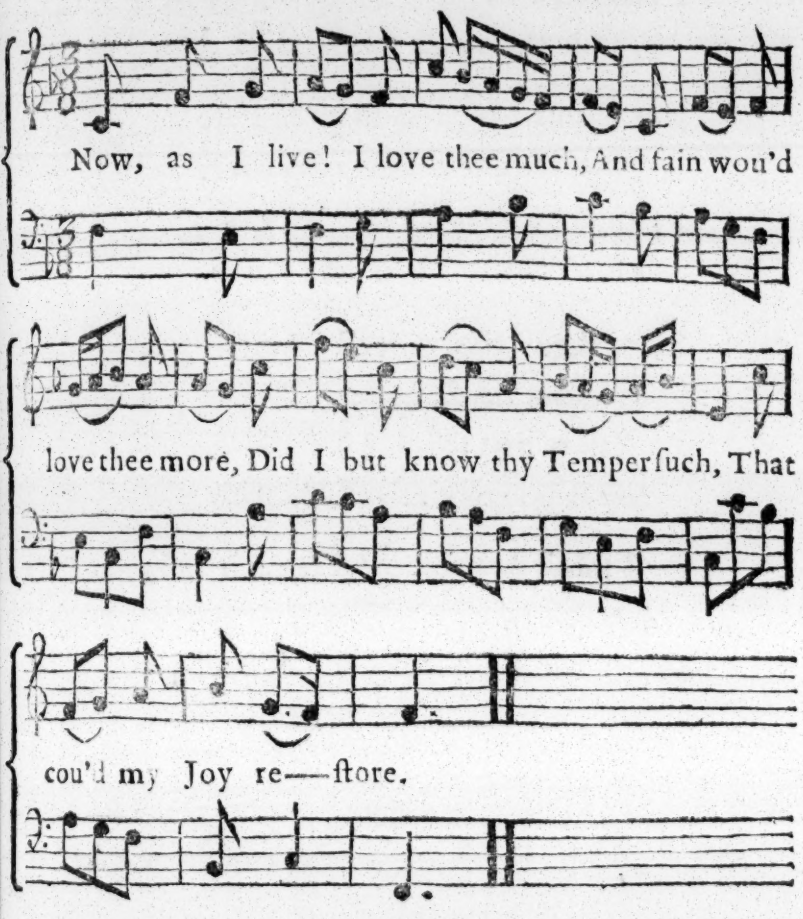
By Mr. W. BEDINGFIELD.

To the Tune of The Laſs of *Patie*'s Mill.

More Wit than Woman's Share;
Yet innocently gay;
And from all Scandal clear,
That ancient Friend of *Tea.*
Nor Stiff, nor full of Airs;
Nor Formal, nor yet Rude;
Without Offence ſhe ſteers,
Betwixt Coquet and Prude.

Such cheerful Influence,
Darts from her laughing Eyes,
As *Phœbus* does diſpenſe
His *Thetis* at his Riſe.

May all his whiter Hours
Be to her Wiſhes kind,
And grant, ye rural Pow'rs,
A Shepherd to her Mind.

For the FLUTE.

The PROTESTATION.

The Muſick by Mr. *TREVERS.*

But to ingage thy Virgin Heart,
Then leave it in Diſtreſs,
Were to betray thy true Deſert,
And make thy Glory leſs.

Were all the eaſtern Treaſures mine,
I'd lay them at thy Feet;
But to invite a Prince to dine
On Air, it is not meet.

No, let me rather pine alone;
Then, if my Fate prove coy,
I can diſpenſe with Grief my own,
While thou haſt Showers of Joy.

But if thro' my too niggard Fate
Thou ſhould'ſt unhappy prove,
I ſhou'd grow mad and deſperate,
Thro' killing Grief and Love.

Since then, tho' more I cannot love,
Without thy Injury;
As Saints that to an Altar move,
My Thoughts to thee ſhall fly.

And think not that the Flame is leſs,
For 'tis upon this Score,
Wer't not a Love beyond Expreſs,
My Dear, it might be more.

On Sight of a LADY's *Face in the Water.*

To the foregoing Tune.

STAND ſtill, ye Floods, do not deface
That Image which you bear:
So Votaries, from ev'ry Place,
To you ſhall Altars rear.

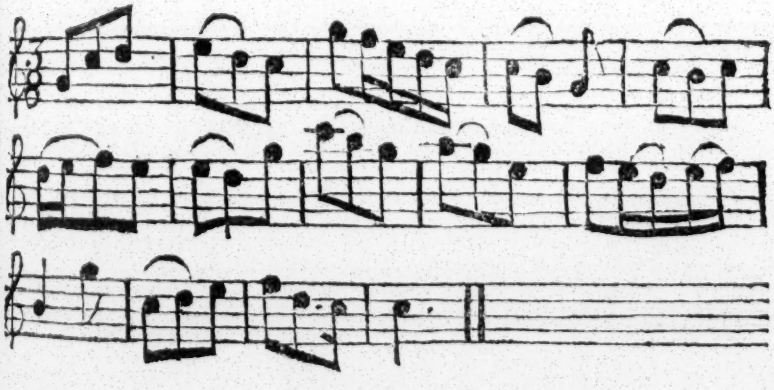
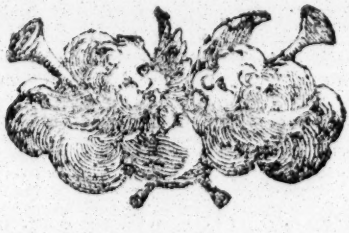
No Winds, but Lovers Sighs, blow here,
To trouble theſe glad Streams;
On which no Star, from any Sphere,
Did ever dart ſuch Beams.

To

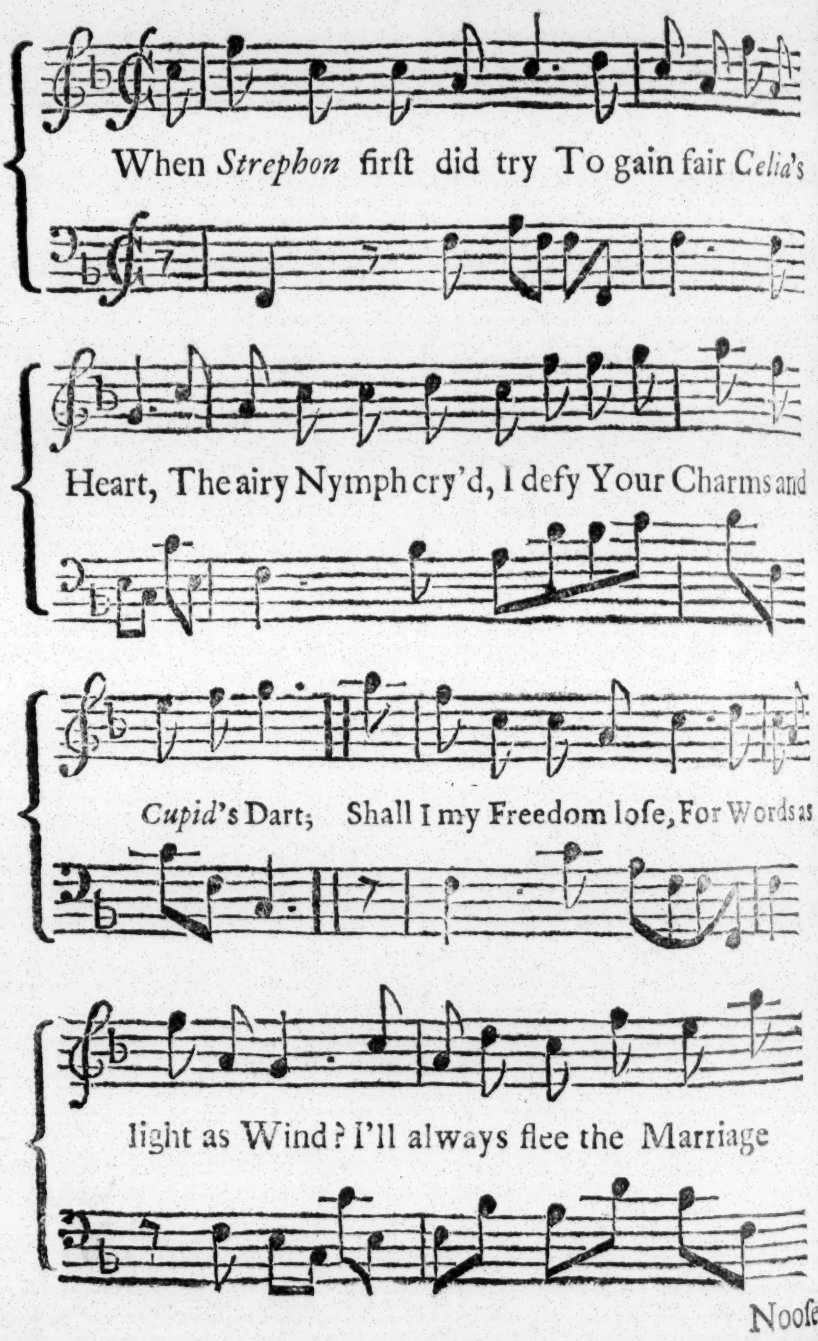
To Cryſtal then in haſte congeal,
  Leſt you ſhou'd loſe your Bliſs;
And to my cruel Fair reveal,
  How cold, how hard ſhe is.

But if the envious Nymphs ſhall fear
  Their Beauties will be ſcorn'd,
And hire the ruder Winds to tear
  That Face which you adorn'd:

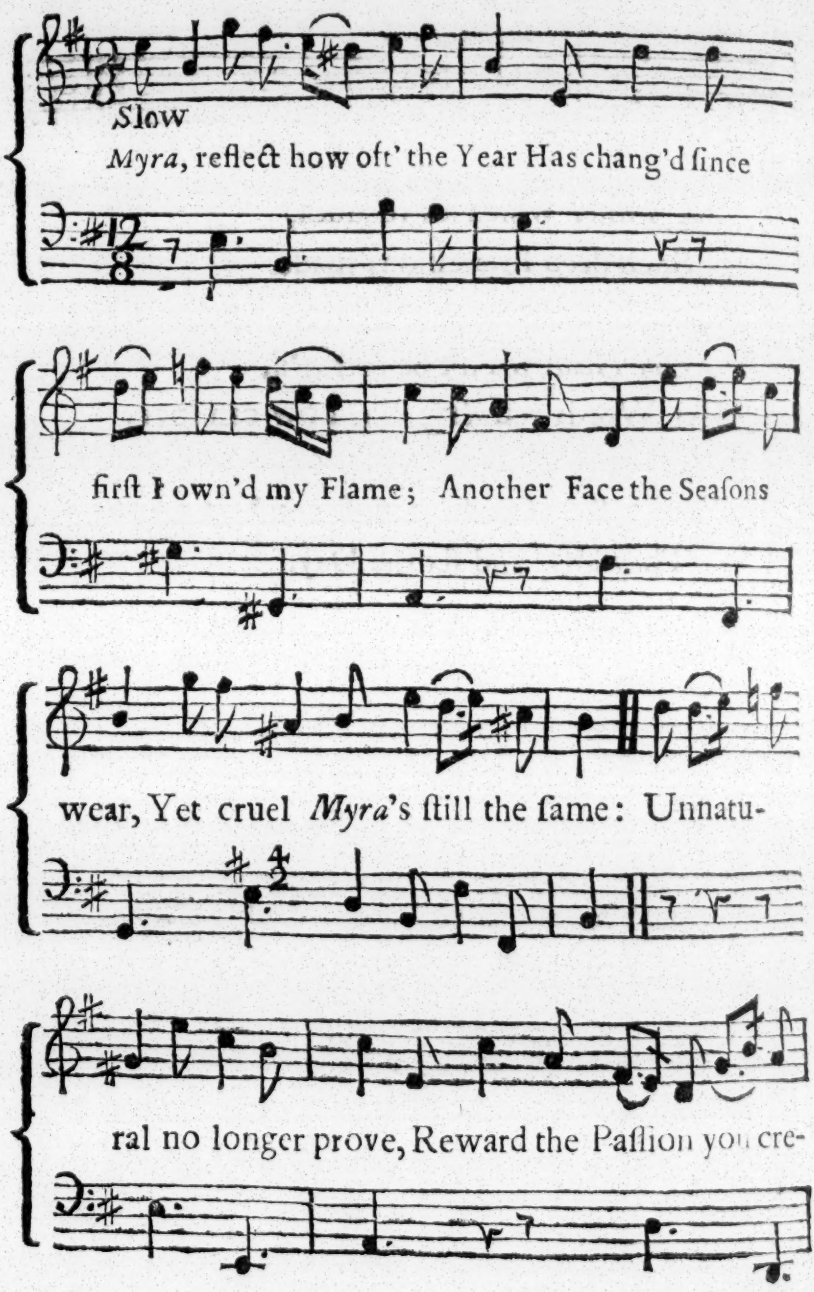
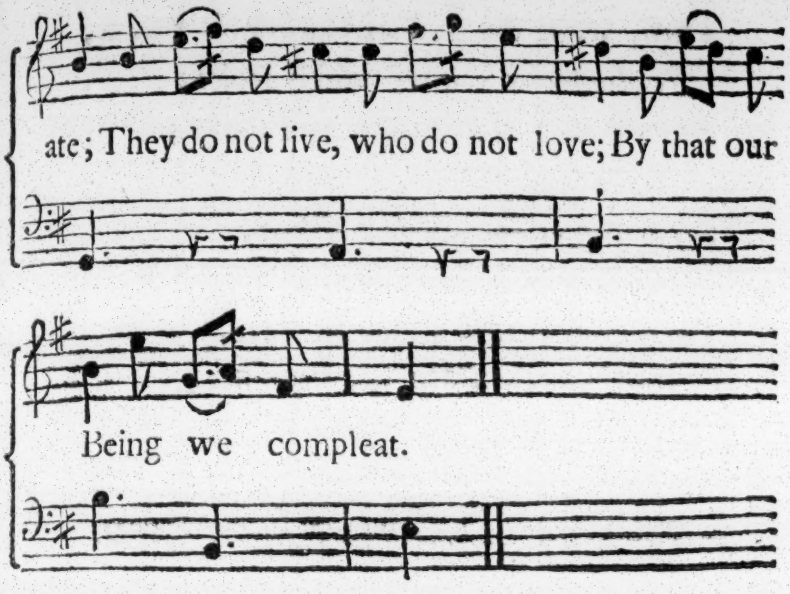
Then rage and foam amain, that we
  Their Malice may deſpiſe;
And from your Froths we ſoon ſhall ſee
  A ſecond *Venus* riſe.

For the FLUTE.



STREPHON and *CELIA.*

By the Reverend Mr. GEO. ARNET.

But Time, which all ſubdues,
Such deep Impreſſions made,
That ſhe who ſwears, proteſts, and vows,
Her Heart ſha'n't be betray'd,
Her Words retracts; She now can love,
And promiſe to obey:
Young *Strephon* does moſt conſtant prove;
They kiſs, and fix the Day.

The NEW-YEAR's-GIFT.

Set by Mr. DIEUPART.



Tho' chilly Winter blaſts the Fields,
And blooming Proſpects are no more;
No Charms, tho' harraſs'd Nature yields,
But ſeems t' have laviſh'd all her Store;
The Earth no ſooner feels the Sun,
But ſpringing Verdure decks the Meads;
His genial Power the Flowers own,
And o'er all Nature he ſucceeds.

Yet, tho' when Winter's Rage is o'er,
The pregnant Spring ſhines forth again,
And, ſpight of Autumn's killing Power,
A new-born beauty crowns the Plain:
When your hard Autumn once ſhall come,
In vain you will expect the Spring;
Faces have ne'er a ſecond Bloom,
And Time will endleſs Winter bring.

Then, while the Sun darts kind his Beams,
A plenteous Harveſt wiſely make;
Meet with a due Return my Flames;
A Heart both juſtly give and take:
So ſhall you never vainly grieve,
For fear your Beauties ſhou'd decline;
But to the World a Pattern leave,
And honour'd ſtill, to Ages ſhine.

To LUCIA *returning in the Snow.*

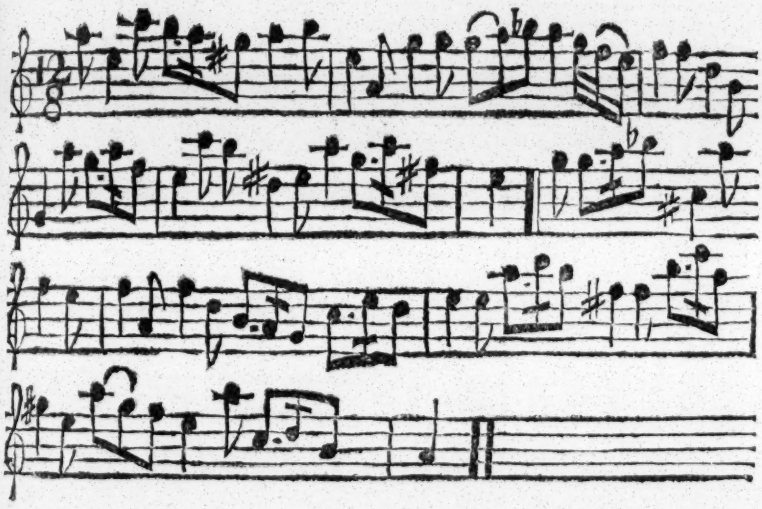
To the foregoing Tune.

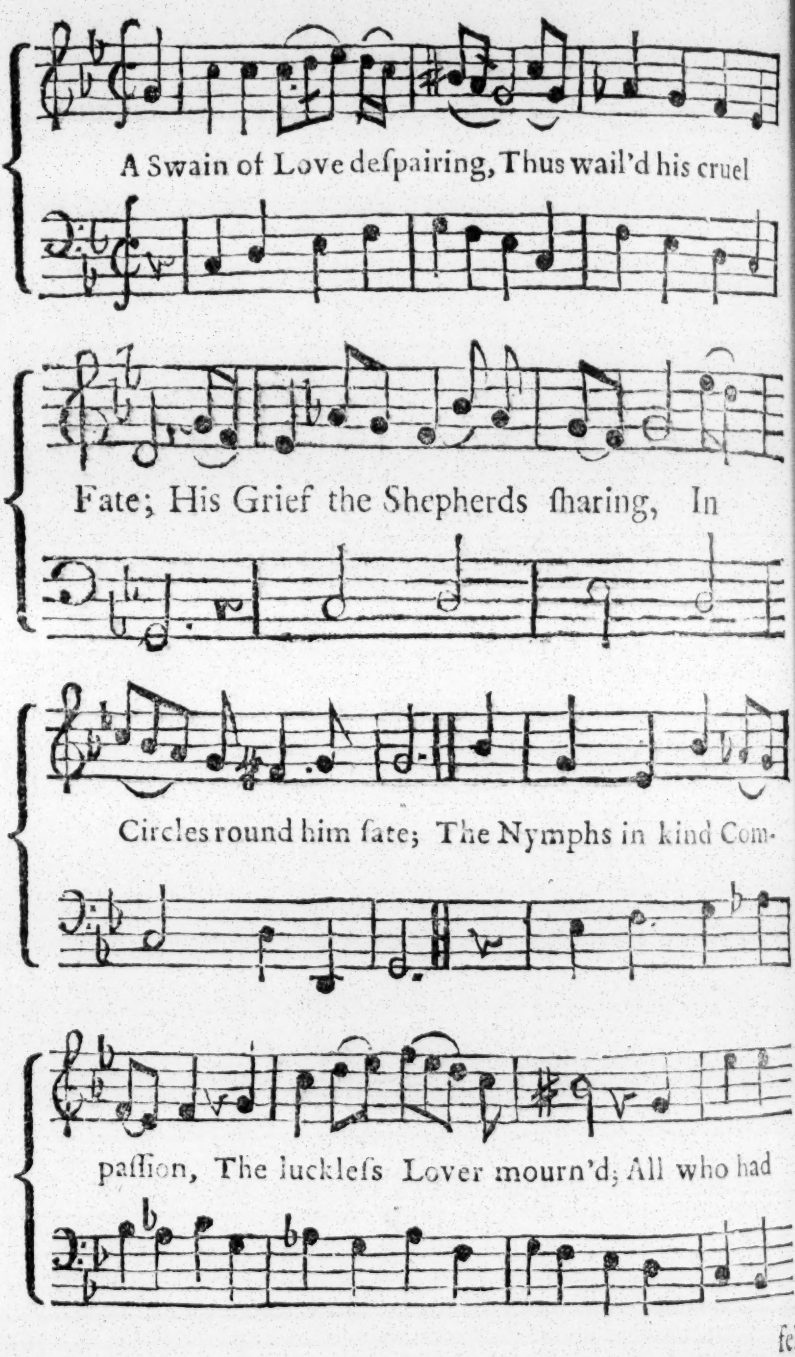
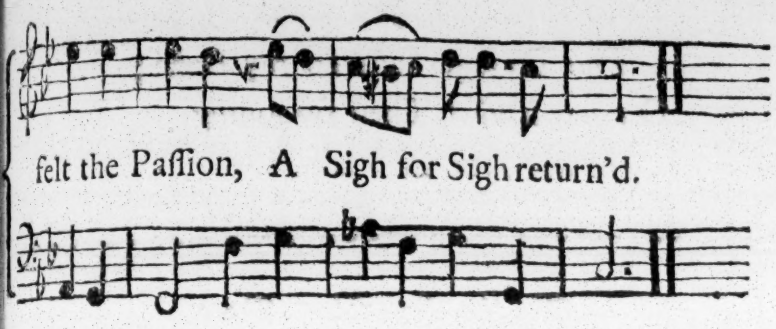
SHE comes! in vain the Winds and Snows
Endeavour to retard our Bliſs:
In vain the Sun his Light withdraws;
Bleſs'd with her Rays, we need not his.
See! Nature wars upon the Fair,
Envies her Charms the glorious Prize;
And ſince the Earth has nought ſo fair
She'ath beg'd th' Aſſiſtance of the Skies.

But yet in vain th'Attack is giv'n;
Tho' new-fall'n Snow fills ev'ry Place,
The pureſt White that's under Heav'n,
Doth ſtill remain in *Lucia*'s Face.
Yet let our Swains their Danger know,
Poſſeſt of all that can inſpire,
Tho' to the Eye ſhe's falling Snow,
She'll to the Heart prove raging Fire.

Winter,

Winter, thy Charms how I revere!
Since Hail and Snow can *Lucia* bring;
Thy Ice and Cold I will prefer
To all the Beauties of the Spring.
The gayer Seaſons of the Year,
Their Sweets and Flow'rs, no more entice:
They want no Beauty who have her;
'Tis ever Bloom in Paradiſe.

For the FLUTE.

The DESPAIRING LOVER.

Set by Mr. *POTTER.*

felt

O Friends! your Plaints give over,
Your kind Concern forbear;
Shou'd *Cloe* but diſcover
For me you'd ſhed a Tear,
Her Eyes ſhe'd arm with Vengeance,
Your Friendſhip ſoon ſubdue;
Too late you'd ask Forgiveneſs,
And for her Mercy ſue.

Her Charms ſuch Force diſcover,
Reſiſtance is in vain;
Spight of your ſelf you'll love her,
And hug the galling Chain:
Her Wit the Flame increaſes,
And rivets faſt the Dart;
She has ten thouſand Graces,
And each could gain a Heart.

But oh! one more deſerving,
Has thaw'd her frozen Breaſt;
Her Heart to him devoting,
She's cold to all the reſt:

Their

Their Love with Joy abounding,
The Thought diſtracts my Brain;
O cruel Maid! Then ſwooning,
He fell upon the Plain.

To the foregoing Tune.

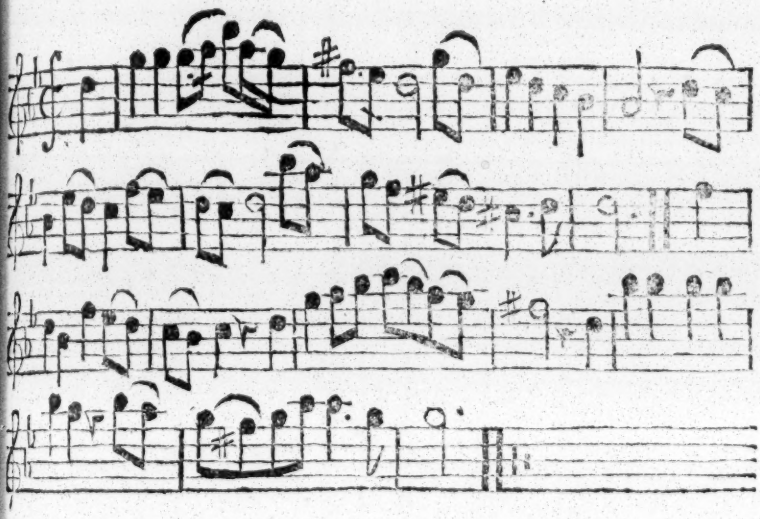
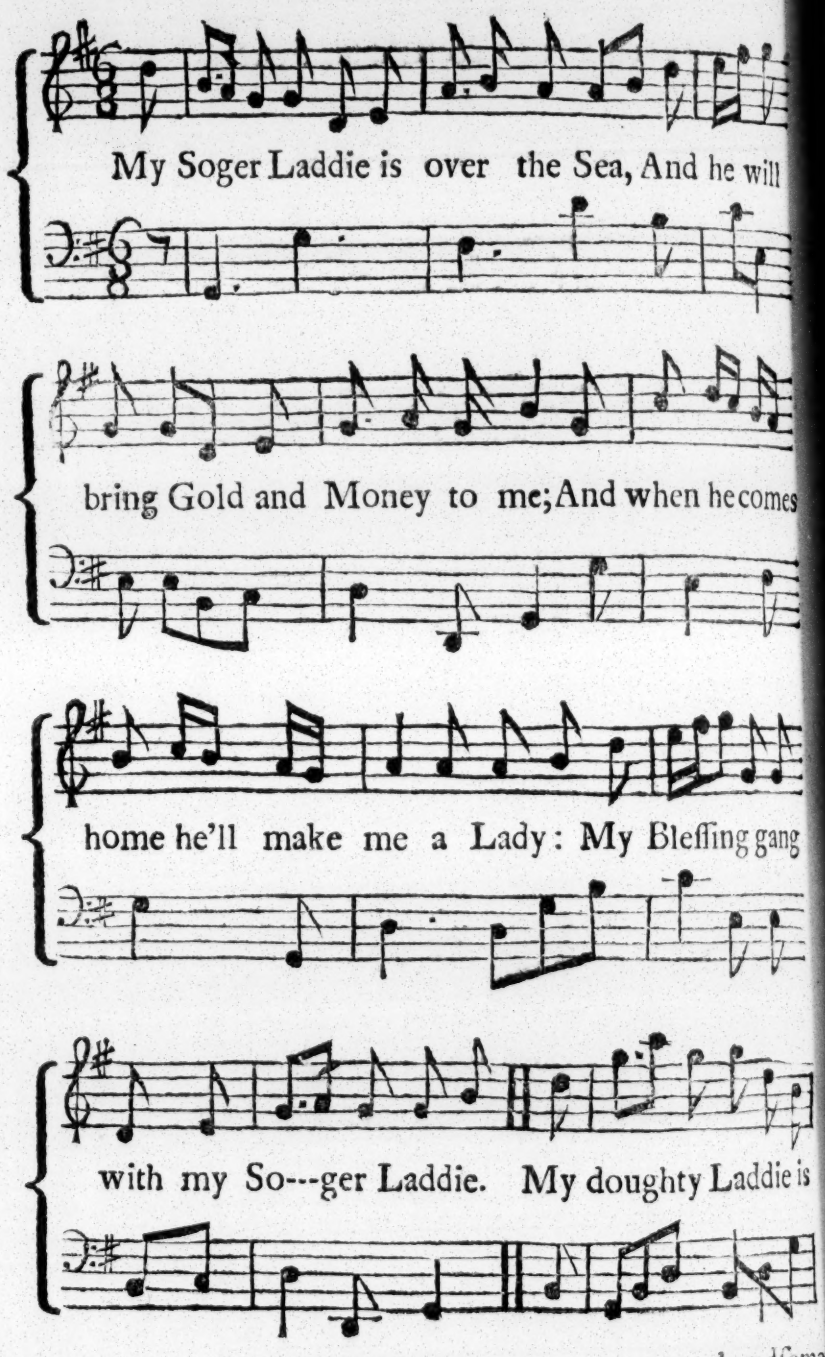
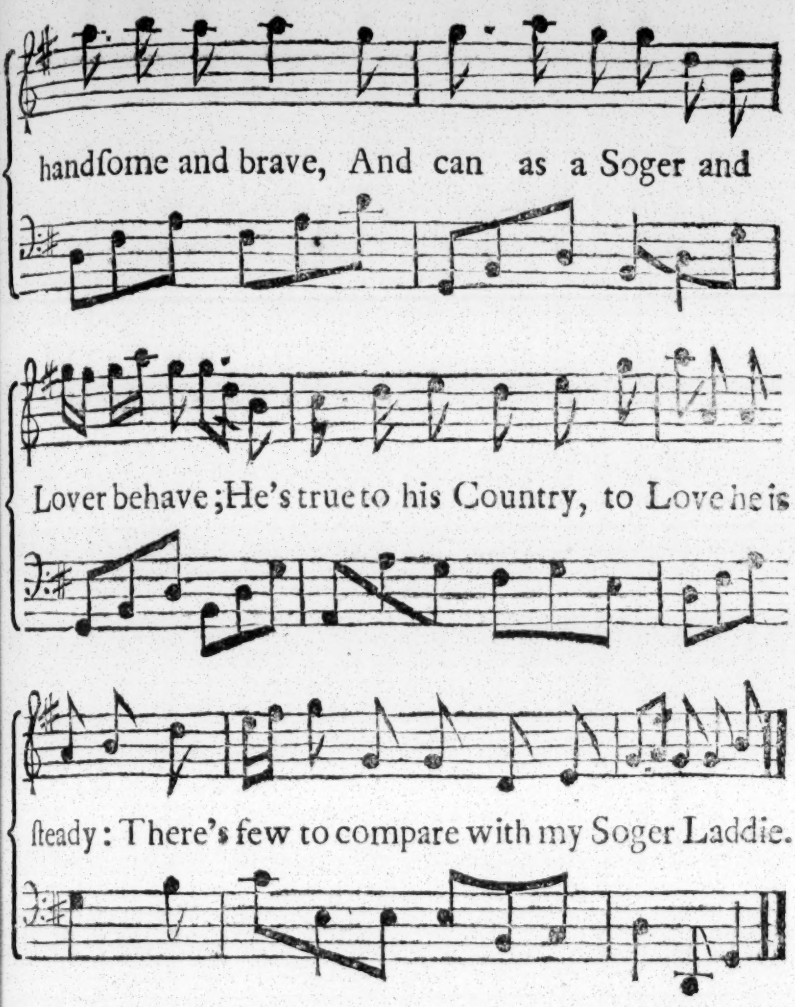
AS, when on Mountain-heads,
With ſudden Spring of Light,
The Sun his Splendor ſpreads,
And blinds the dazled Sight;
From *Mariana*'s Eyes
Love throws a flaſhing Dart,
That wounds with gay Surprize,
And feſters in the Heart.

At dead of Night, when Care
Forſakes each tortur'd Breaſt,
I, only, thro' Deſpair,
Am barr'd from gentle Reſt.
When Morning Beams diſpel
The gloomy Shades of Night,
Redoubled is my Hell,
While others reap Delight.

At Noon, when Day's inthron'd,
My Sorrows grow intenſe;
Nor is my Caſe bemoan'd
When ſilent Hours commence.

Then

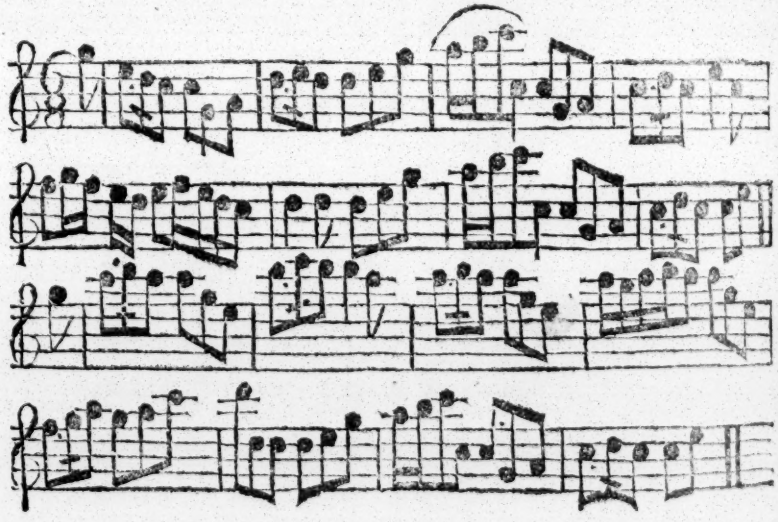
Then haſten, friendly Death,
And eaſe me of my Woe ----
Who wou'd not yield his Breath,
When Love's declar'd his Foe?

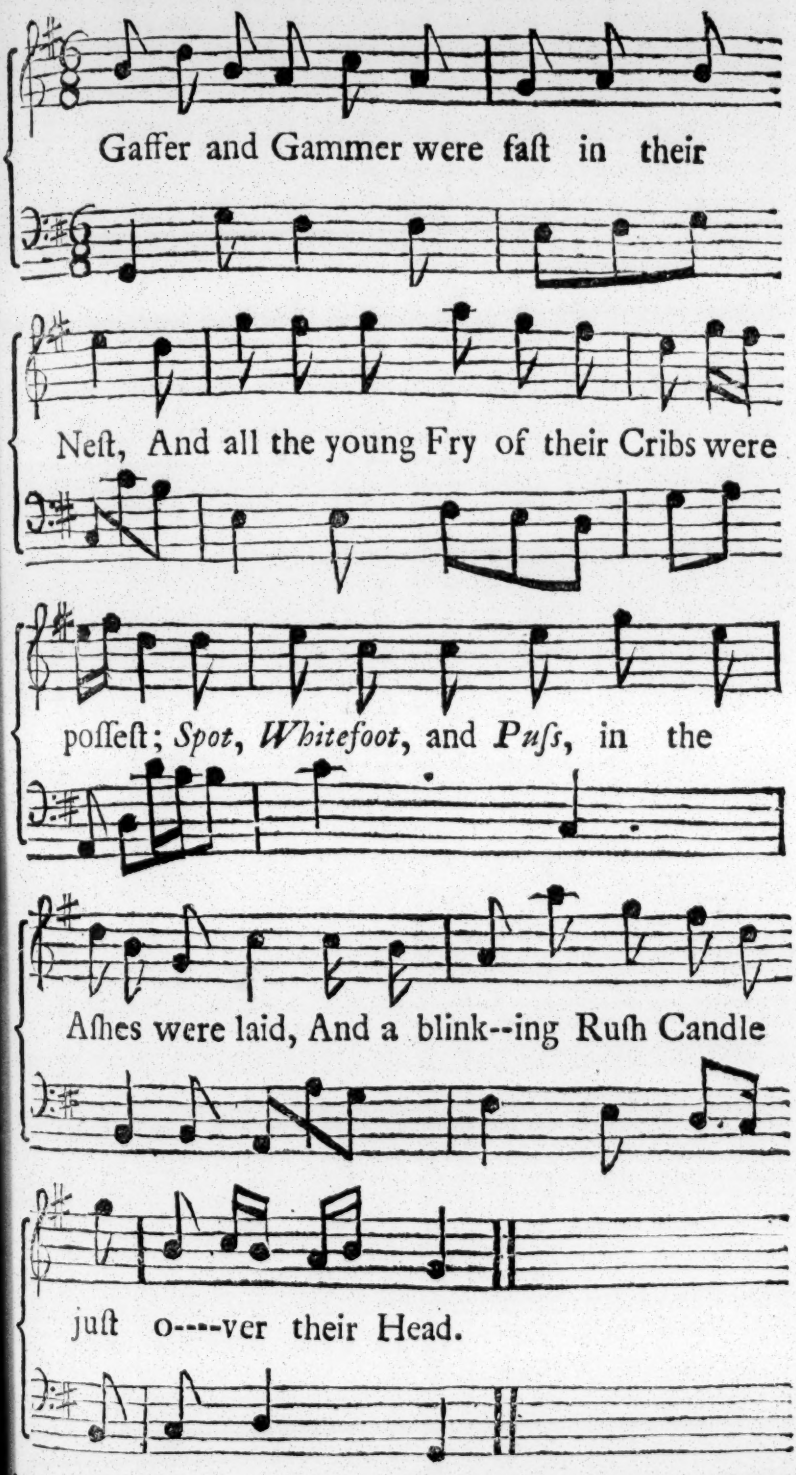
For the FLUTE.

The SOGER LADDIE.



Shield him, ye Angels, from Death in Alarms,
Return him with Lawrels to my longing Arms,
Since from all my Care ye'll pleaſantly free me,
When back to my Wiſhes my Soger ye gi'e me.
O ſoon may his Honours bloom fair on his Brow,
As quickly they muſt, if he get his Due:
For in noble Actions his Courage is ready,
Which makes me delight in my Soger Laddie.

To the foregoing Tune.

FOR a lovely bright Nymph, that's cruel as fair,
I ſigh, and I pine, and I die with Deſpair:
She rejects my fond Love, flies, and leaves me behind;
She's as bright as the Day, but as falſe as the Wind.
Ye Shepherds, take heed, and ſhun the falſe Maid,
Take warning by me, or like me be betray'd:
Ye Swains, O beware! and far from her fly;
For if you but ſee her, like me you muſt die.

For the FLUTE.

Set by Mr. *LEVERIDGE.*



Urſla was ſcouring her Diſhes and Platter,
Preparing to make her good Friend the Hog fatter;
Greas'd up to the Elbow, as much to the Eye,
'Till her embroider'd Cloaths were e'en ready to fry.

Roger the Plowman i'th' Chimney lay ſnoaring,
'Till *Cupid*, ſore vext at his clowniſh Adoring,
Did ſtraitway convey to the great Logger-head,
The whiſpering Muſe, that they all were a-bed.

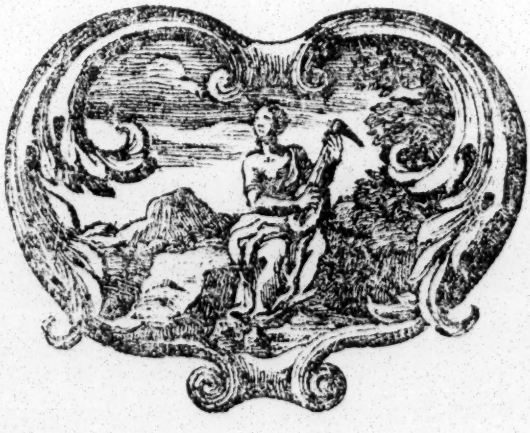
Up ſtarted *Roger*, and rubbing his Eyes,
Strait to his dear *Urſla* in Paſſion he hies,
Then leaning his Elbow on *Urſla*'s broad Back,
Complain'd that his Heart was e'en ready to crack.

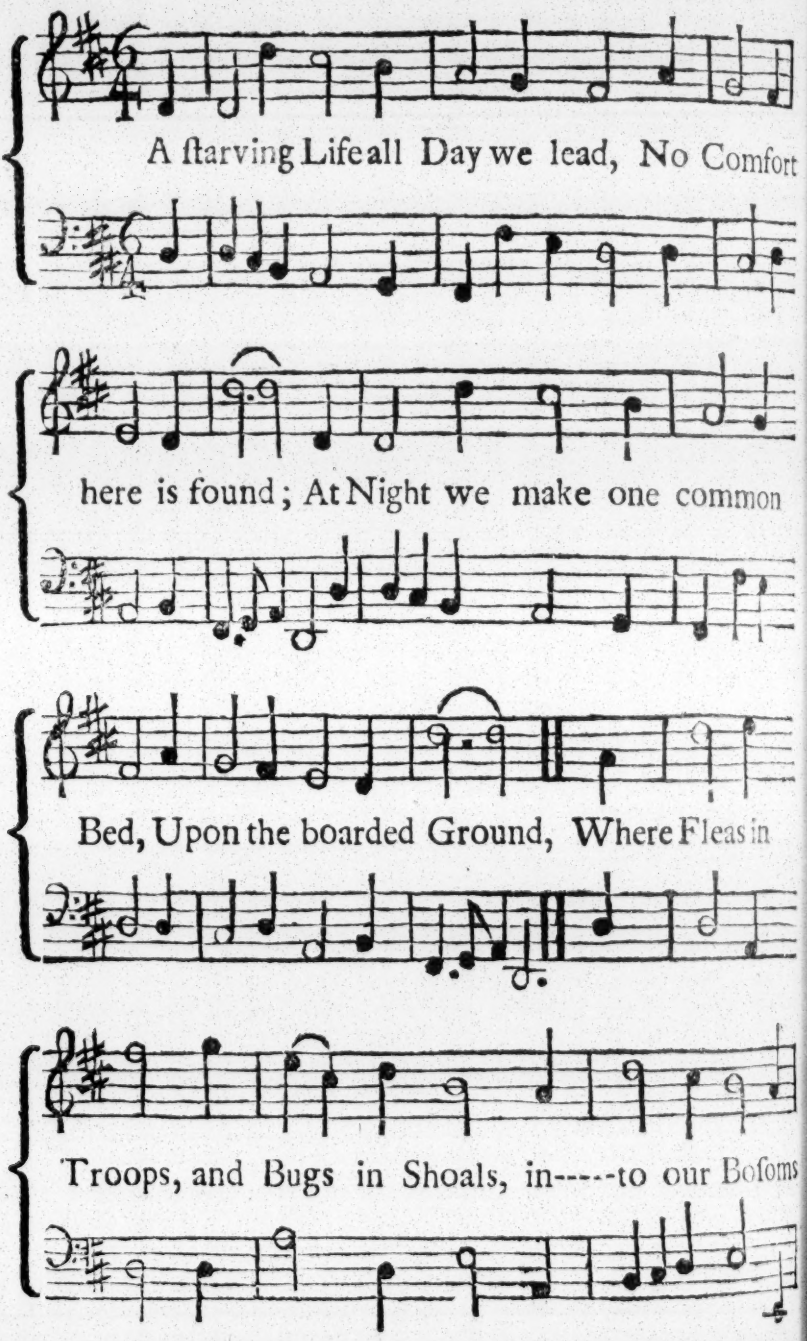
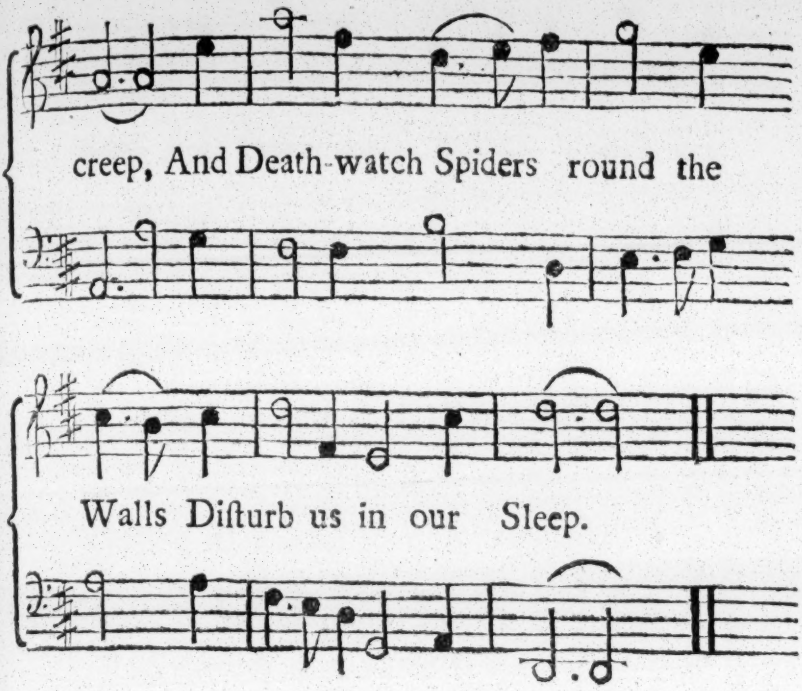
Urſla b'ing vext at the Weight of her Love,
Cry'd, *Cupid*, why doſt thou thus treacherous prove?
In an angry Mood then ſhe turn'd her about,
And the Diſh-clout lapt over the Face of the Lout.

Roger b'ing angry at ſuch an Affront,
And not at all minding of what might come on't,
He gave her a Kick with ſuch wonderous Mettle,
As tumbl'd poor *Urſla* quite over the Kettle.

This Noiſe and Rumbling ſet Gaffer awaking,
And fearing leſt Thieves had been ſtealing his Bacon,
With a Pur down the Stairs in a Trice he came ſtumbling,
Where he found *Roger* gaping, while *Urſla* lay tumbling.

Pox take you, quoth he, for a Rogue and a Whore;
So turn'd the poor Lovers quite out of the Door;
Nor minding the Rain, nor the cold windy Weather;
To finiſh their Loves in a Hogſtye together.



The PRISONERS SONG.



Were *Socrates* alive, and bound
With us to lead his Life,
'Twould move his Patience far beyond
His crabbed, ſcolding Wife:
Hard Lodging, and much harder Fare,
Would try the wiſeſt Sage,
Nay, even make a Parſon ſwear,
And curſe this ſinful Age.

Thus we Inſolvent Debtors live;
Yet we may boldly ſay,
Worſe Villains often Credit give,
Than thoſe that never pay;

For

For wealthy Knaves can, with Applauſe,
Cheat on, and ne'er be try'd,
But in contempt of human Laws,
In Coaches ſafely ride.

The REVENGE.

To the foregoing Tune.

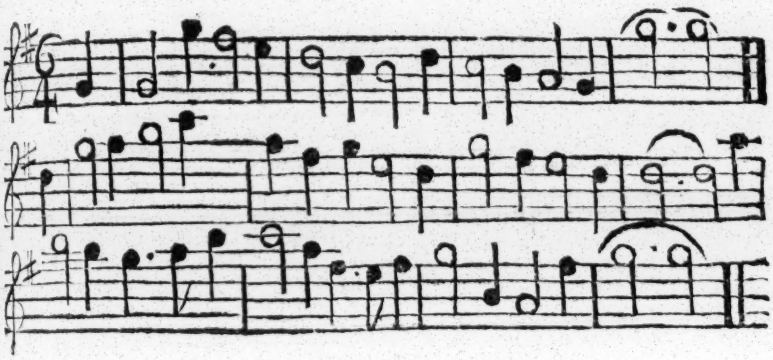
I Never lov'd but one fair Maid,
And ſhe did prove untrue,
Untrue to him who to her paid
More Love than was her Due.
Her wand'ring Heart, and faithleſs Eyes,
Made many a Shepherd weep;
Whilſt all of them fought for the Prize,
Which none of them could keep.

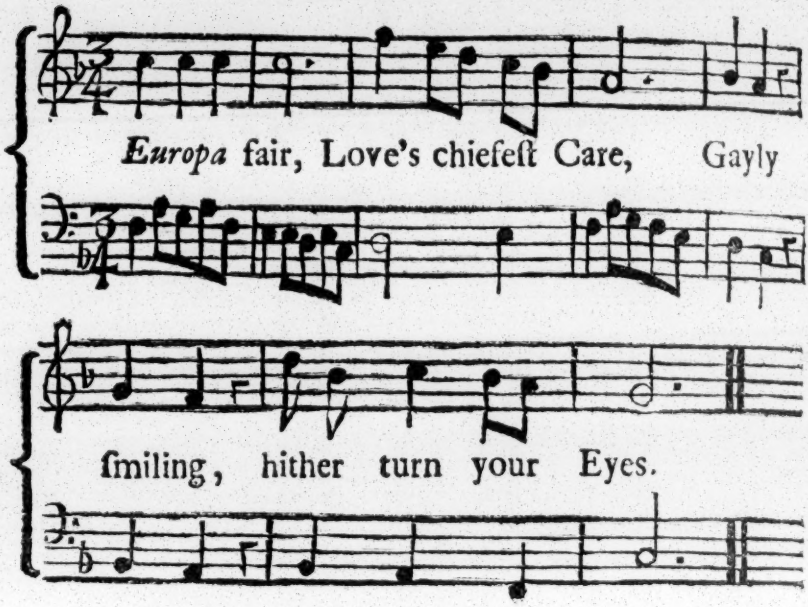
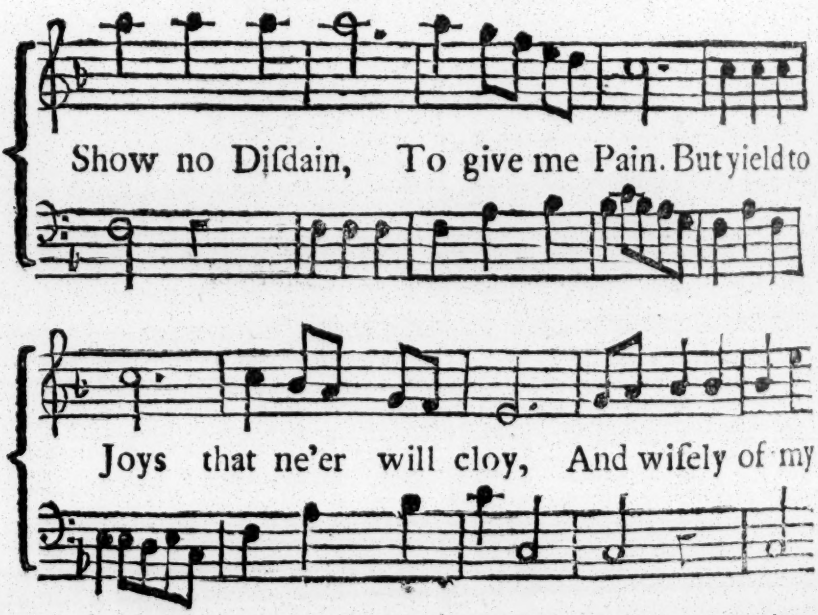
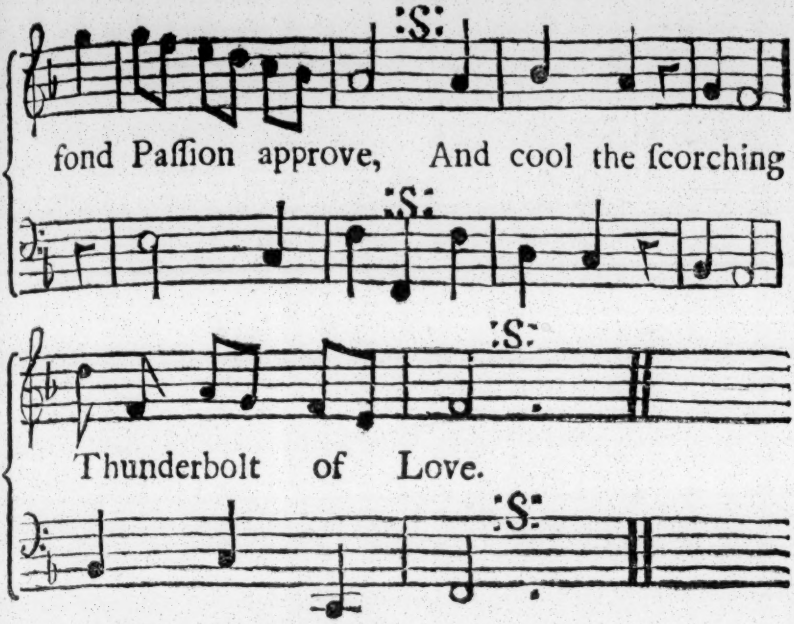
Ah! ſince 'tis ſo, ye Gods! *ſaid I*,
Ye righteous Pow's above,
Revenge on her my Miſery,
My true, but ſlighted Love.
So may ſhe love, as ſhe made me,
And find the ſame Diſdain;
Since ſhe was pleas'd with Cruelty,
Now may ſhe feel the Pain.

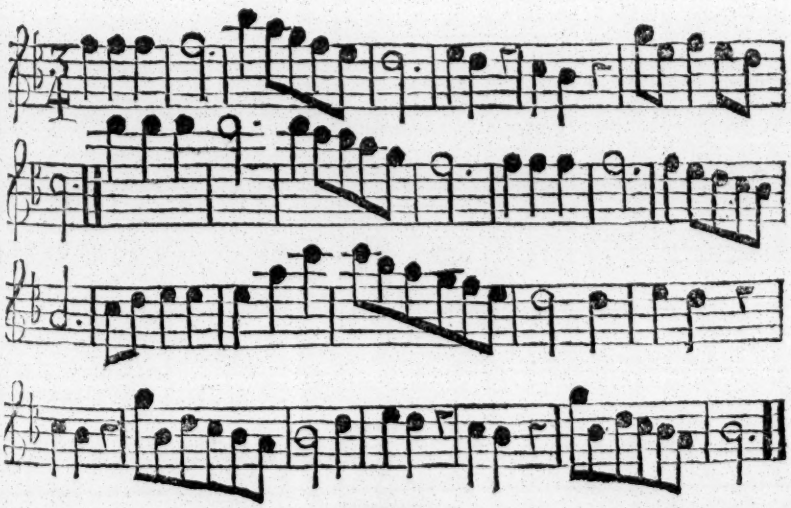
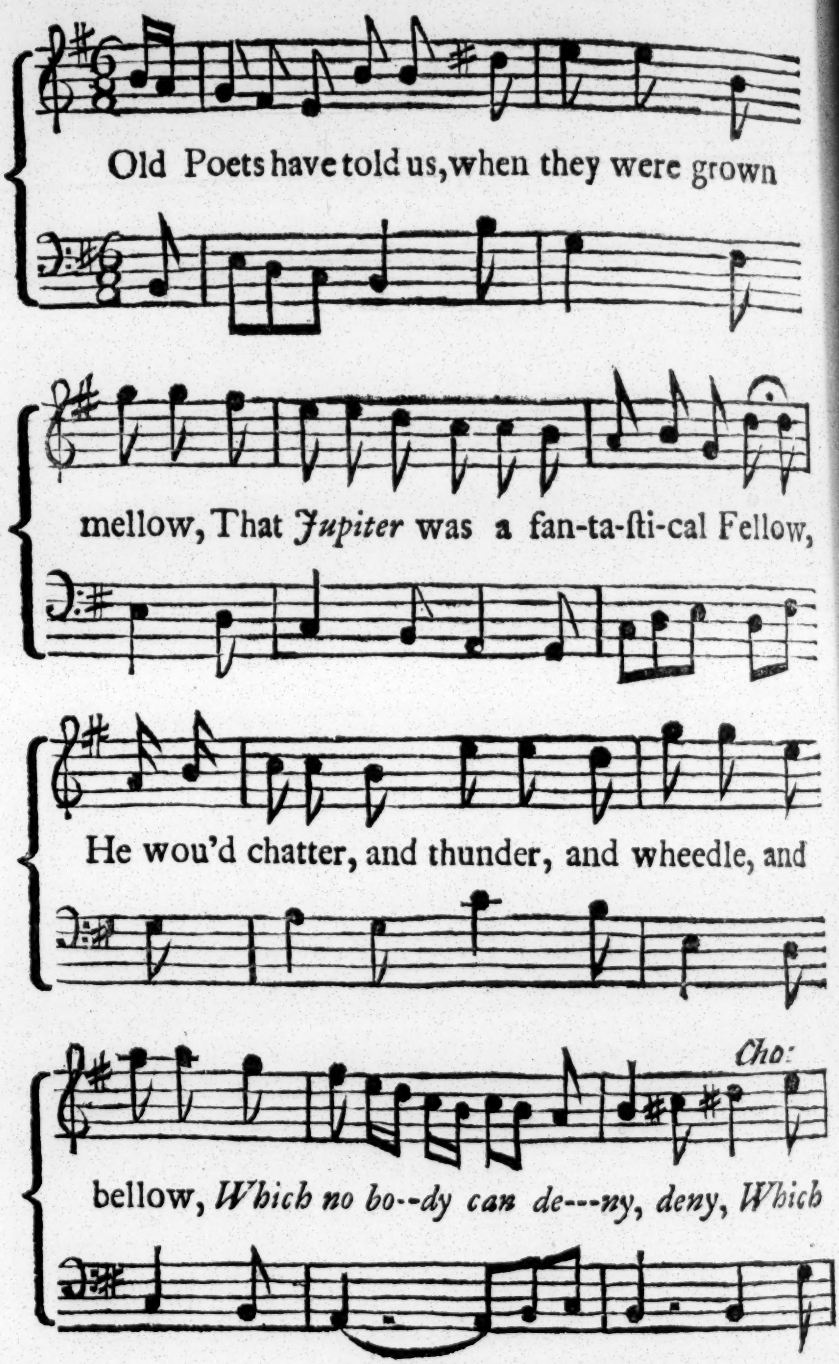
May ſhe know what it is to love,
And loſe her wand'ring Heart,
To one who will unconſtant prove,
And let her feel the Smart.

I ſpake,

I ſpake, and lo! there did enſue
A ſtrange Cataſtrophe;
The Gods would puniſh her, I knew,
But little thought by me.

For the FLUTE.

A Favourite MINUET *in the Entertainment of* JUPITER *and* EUROPA.

The Words by Mr. *LEVERIDGE.*

To court your Love,
See mighty *Jove*
Thus deſcending from the higheſt Skies.

Thus, earthly Fair,
When Mortals dare
Provoke my Rage,
You may aſſwage,
When in your Arms I am cloſely curl'd,
Kiſſing, Preſſing, you will ſave the World.

For the FLUTE.

Set by Mr. *LEVERIDGE.*

He was charm'd with a Damſel, but cou'd not tell how
To humour his liquoriſh Fancy, and ſo
He clap'd up his Nymph in the ſhape of a Cow,
Which no body, &c.

But here let us make up our Poetry full;
For the Man muſt have got no Brains in his Skull,
Who does not conclude that *Jove* turn'd a Bull,
Which no body, &c.

His Method of Wooing was loud and ſonorous,
At the time of the Year when the *Sun* enters *Taurus*,
Then *Taurus* did enter fair *Io* the porous,
Which no body, &c.

He gave her two Horns for a Screen to his Love,
As *Juno* gave him, as plainly does prove,
There's a Strumpet below, for a Cuckold above,
Which no body, &c.

The Lovers by Inſtinct together were moving,
When he had a Fancy on Earth to be roving,
Then ſhe ran a Bulling, or elſe ran a *Joving*,
Which no body, &c.

They

They may paſs for as clever a cornuted Pair,
As you e'er ſaw at *Smithfield* (where the Sight is not rare)
Or at *Brentford*, or *Rumford*, or any *Horn-Fair*,
Which no body, &c.

Tho' I take it for granted, that nothing more odd is,
Inſtead of a Shepherdeſs lac'd in her Boddice,
That a ſwag-belly'd Cow ſhou'd go for a Goddeſs,
Which no body, &c.

Alexander, who conquer'd full many a Foe,
Mars, *Hercules*, *Neptune*, and more than we know,
Were Sons of this *Jove*, tho' not by *Juno*,
Which no body, &c.

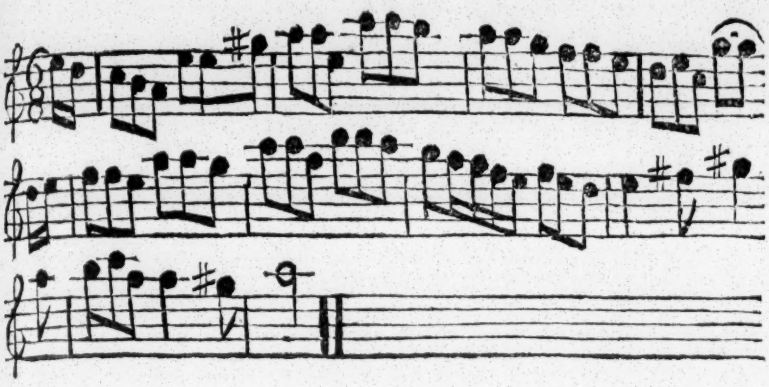
But as the Prolifical Virtue wore off,
His amorous Feats made all the World laugh,
He cou'd get no more Heroes, and ſo got a Calf,
Which no body, &c.

Diogenes grave was the Fruit of this Rub,
For his Name does pronounce him a *Jupiter*'s Cub,
He was born in a Cow-houſe, and liv'd in a Tub,
Which no body, &c.

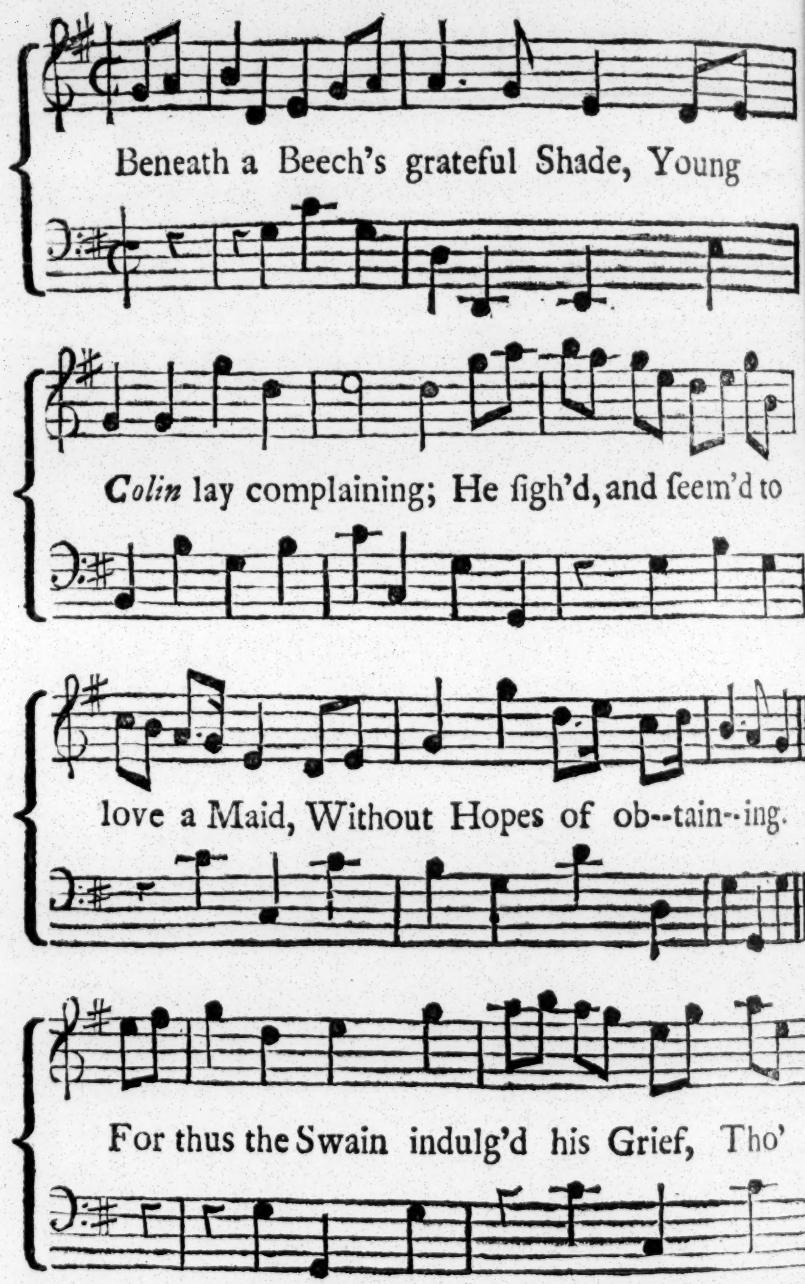
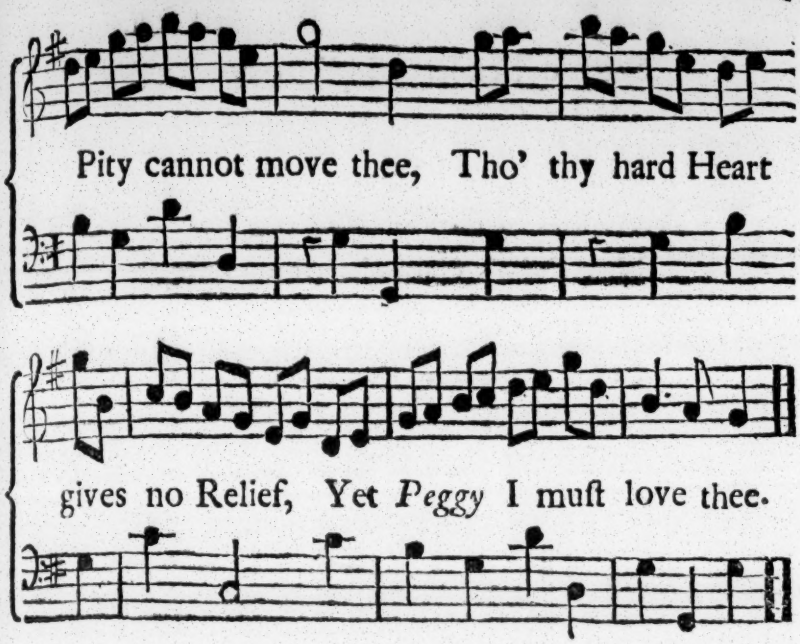
Let a Conſort of Butchers remember the thing,
Let Clevers and Marrow-bones merrily ring,
Such a jovial Choir *Io-Pean's* may ſing,
Which no body can deny, deny, which no body can deny.

For

For the FLUTE.

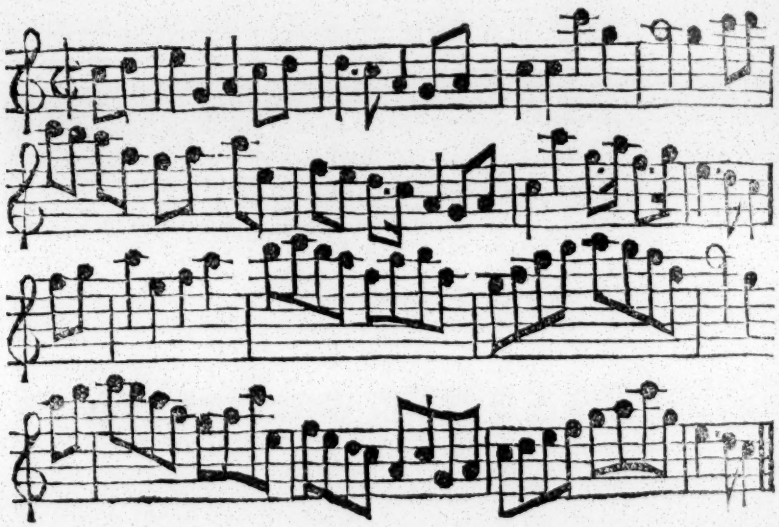


Tune, *The bonnieſt Laſs in all the World.*

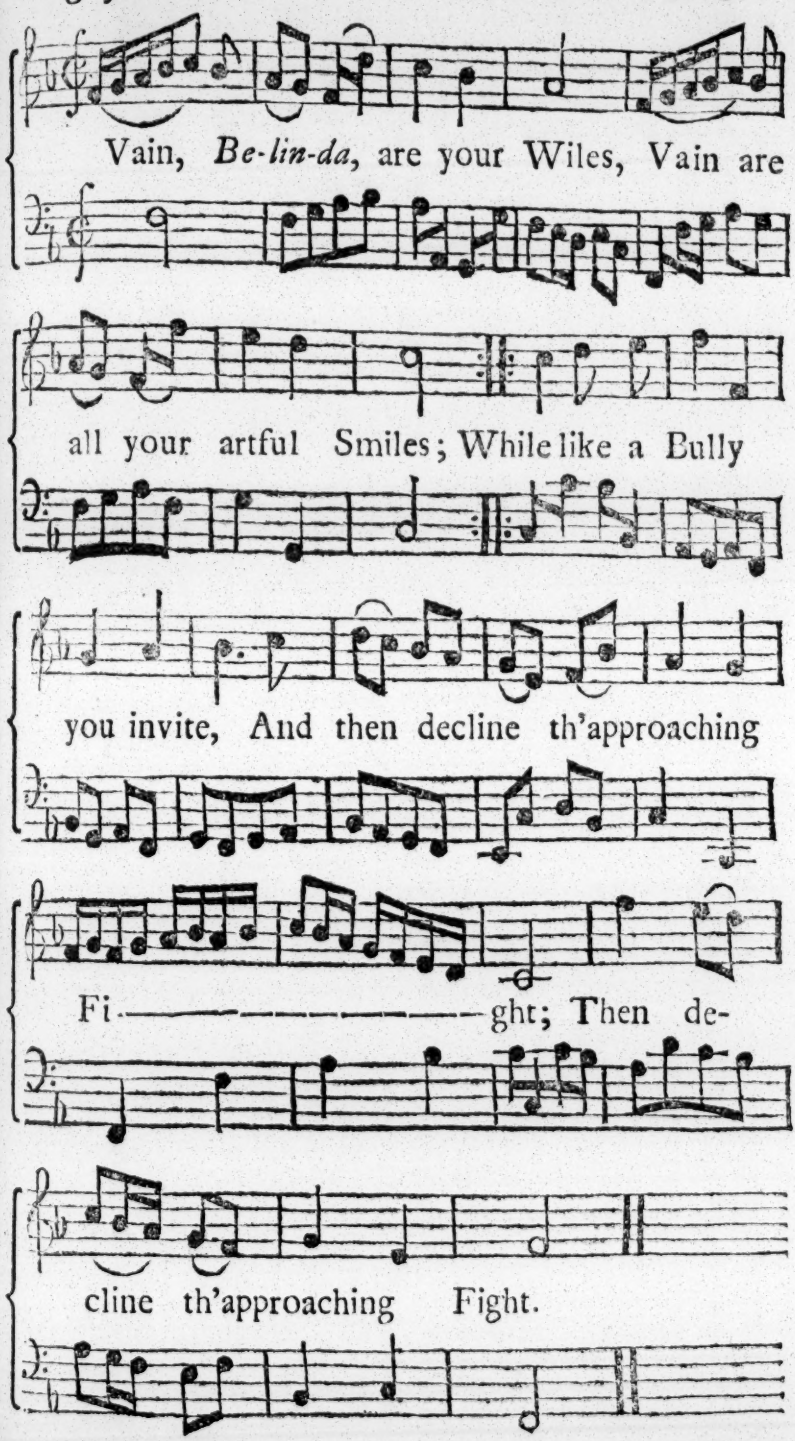
By *DAVID RIZZIO.*

Pity

Say, *Peggy*, what has *Colin* done,
That thus you cruelly uſe him?
If Love's a Fault, 'tis that alone,
For which you ſhould excuſe him:
'Twas thy dear Self firſt rais'd this Flame,
This Fire by which I languiſh;
'Tis thou alone can'ſt quench the ſame,
And cool its ſcorching Anguiſh.

For thee I leave the ſportive Plain,
Where ev'ry Maid invites me;
For thee, ſole Cauſe of all my Pain,
For thee, that only ſlights me:
This Love that fires my faithful Heart
By all but thee's commended.
Oh! would'ſt thou act ſo good a Part,
My Grief might ſoon be ended. That

That beauteous Breaſt, ſo ſoft to feel,
Seem'd Tenderneſs all over,
Yet it defends thy Heart like Steel,
'Gainſt thy deſpairing Lover.
Alas! tho' it ſhould ne'er relent,
Nor *Colin*'s Care e'er move thee,
Yet 'till Life's lateſt Breath is ſpent,
My *Peggy*, I muſt love thee.

For the FLUTE.

Set by Mr. *MONRO.*

Sung by Mr. BURNEY *in the* TEMPLE-BEAU.



Various are the little Arts,
Which you uſe to conquer Hearts;
By empty Threats he wou'd affright,
And you by empty Hopes invite;
And you by empty Hopes invite.

Cowards may by him be brav'd;
Fops may be by you enſlav'd;
Then wou'd he vanquiſh, or you bind,
He muſt be brave, and you be kind;
He muſt be brave, and you be kind.

TIT for TAT.

By Mr. WILLIAM BEDINGFIELD.

To the foregoing Tune.

POOR *Damon*, full of am'rous Smart,
To *Celia* open'd all his Heart,
Whilſt ſhe repay'd his tender Awe
With forc'd Neglect, and Ha, ha, ha!
With forc'd Neglect, and Ha, ha, ha!

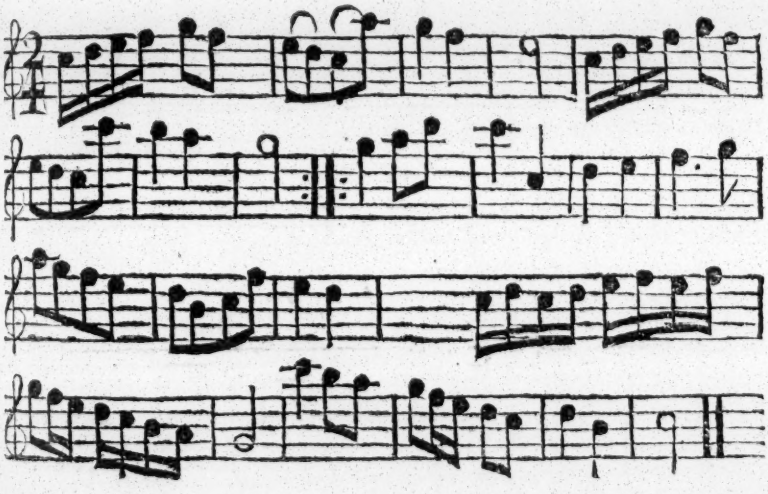
Provok'd by her inſulting Scorn,
He lets her languiſh in her Turn,
'Till ſhe's reduc'd to ſuch a Paſs,
Her Note is chang'd into Alas!
Her Note is chang'd into Alas!

Young Maids, take Warning by her Fate,
Nor keep your Kindneſs 'till too late;

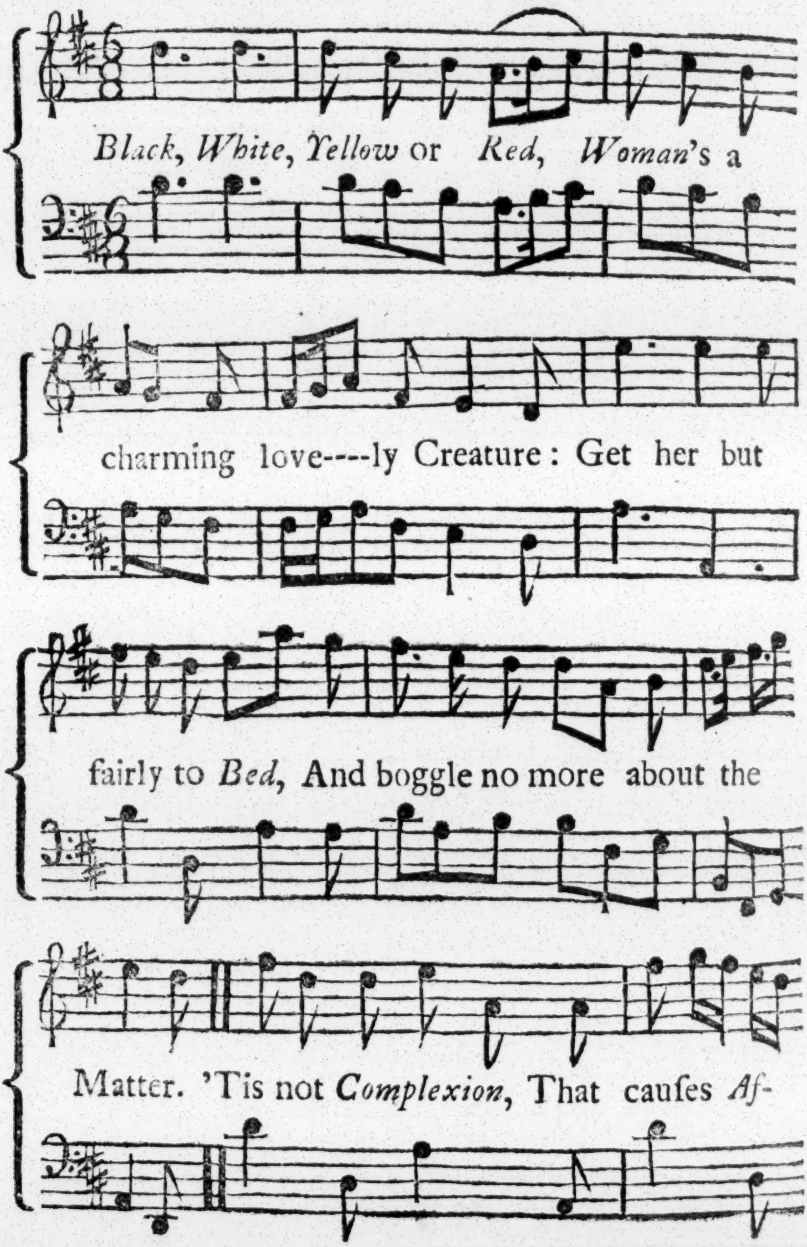
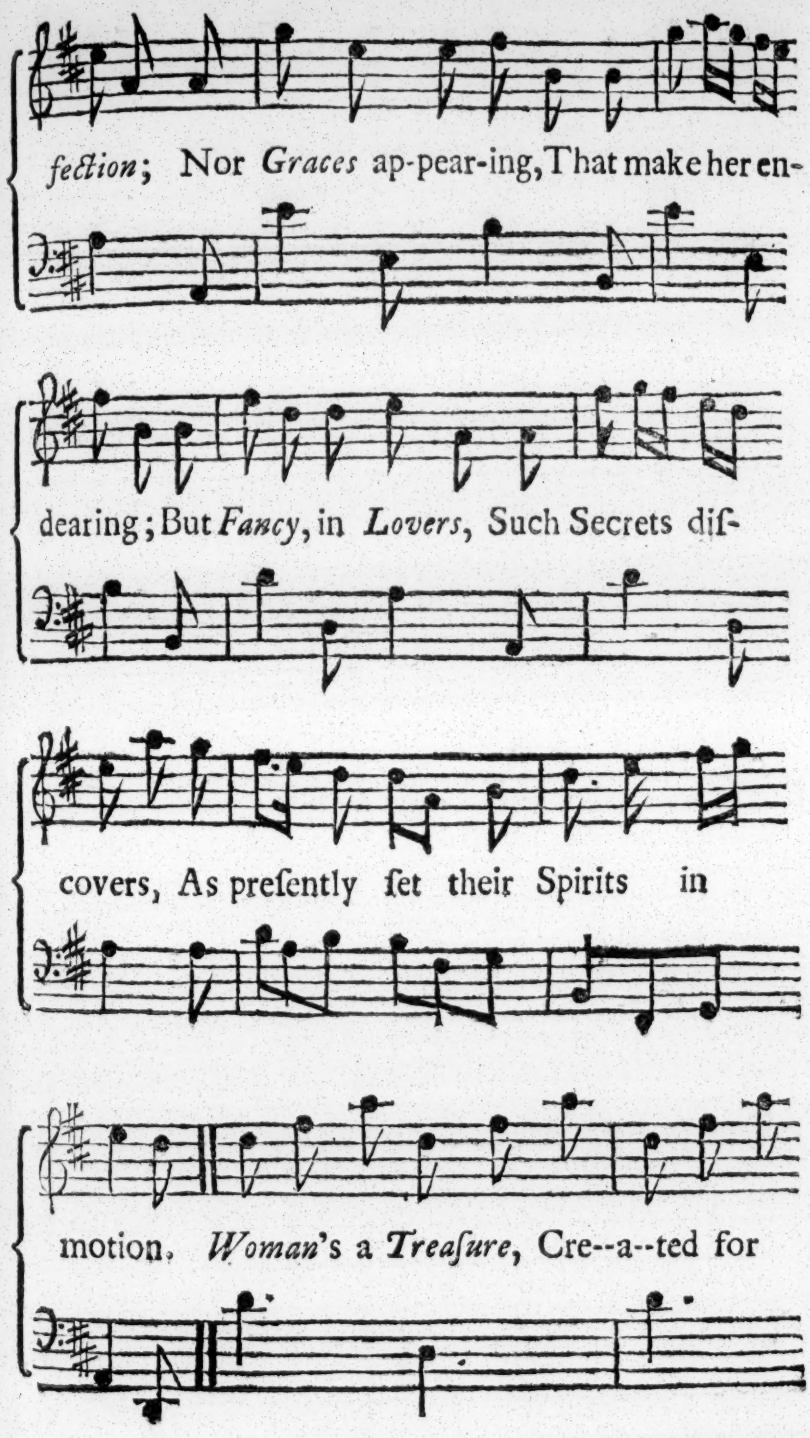
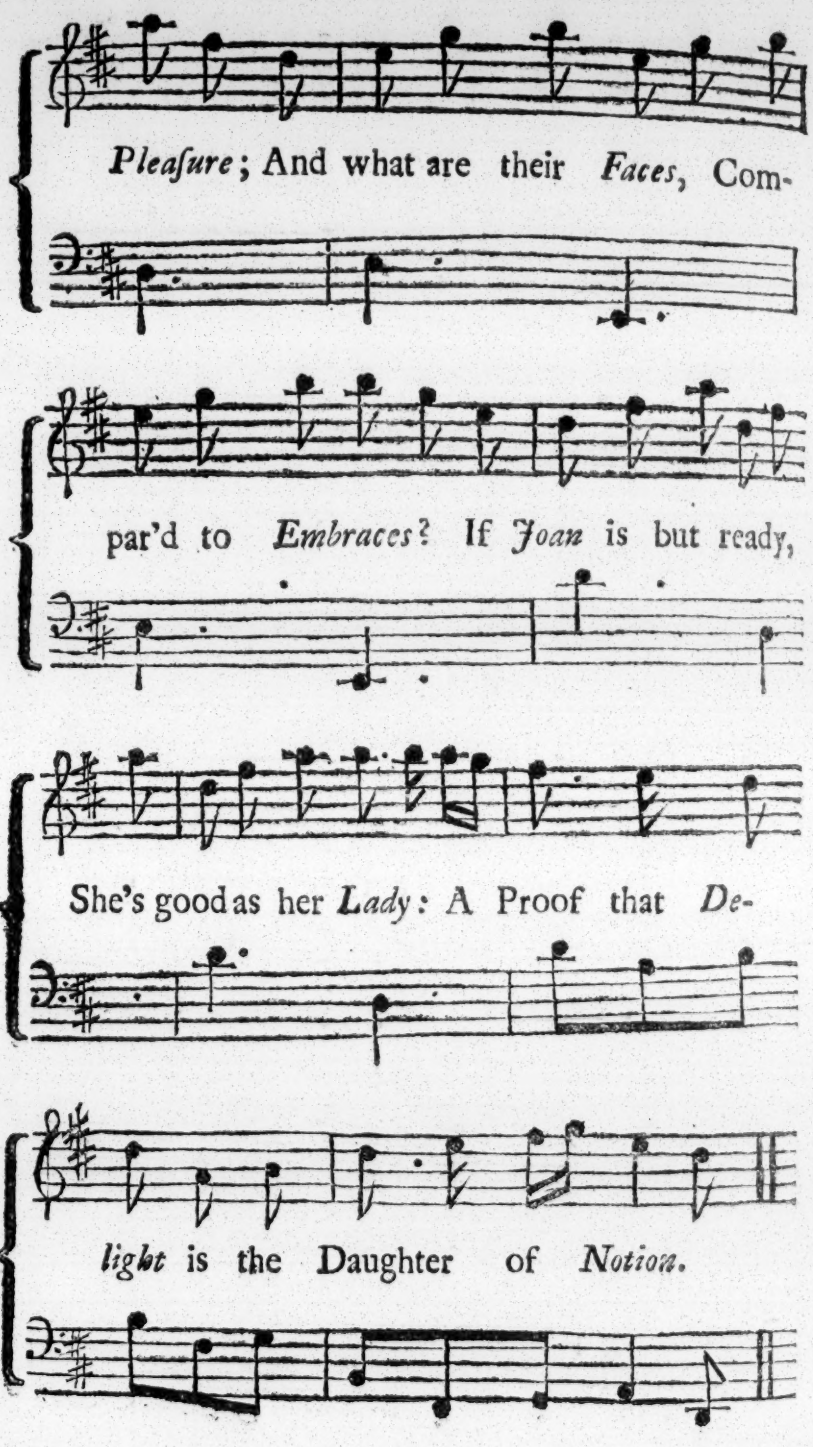
To

To Love, and Honour, and Obey,
Be wiſe, and anſwer, Ay, ay, ay;
Be wiſe, and anſwer, Ay, ay, ay.

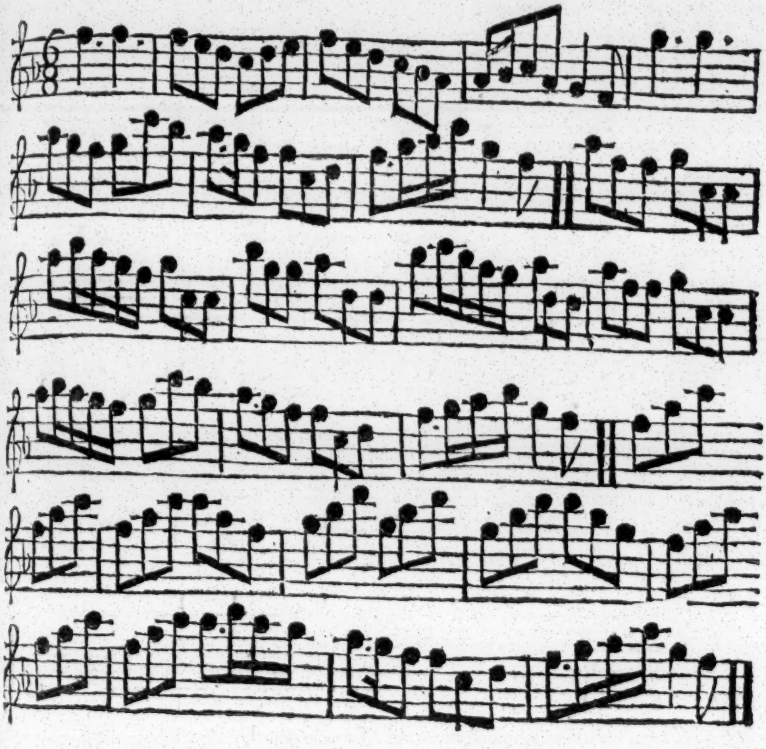
Shou'd Cuſtom make us falſe to Truth,
Belye our Hearts, perplex the Youth,
And uſe a Lover like a Foe?
No, ſurely, in my Conſcience, No;
No, ſurely, in my Conſcience, No.

For the FLUTE.

FANCY's ALL: *Or,* *JOAN* as good as my LADY.

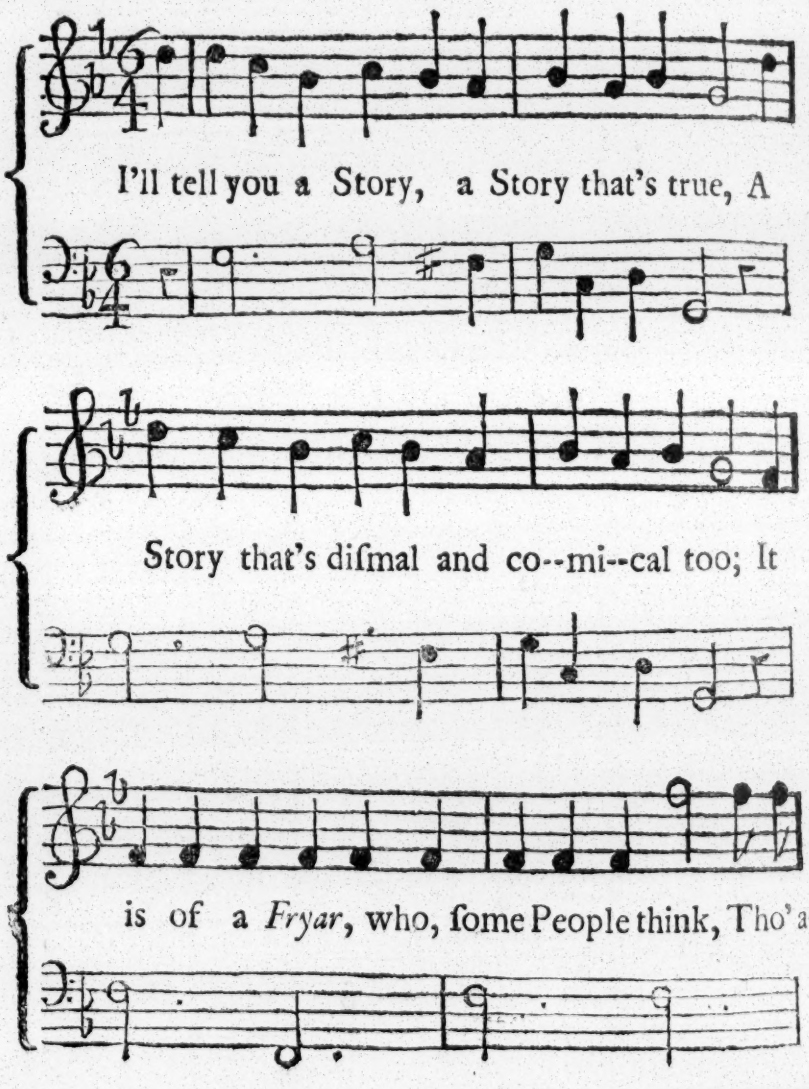
Tune Lesly's March. *By* DAVID RIZZIO.

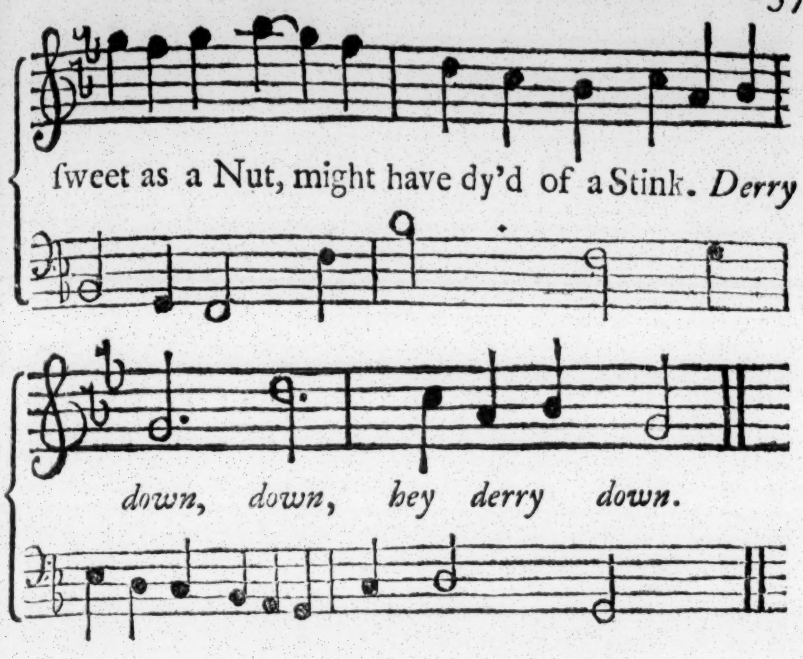
The Words by Mr. MITCHELL.

fection; Nor Graces ap-pear-ing, That make her en-
dearing; But Fancy, in Lovers, Such Secrets diſ-
covers, As preſently ſet their Spirits in
motion. Woman's a Treaſure, Cre--a--ted for

Pleaſure; And what are their *Faces*, Com-
par'd to *Embraces*? If *Joan* is but ready,
She's good as her *Lady*: A Proof that *De-*
light is the Daughter of *Notion*.

For

For the FLUTE.

The SNIPE.

By a GENTLEMAN of MAGDALEN-COLLEGE, OXFORD.

To the Tune of, A Cobler there was, *&c.*

ſweet



The *Fryar* would often go out with his Gun,
And tho' no good Marksman, he thought himſelf one;
For tho' he for ever was wont to miſs Aim,
Still ſomething, but never himſelf, was to blame.
Derry down, &c.

It happen'd young *Peter*, a Friend of the *Fryar*'s,
With Legs arm'd with Leather, for fear of the Briers,
Went out with him once, tho' it ſignifies not
Where he hir'd his Gun, or who tick'd for the Shot.
Derry down, &c.

Away theſe two trudg'd it o'er Hills and o'er Dales;
They popp'd at the *Partridges*, frighten'd the *Quails*;
But, to tell you the Truth, no great Miſchief was done,
Save ſpoiling the Proverb, *as ſure as a Gun.*
Derry down, &c.

But

But at length a poor *Snipe* flew direct in the way,
In open Defiance, as if he would ſay,
" If only the *Fryar* and *Peter* are there,
" I'll fly where I liſt, there's no Reaſon to fear.
Derry down, &c.

Tho' little thought he that his Death was ſo nigh,
Yet *Peter* by chance fetch'd him down from on high;
His Shot was ramm'd down with a *Journal*, I wiſt,
The firſt time he charg'd ſo improper with *Miſt*.
Derry down, &c.

Then on both Sides the Speeches began to be made,
As---- *I beg your Acceptance*---- *O! no, Sir, indeed*----
I beg that you would, Sir,----for both wiſely knew,
That one *Snipe* could ne'er be a Supper for two.
Derry down, &c.

What the *Fryar* declin'd in moſt civil ſort,
Peter ſlipt in his Pocket, (the De'el take him for't!)
But were the Truth known 'twould plainly appear,
He oft times had found a longer Bill there.
Derry down, &c.

Hid in his Pocket the *Snipe* ſafely lay,
While a Week did paſs over his Head, and a Day,
'Till the Ropes for a Toaſt too offenſive were grown,
And were ſmelt out by ev'ry Noſe but his own.
Derry down, &c.

The *Fryar* look'd wholeſome, it muſt be agreed,
So no one could ſay whence the Stink ſhould proceed;
Where the Stink might be laid, tho' no one cou'd ſay,
'Tis certain he brought it, and took it away.
Derry down, &c.

At Sight of the *Fryar* began the Perfume,
And ſcarce he appear'd, but he ſcented the Room;
Snuff-Boxes were held in the higheſt Eſteem,
And all the wry Faces were made where he came.
Derry down, &c.

As the Place he was in, it was call'd This and That;
In his Room 'twas a Cloſe-ſtool, or elſe a dead Rat;
In the Fields where he walk'd for ſome Carrion 'twas gueſt;
'Twas a Fart at the *Angel*, and paſs'd for a Jeſt.
Derry down, &c.

At length the Suſpicion fell thick on poor *Tray*,
'Till he took to his Heels, and with ſpeed ran away;
Thought the *Fryar*, Poor *Tray!* I'll remember thee ſoon,
If I live to grow ſweet, I'll give thee a Bone.
Derry down, &c.

For he knew that poor *Tray* was moſt highly abus'd,
And if any, Himſelf, thus deſerv'd to be us'd;
For 'twas certainly he, (who elſe could he think;)
'Twas certainly he that muſt make all the Stink.
Derry down, &c.

So

So when he came home he ſat down on his Bed,
His Elbow at diſtance ſupported his Head:
His Body long while like a Pendulum went;
But all he could do did not alter the Scent.
Derry down, &c.

Thus hipp'd, he got up and pull'd off his Cloaths,
He peep'd in his Breeches, and ſmelt to his Hoſe,
And the very next Morning freſh Cloaths he put on,
All, all but a Waiſtcoat, for he had but one.
Derry down, &c.

But changing his Cloaths did not alter the Caſe,
And ſo he ſtunk on for three Weeks and three Days;
'Till to ſend for a Doctor he thought it moſt meet;
For tho' he was not, his Life it was ſweet.
Derry down, &c.

The Doctor he came, felt his Pulſe in a trice;
Then crept at a Diſtance to give his Advice;
But Sweating, nor Bleeding, nor Purging wou'd do:
For inſtead of one Stink, this only made two.
Derry down, &c.

The *Fryar* oft-times to his Glaſs would repair,
But to Death he was frigh'ned whene'er he came there;
His Eyes were ſo ſunk, and he look'd ſo aghaſt,
He verily thought he was ſtinking his laſt.
Derry down, &c.

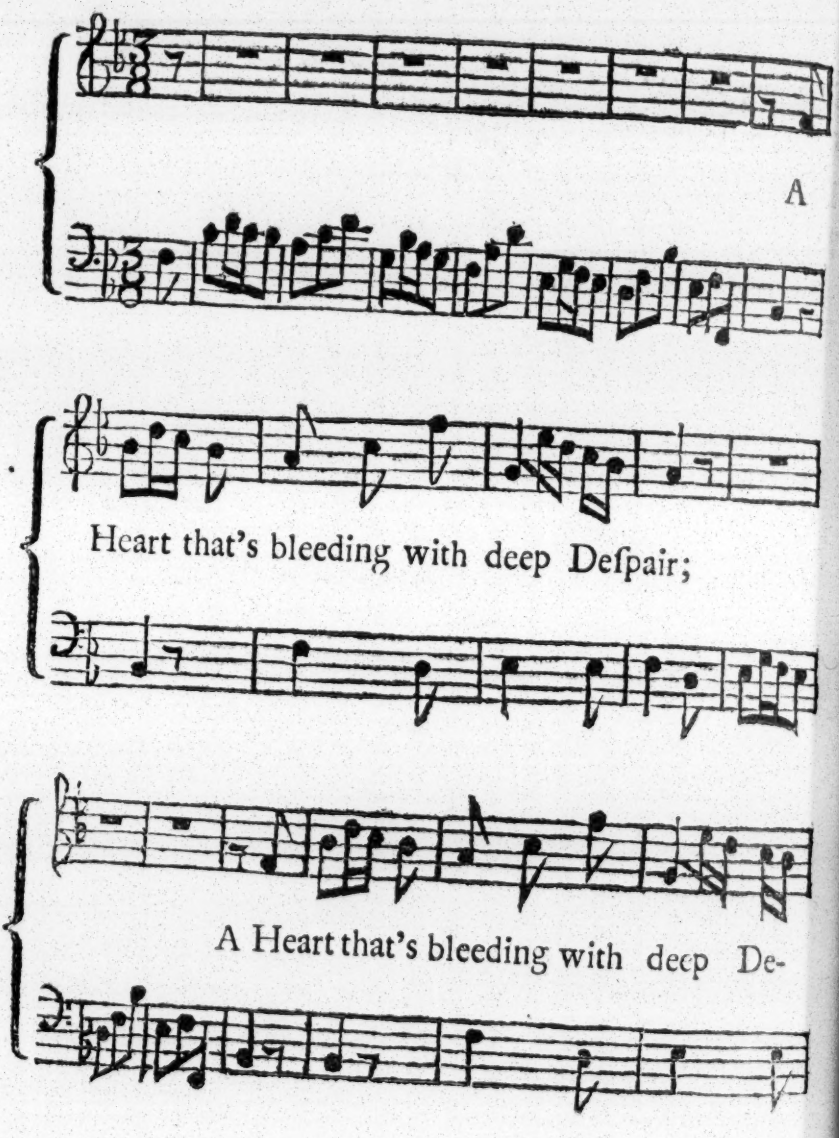
So

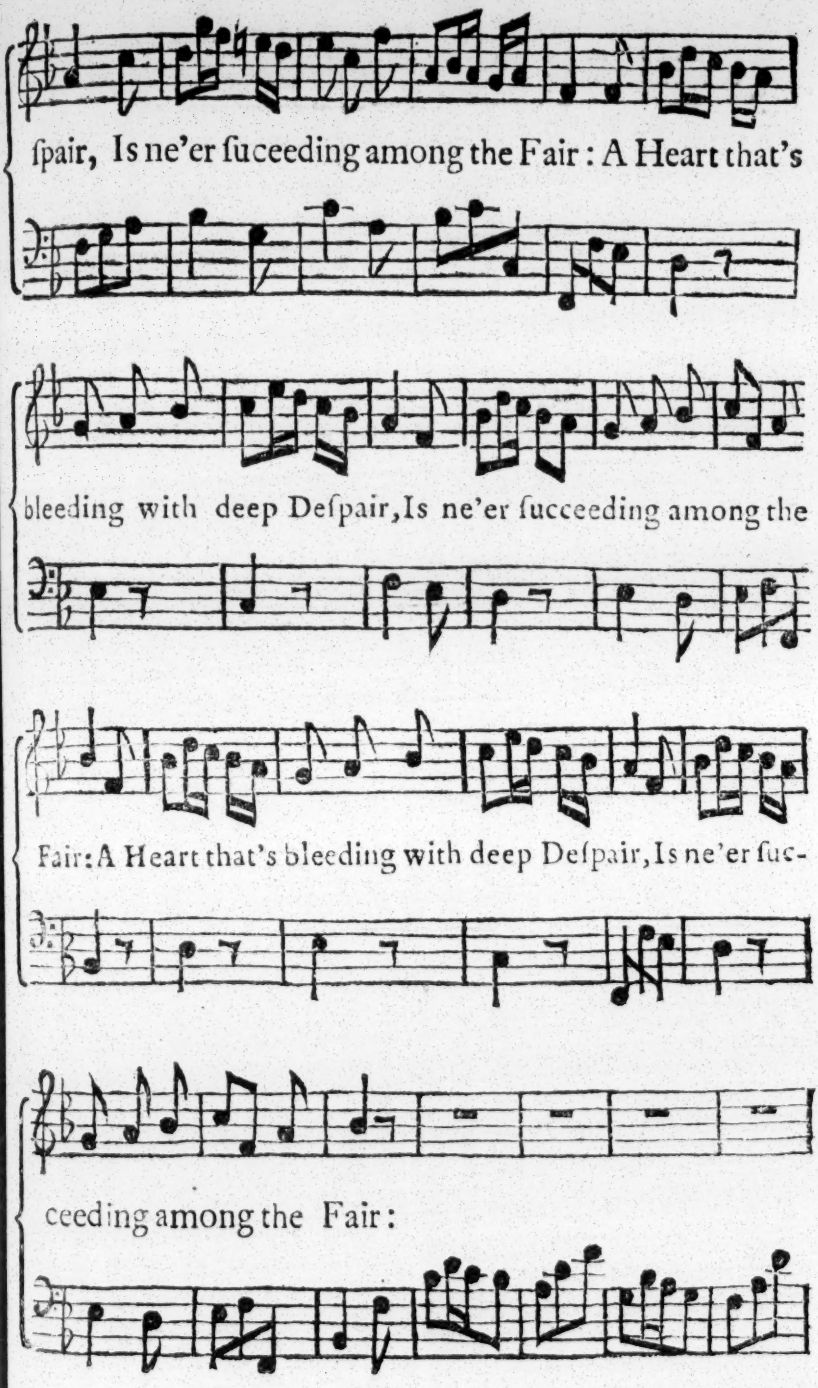
So for Credit, he haſtens to burn all his Proſe,
And into the Fire his Verſes he throws;
When ſearching his Pockets to make up the Pile,
He found out the *Snipe* that had ſtunk all the while.
Derry down, &c.

So he hopes you'll now think him wholeſome again,
Since his Waiſtcoat diſcovers the Cauſe of his Pain:
To conclude, the poor *Fryar* intreats you to note,
That you might have been ſweet, had you been in his Coat.
Derry down, &c.

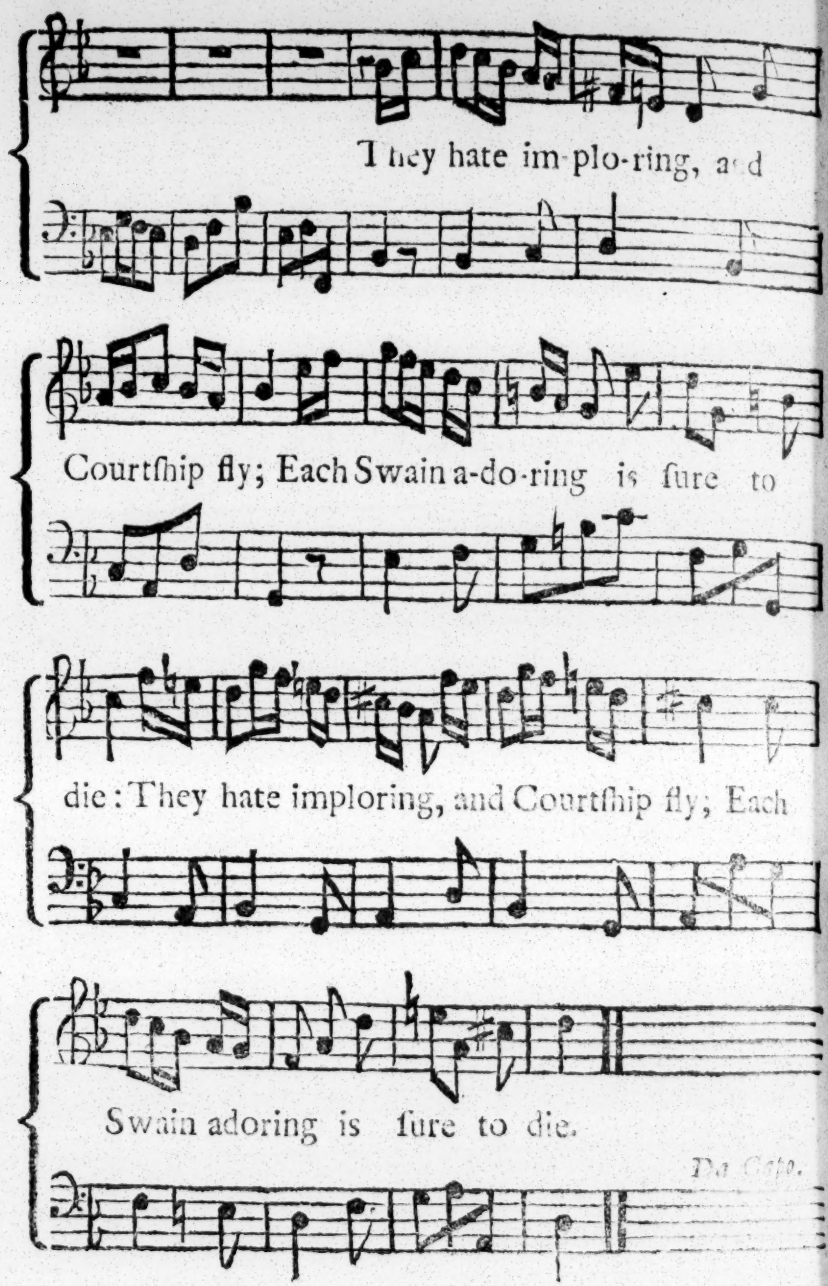
The FOLLY *of* DESPAIR.

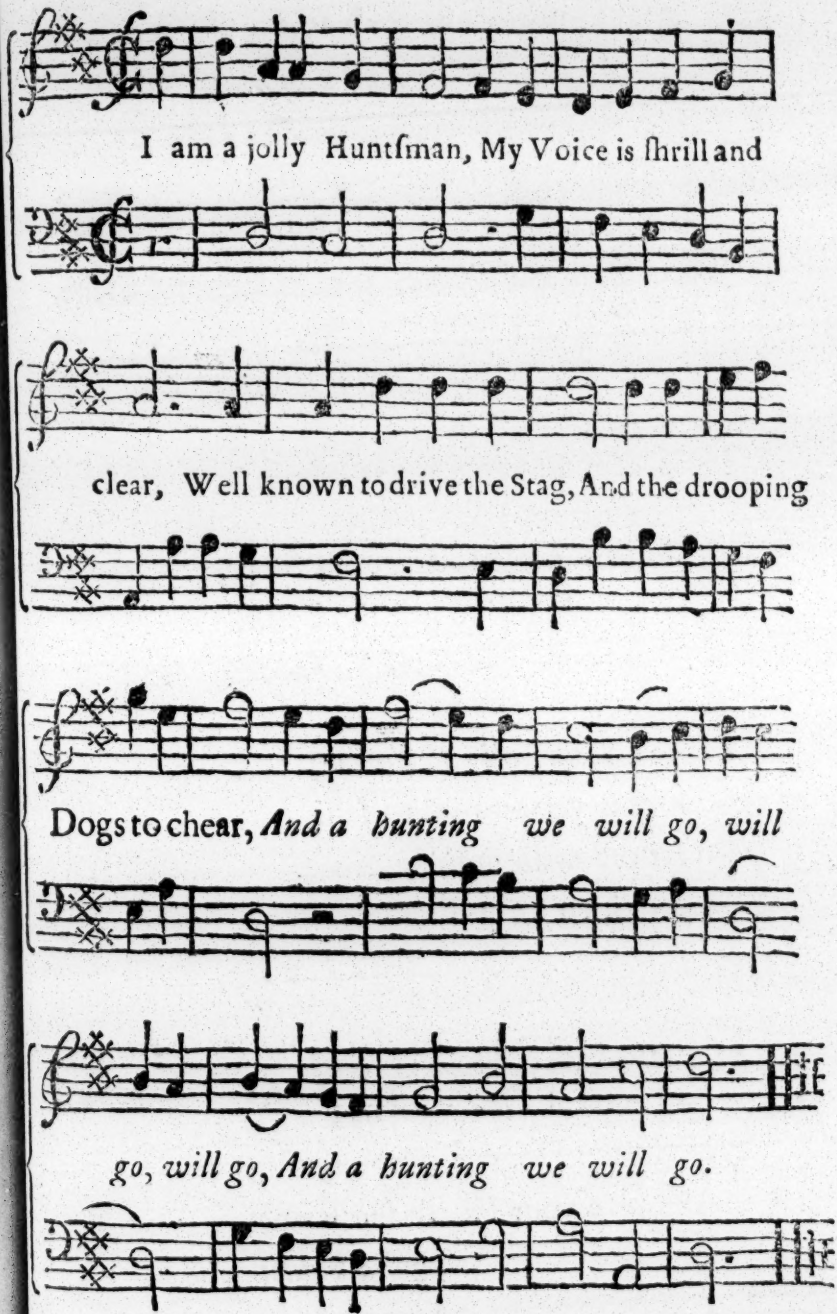
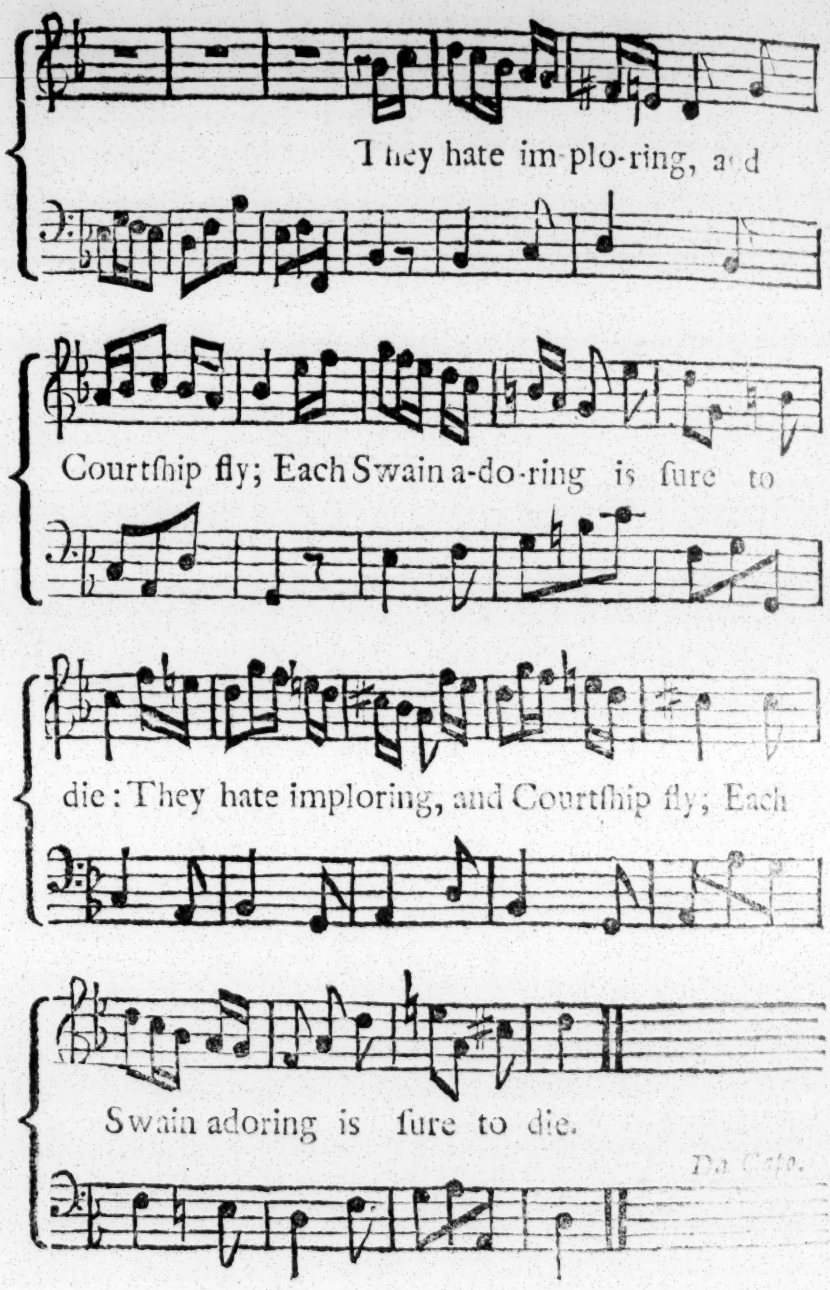
Set by Mr. ABIEL WHICHELLO.




ſpair, Is ne'er ſuceeding among the Fair: A Heart that's
bleeding with deep Deſpair, Is ne'er ſucceeding among the
Fair: A Heart that's bleeding with deep Deſpair, Is ne'er ſuc-
ceeding among the Fair:

They


They hate im-plo-ring, and
Courtſhip fly; Each Swain a-do-ring is ſure to
die: They hate imploring, and Courtſhip fly; Each
Swain adoring is ſure to die.
Da Capo.

The STAG CHACE.

They hate im-plo-ring, and
Courtſhip fly; Each Swain a-do-ring is ſure to
die: They hate imploring, and Courtſhip fly; Each
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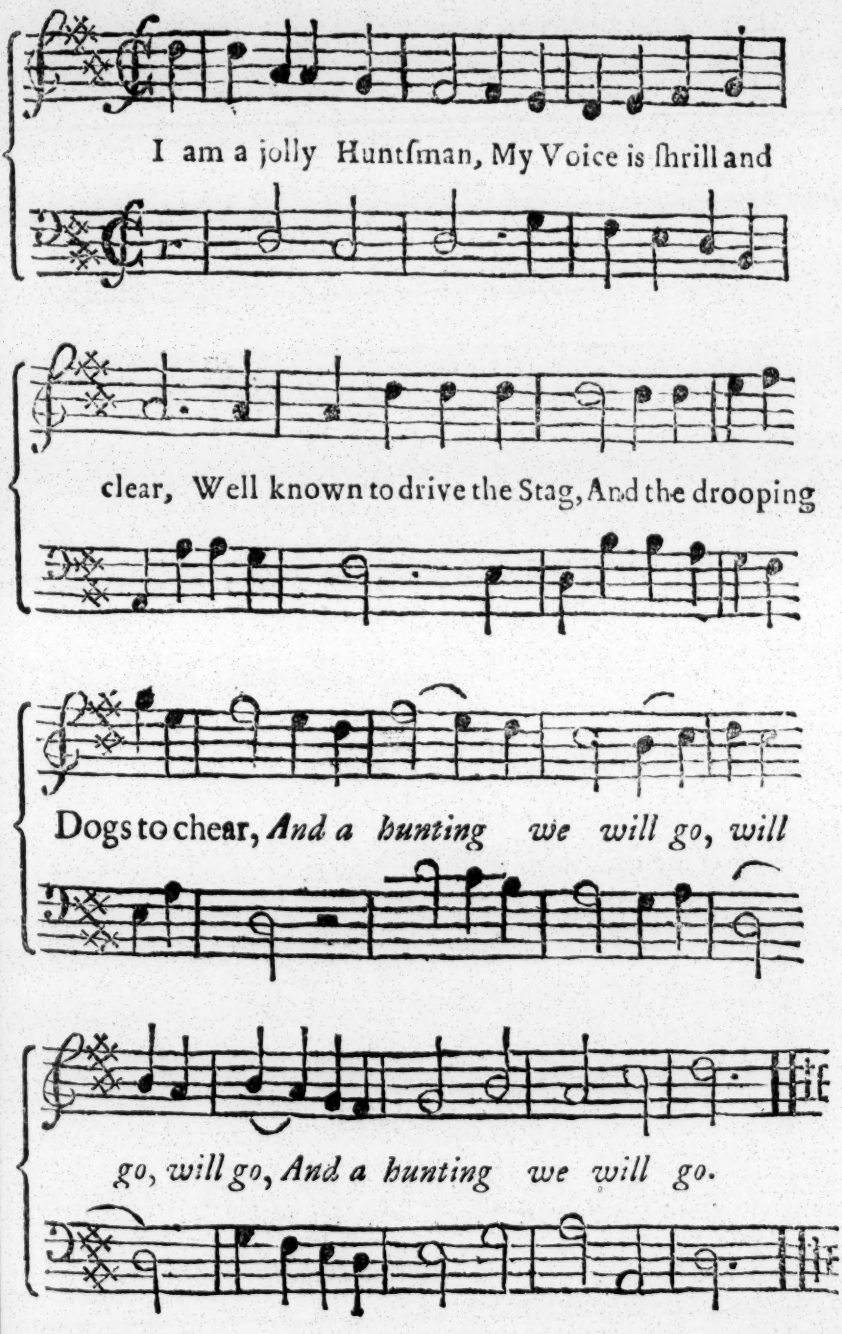

I leave my Bed betimes,
Before the Morning grey;
Let looſe my Dogs, and mount a Horſe,
And hollow, come away.
And a hunting, &c.

The Game's no ſooner rouz'd,
But in ruſh the cheerful Cry,
Thro' Buſh and Brake, o'er Hedge and Stake,
The frighted Beaſt does fly.
And a hunting, &c.

In vain he flies to Covert,
A num'rous Pack purſue,
That never ceaſe to trace his Steps,
Ev'n tho' they've loſt the View.
And a hunting, &c.

There's *Scentwell* and *Finder*,
Dogs never known to fail,
To hit off with humble Noſe,
But with a lofty Tail.
And a hunting, &c.

To *Scentwell*, Hark! he calls,
And faithful *Finder* joyns;
Whip in the Dogs, my merry Rogues,
And give your Horſe the Reins.
And a hunting, &c.

Hark! forward how they go it,
The View they'd loſt they gain;
Tantivy, high and low,
Their Legs and Throats they ſtrain.
And a hunting, &c.

There's *Ruler* and *Counteſs*,
That moſt times lead the Field;
Traveller and *Bonnylaſs*,
To none of 'em will yield.
And a hunting, &c.

Now *Dutcheſs* hits it foremoſt,
Next *Lightfoot* leads the way,
And *Toper* bears the Bell;
Each Dog will have his Day.
And a hunting, &c.

There's *Muſick* and *Chanter*,
Their nimble Trebbles try;
Whilſt *Sweetlips* and *Tunewell*
With Counters clear reply.
And a hunting, &c.

There's *Rockwood* and *Thunder*,
That tongue the heavy Baſs;
Whilſt *Trowler* and *Ringwood*
With Tenors crown the Chace.
And a hunting, &c.

Now ſweetly in full Cry
Their various Notes they joyn;
Gods! what a Conſort's here, my Lads!
'Tis more than half divine.
And a hunting, &c.

The Woods, Rocks, and Mountains,
Delighted with the Sound,
To neighb'ring Dales and Fountains
Repeating, deal it round.
And a hunting, &c.

A glorious Chace it is,
We drove him many a Mile,
O'er Hedge and Ditch, we go thro' Stitch,
And hit off many a Foil.
And a hunting, &c.

And yet he runs it ſtoutly,
How wide, how ſwift he ſtrains!
With what a Skip he took that Leap,
And ſcow'rs it o'er the Plains!
And a hunting, &c.

See how our Horſes foam!
The Dogs begin to droop;
With winding Horn, on Shoulder born,
'Tis Time to chear 'em up,
And a hunting, &c.

[*Sound*

[*Sound Tantivy.*]

Hark! *Leader*, *Counteſs*, *Bouncer*,
Chear up my merry Dogs all;
To *Tatler*, Hark! he holds it ſmart,
And anſwers ev'ry Call.
And a hunting, &c.

Co co there, Drunkard *Snowball*,
Gadzooks! whip *Bomer* in;
We'll die i'th' Place, ere quit the Chace,
'Till we've made the Game our own.
And a hunting, &c.

Up yonder Steep I'll follow,
Beſet with craggy Stones;
My Lord crys, *Jack*, You Dog! come back,
Or elſe you'll break your Bones
And a hunting, &c.

Huzzah! he's almoſt down,
He begins to ſlack his Courſe,
He pants for Breath; I'll in at's Death,
Or elſe I'll kill my Horſe.
And a hunting, &c.

See, now he takes the Moors,
And ſtrains to reach the Stream;
He leaps the Flood, to cool his Blood,
And quench his thirſty Flame.
And a hunting, &c.

He ſcarce has touch'd the Bank,
The Cry bounce finely in,
And ſwiftly ſwim a-croſs the Stream,
And raiſe a glorious Din.
And a hunting, &c.

His Legs begin to fail,
His Wind and Speed is gone,
He ſtands at Bay, and gives 'em Play,
He can no longer run.
And a hunting, &c.

Old *Hector* long behind,
By Uſe and Nature bold,
In ruſhes firſt, and ſeizes faſt,
But ſoon is ſlung from's Hold.
And a hunting, &c.

He traverſes his Ground,
Advances, and retreats,
Gives many Hound a mortal Wound,
And long their Force defeats.
And a hunting, &c.

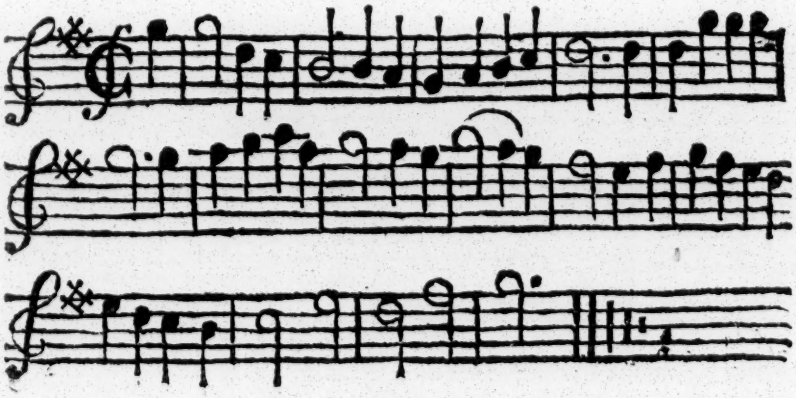
He bounds, and ſprings, and ſnorts,
He ſhakes his branched Head;
'Tis ſafeſt fartheſt off, I ſee,
Poor *Talboy* is lain dead.
And a hunting, &c.

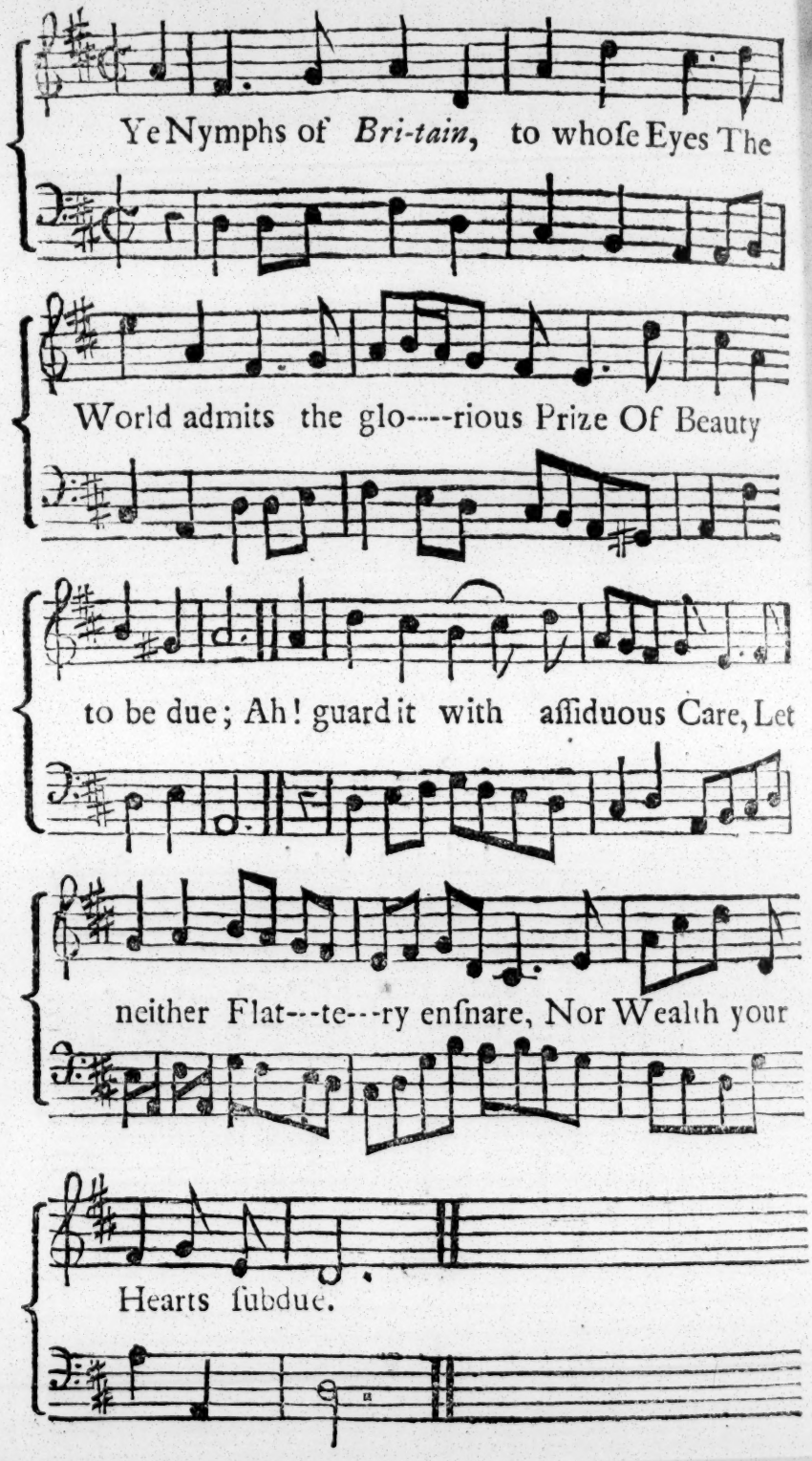
Vain

Vain are Heels and Antlers,
With ſuch a Pack ſet round,
Spight of his Heart, ſeize ev'ry Part,
And pull him fearleſs down.
And a hunting, &c.

Ha! dead, ware dead, whip off,
And take a ſpecial Care;
Diſmount with Speed, and cut his Throat,
Leſt they his Hanches tear.
And a hunting, &c.

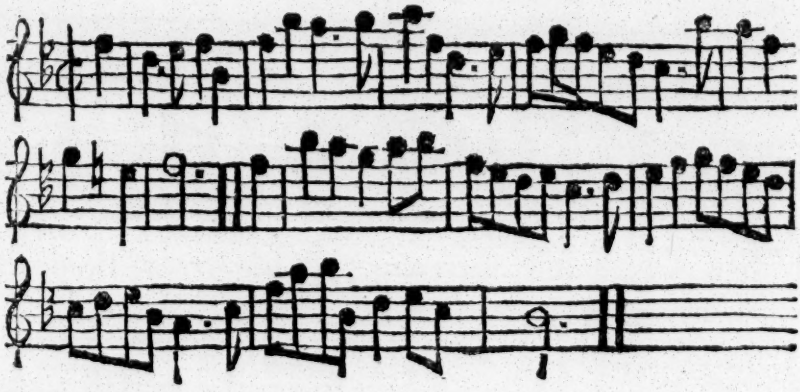
The Sport is ended now,
We're laden with the Spoil;
As home we paſs, we talk o'th' Chace,
O'erpaid for all our Toil.
And a hunting, &c.

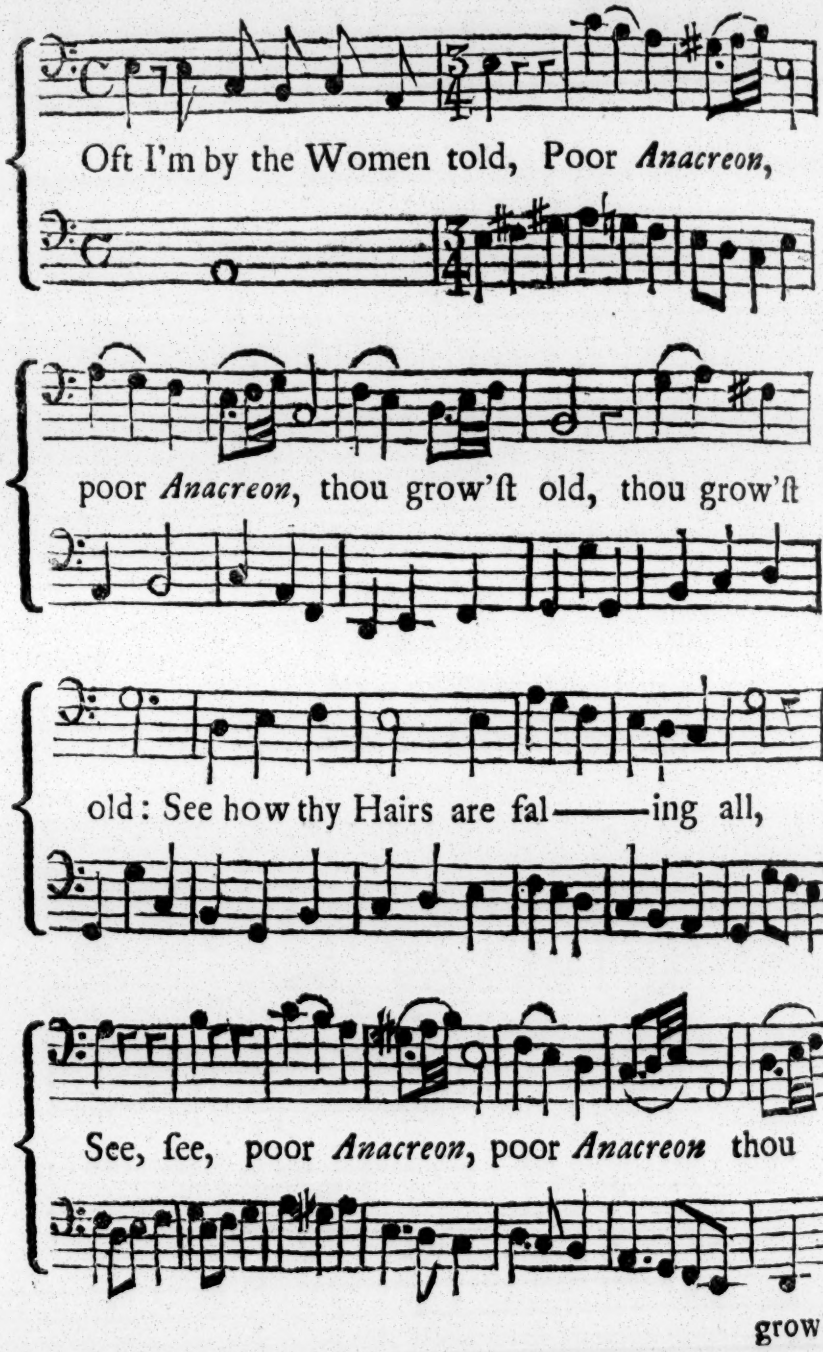
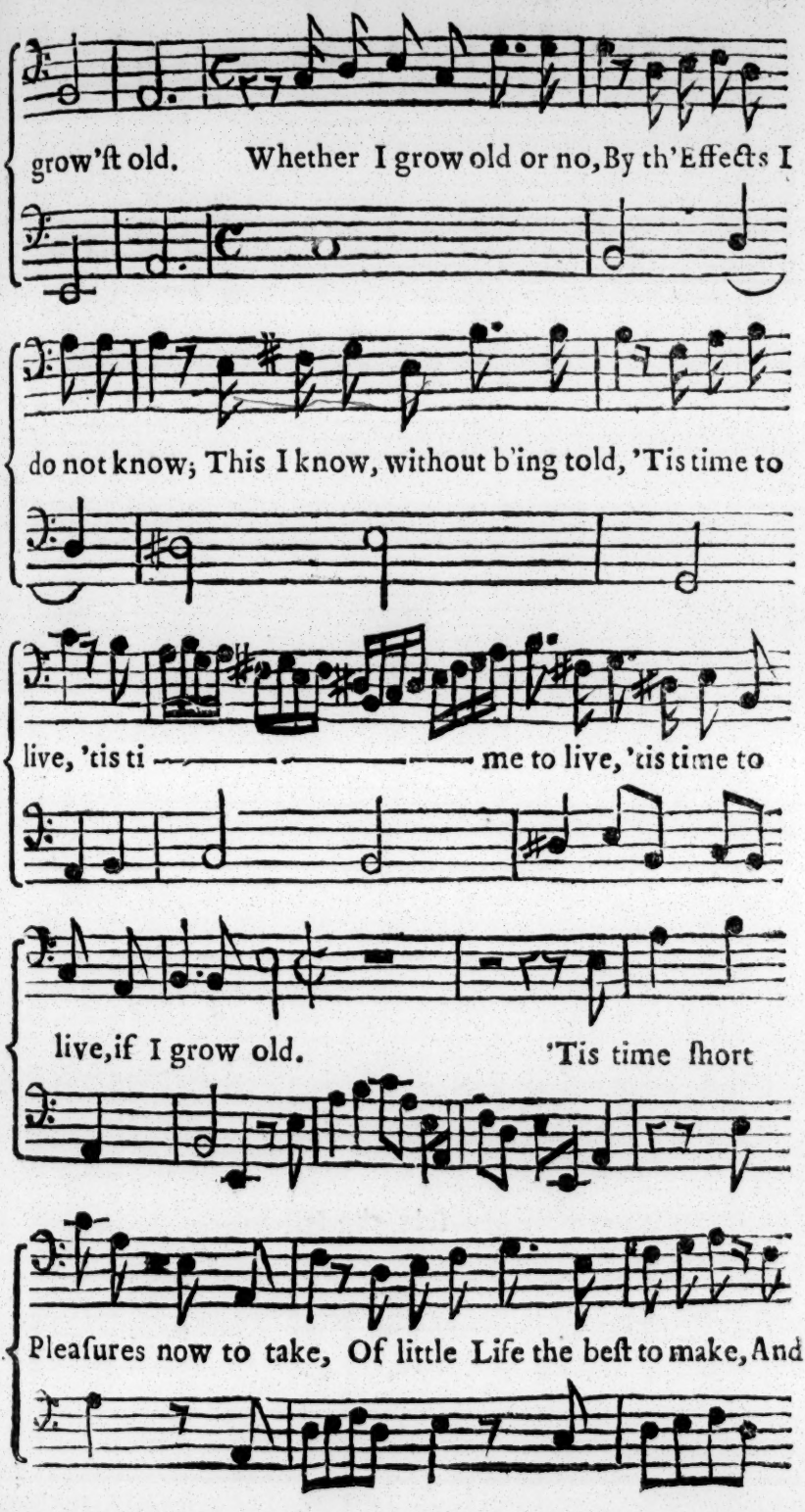
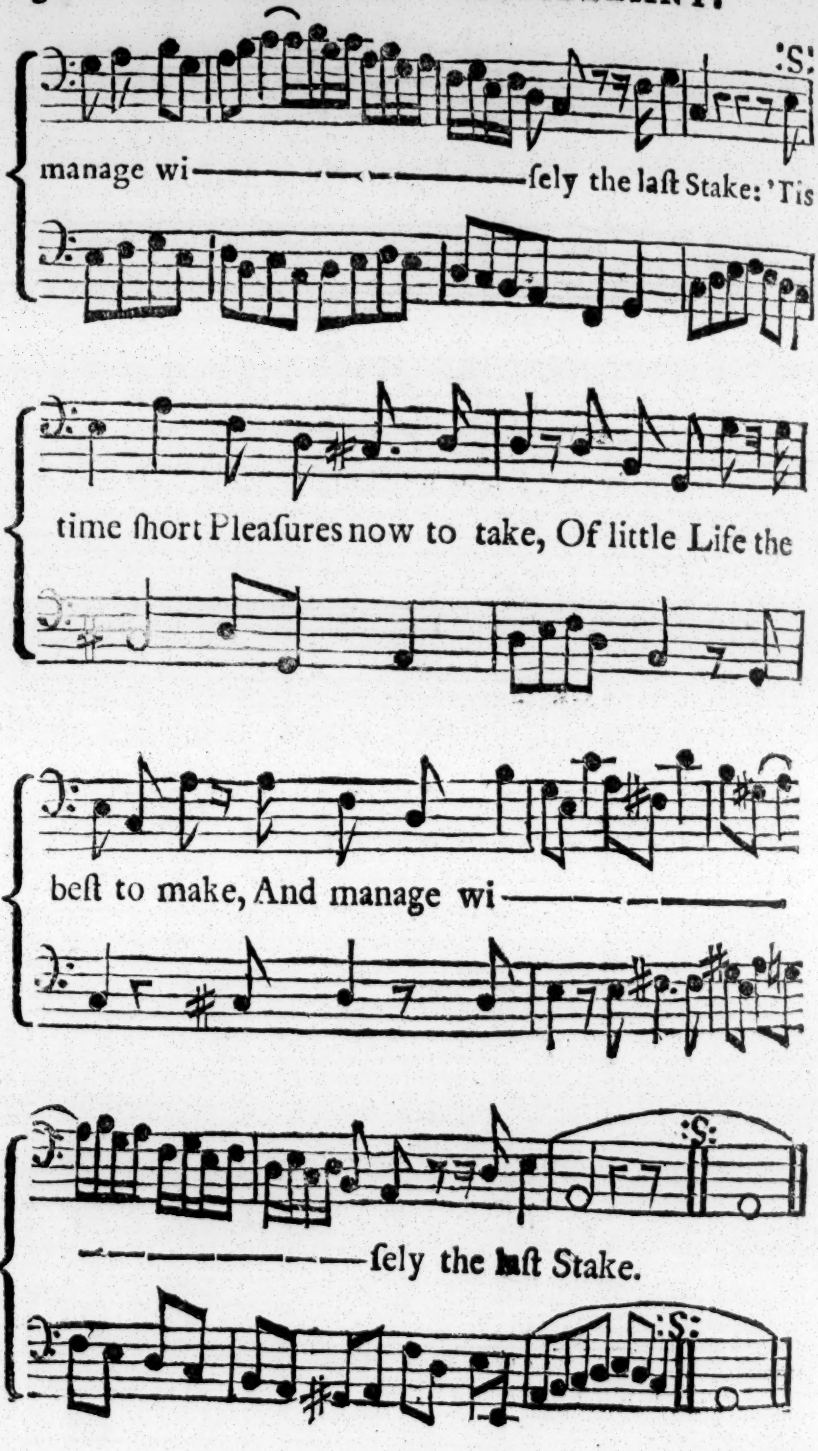
For the FLUTE.

A SONG *in the Comedy call'd*, Love in ſeveral Maſques.

Set by Mr. ABIEL WHICHELLO.

Old *Bromio*'s rank'd among the Beaus;
Young *Cynthio* ſolitary goes,
Unheeded by the Fair!
Ask you then what this Preference gives?
Six *Flanders* Mares the former drives,
The latter but a Pair.

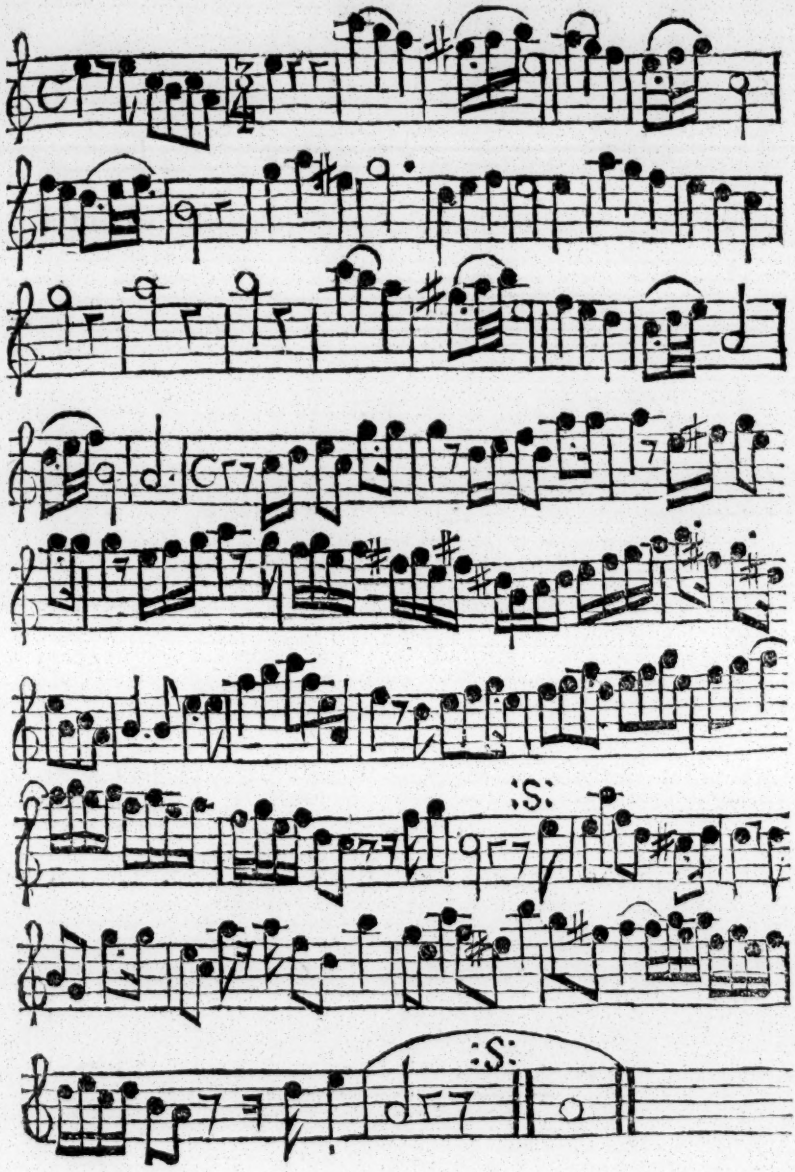
Let meaner things be bought and ſold,
But Beauty never truck'd for Gold;
Ye Fair, your Value prove:
And ſince the World's a Price too low,
Like Heav'n, your Ecſtaſies beſtow
On Conſtancy and Love.

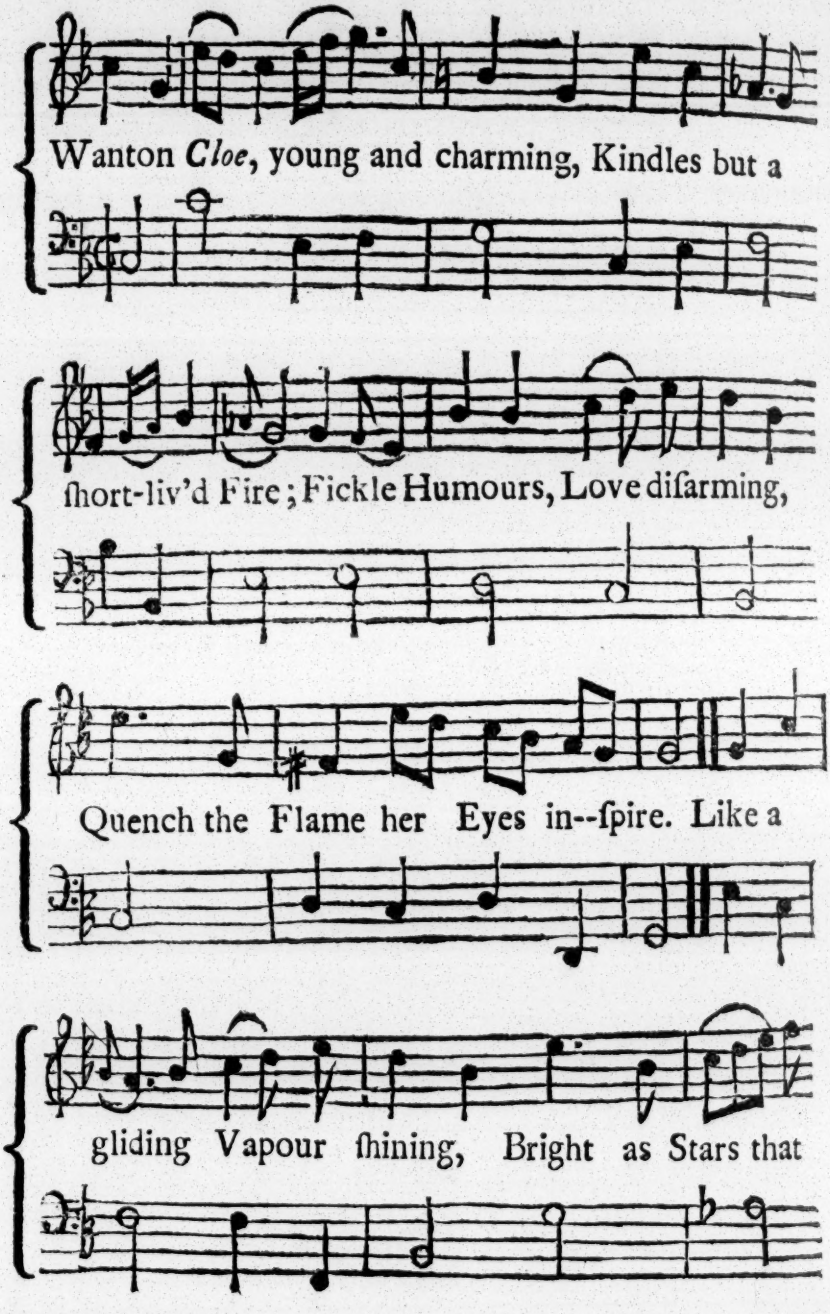
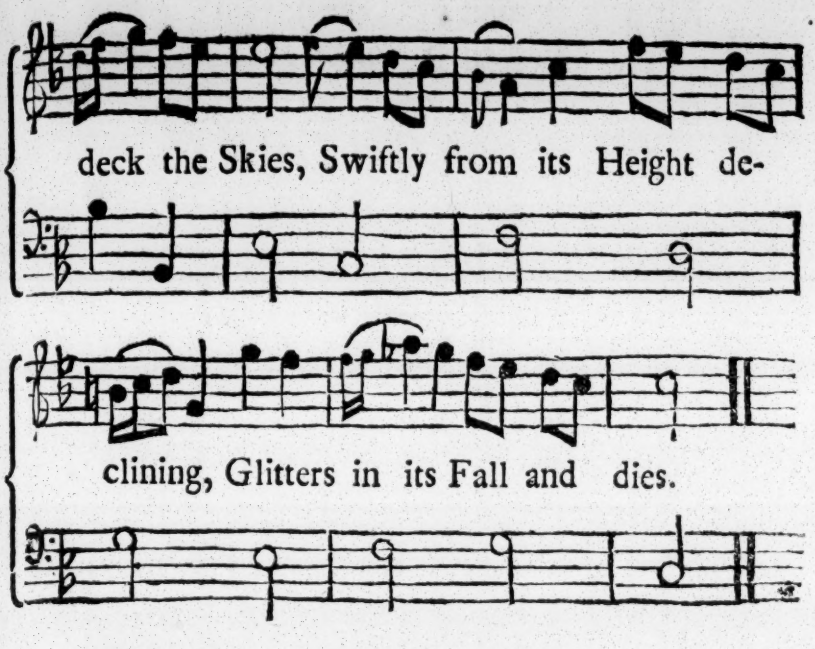
But ſtill, ye generous Maids, beware,
Since Hypocrites to Heaven there are
And to the Beauteous too;
Do not too eaſily confide;
Let ev'ry Lover well be try'd,
And well reward the true.

For the FLUTE.

OLD AGE.

The Words from ANACREON. Set by Mr. LEVERIDGE.


grow'ſt old. Whether I grow old or no, By th'Effects I
do not know; This I know, without b'ing told, 'Tis time to
live, 'tis ti — me to live, 'tis time to
live, if I grow old. 'Tis time ſhort
Pleaſures now to take, Of little Life the beſt to make, And

manage wi——————————ſely the laſt Stake: 'Tis
time ſhort Pleaſures now to take, Of little Life the
beſt to make, And manage wi——————
——————————ſely the laſt Stake.

For

For the FLUTE.

The COQUET *and the* PRUDE.

Set by Mr. DIEUPART.

deck

While *Iris*, ev'ry Grace adorning,
Gently warms my fond Deſire,
Sigh for ev'ry Sigh returning,
Like a Veſtal feeds the Fire.
Hiding ſtill the ſacred Pleaſure
From the prying vulgar Eye,
Still reſigning all her Treaſure,
Giving, without Pain, the Joy.

The Words by Mr. *MITCHELL*.

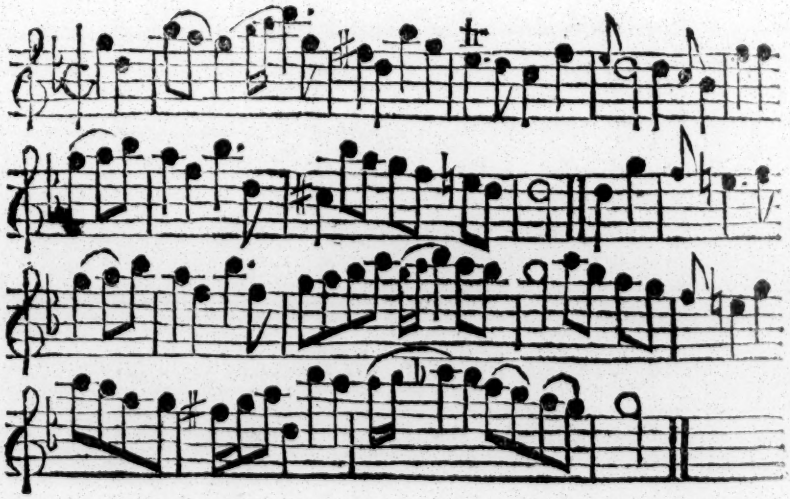
To the foregoing Tune.

SUCH is the Force of Love Divine,
It freezes up the Vital Flood
Of Travellers beneath the Line,
And fry's, beneath the Poles, their Blood.

Mortal

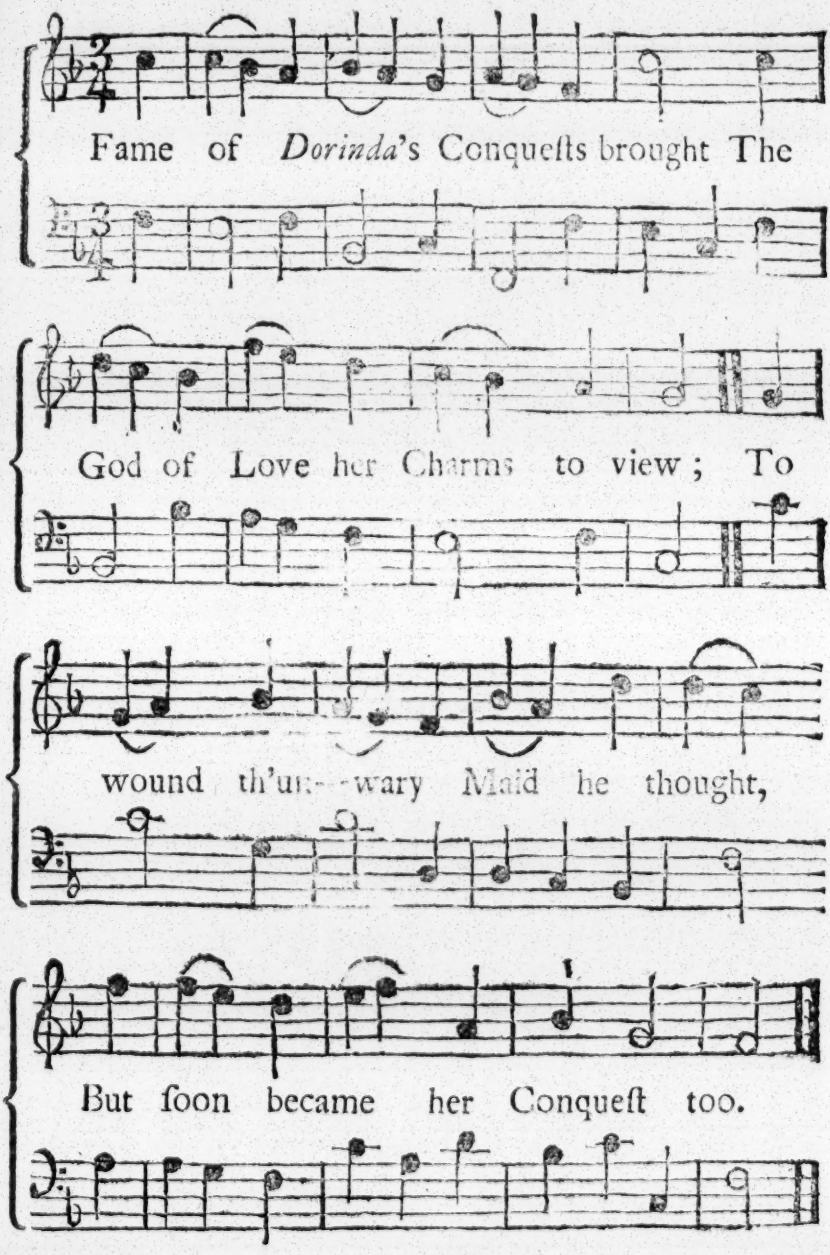
Mortals attempt to 'ſcape in vain
The univerſal Reach of *Love*;
Guiney and *Greenland* own his Reign,
Alike his Slaves their Subjects prove.

While *Celia*'s Image in my Soul,
By Night and Day is ever near,
Nor Wine, nor Muſick can controul
My laſting Tenderneſs and Care.
Where-e'er I go, where-e'er I ſtay,
She's ever preſent to my View.
Since I, Oh *Love!* can't ſcape thy Sway,
O make Her own thy Godhead too.

For the FLUTE.

D O R I N D A.

By JOHN HUGHES, Eſq;

Set by Dr. PEPUSCH.



He dropt, half-drawn, his feeble Bow,
He look'd, he rav'd, and ſighing pin'd;
And wiſh'd in vain he had been now,
As Painters falſely draw him, blind.

Diſarm'd, he to his Mother flies;
Help, *Venus*, help thy wretched Son!
Who now will pay Us Sacrifice?
For *Love* Himſelf's, alas! undone.

To *Cupid* now no Lover's Pray'r
Shall be addreſs'd in ſuppliant Sighs;
My Darts are gone, but Oh! beware,
Fond Mortals, of *Dorinda*'s Eyes.

By the ſame HAND.

To the foregoing Tune.

I Die with too tranſporting Joy,
If She I love rewards my Fire;
If She's inexorably coy,
With too much Paſſion I expire.

No way the Fates afford to ſhun
The cruel Torments I endure;
Since I am doom'd to be undone
By the Diſeaſe, or by the Cure.

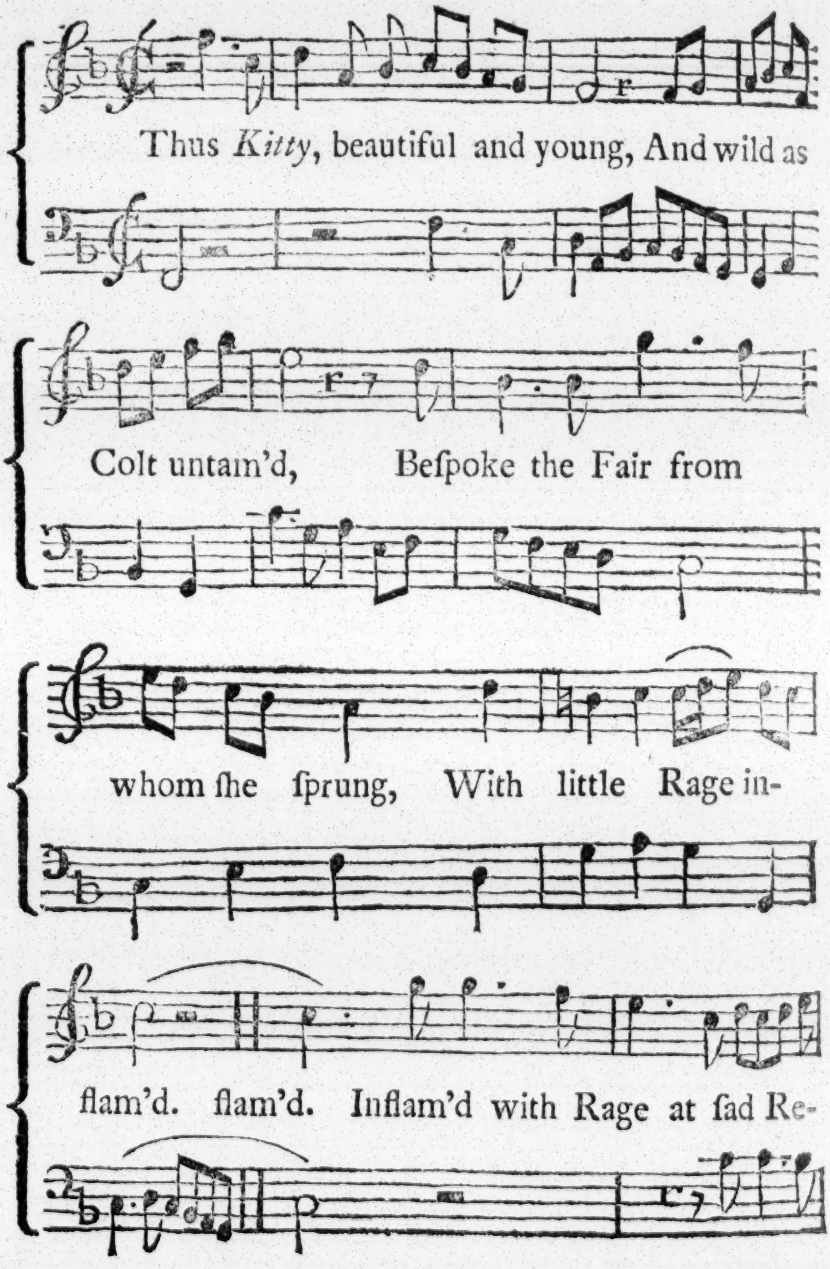
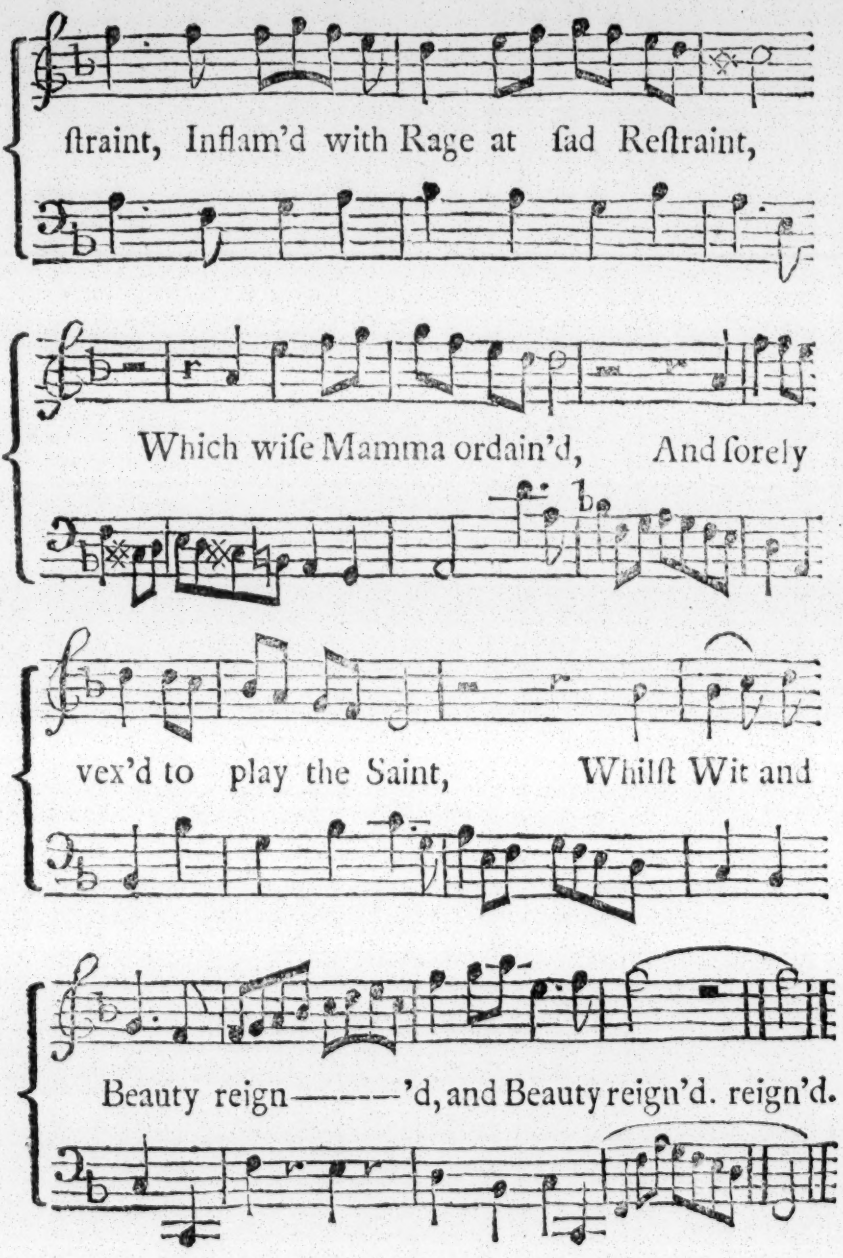
To

To the foregoing Tune.

WHILE gentle *Partheniſſa* walks,
And ſweetly ſmiles, and gaily talks,
A thouſand Shafts around her fly,
A thouſand Swains unheeded die.

If then ſhe labours to be ſeen,
With all her killing Airs and Mein;
From ſo much Beauty, ſo much Art,
What Mortal can ſecure his Heart?

The FEMALE *PHAETON.*

Set by Mr. DIEUPART.

Shall I thumb holy Books, confin'd
With *Abigails* forſaken?
Kitty's for other things deſign'd,
Or I am much miſtaken.

Muſt

Muſt Lady *Jenny* friſk about,
And Viſit with her Couſins?
At Balls muſt ſhe make all the Rout,
And bring home Hearts by Dozens?

What has ſhe better, pray, than I?
What hidden Charms to boaſt;
That all Mankind for her ſhou'd die,
Whilſt I am ſcarce a Toaſt?
Deareſt Mamma, for once let me,
Unchain'd, my Fortune try;
I'll have my Earl as well as ſhe,
Or know the Reaſon why.

I'll ſoon with *Jenny*'s Pride quit ſcore,
Make all her Lovers fall;
They'll grieve I was not loos'd before;
She, I was loos'd at all.
Fondneſs prevail'd; Mamma gave way;
Kitty, at Heart's Deſire,
Obtain'd the Chariot for a Day,
And ſet the World on Fire.

To the foregoing Tune.

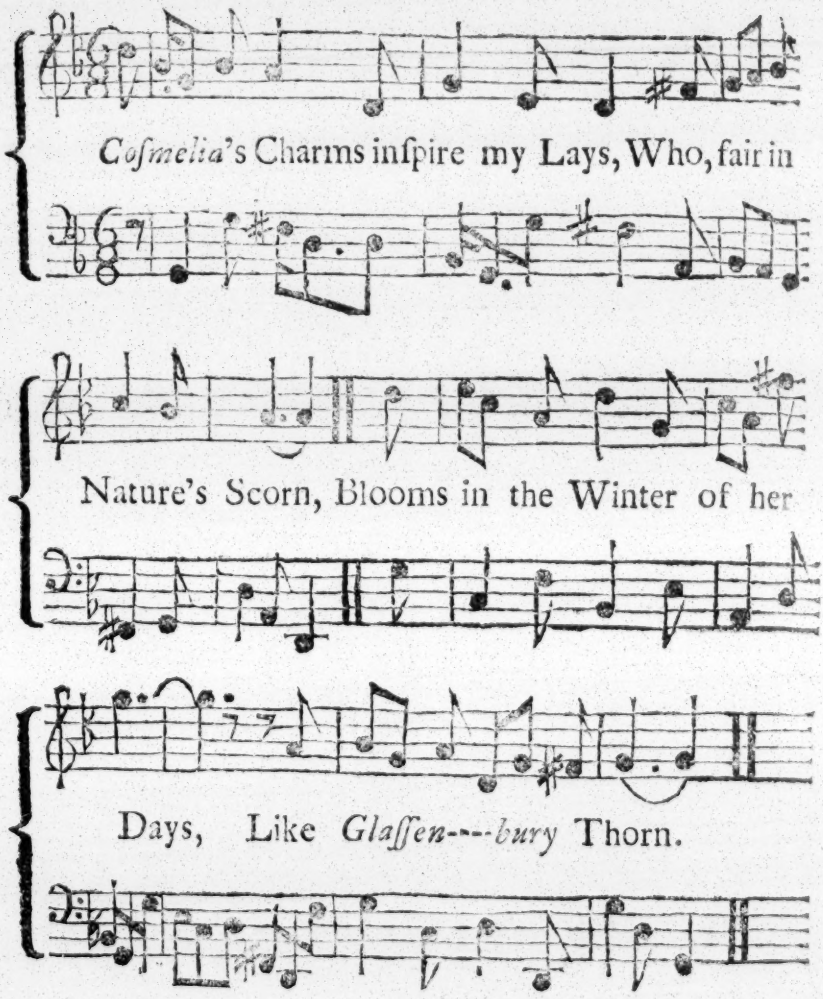
WHEN *Cloe* was by *Damon* ſeen,
What Heart cou'd be unmov'd?
She look'd ſo like the *Cyprian* Queen,
He gaz'd, admir'd, and lov'd.

He

He lov'd, alas! but lov'd in vain,
And, full of Grief and Care,
He knew he never cou'd obtain
The lovely charming Fair.

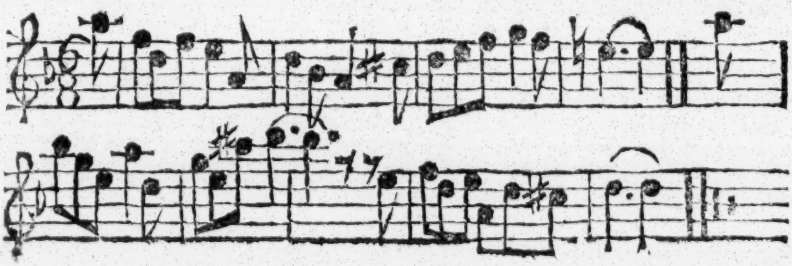
Cloe deſerv'd a better Swain;
He not ſo fair a Bride:
Yet ſtill he hugg'd the fatal Chain,
He lov'd, deſpair'd, and dy'd.
Take Pity then, thou lovely Maid,
For *Cloe*'s Caſe is thine;
I dare not ask, ſo much I dread ——
Muſt *Damon*'s Fate be mine?

COSMELIA.

By JAMES MOORE, Esq;

Cosmelia's cruel at Fourscore,
As Bards in Tragick Plays;
Four Acts of Life pass'd guiltless o'er,
But in the Fifth she slays.

If

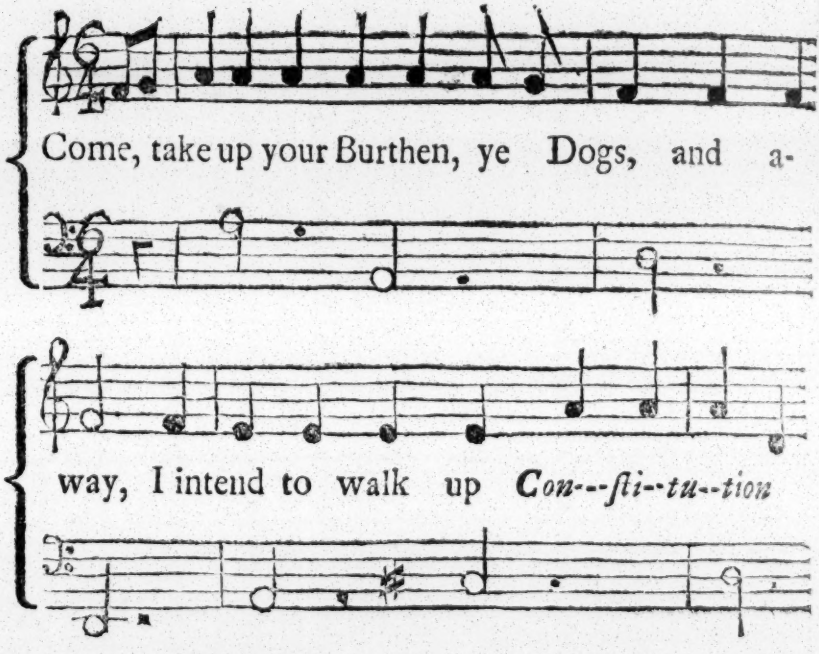
If e'er impatient for the Bliſs
Within her Arms I fall,
The plaiſter'd Fair returns the Kiſs,
Like *Thisbe*, thro' the Wall.

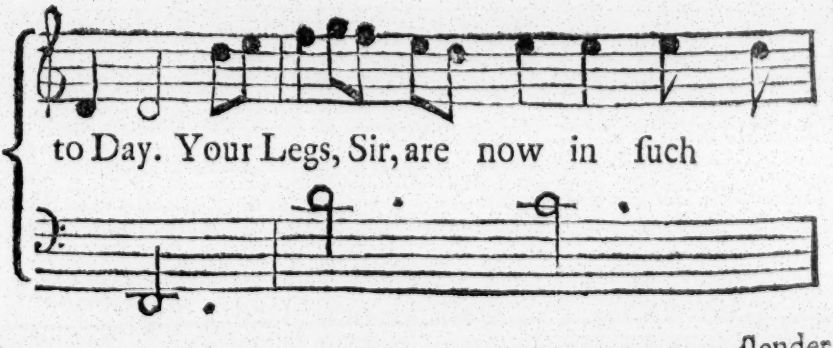
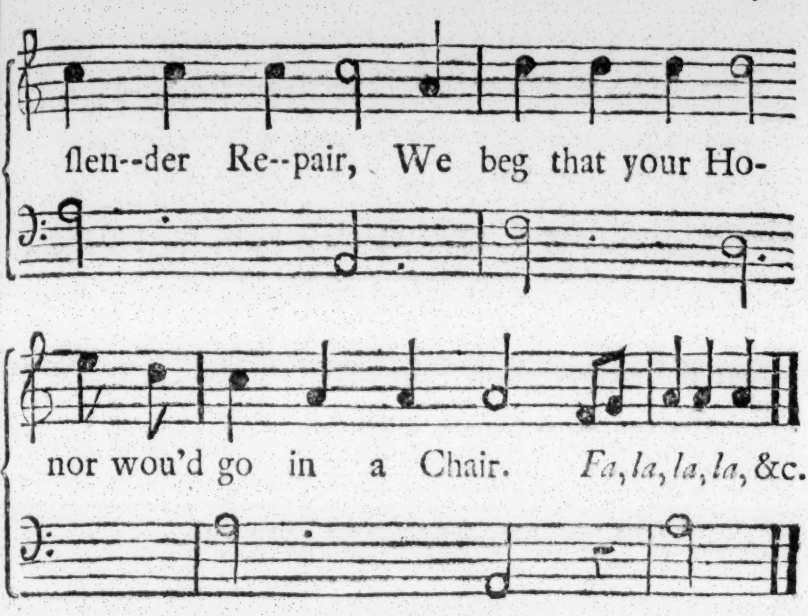
For the FLUTE.

A DIALOGUE *between a* BEAU's HEAD *and his* HEELS, *taken from their Mouths as they were ſpoke at St.* James's *Coffee-Houſe.*

By Mr. FIELDING.

To the Tune of, *Dear Catholick Brother.*

HEAD.



HEELS.

ſlender

HEAD.

Ye indolent Dogs! do you dare to refuſe
So little a Walk, in a new Pair of Shoes?
My Legs too, methinks, might have gratefully gone,
Since a new Pair of Calves I this Morning put on.
Fa, la, la, la, &c.

HEELS.

Do you call us ungrateful? the Favours you prize,
Were deſign'd not to gratify us, but your Eyes;
Is the Footman oblig'd to his Lordſhip, or Grace,
Who, to feed his own Pride, has equipp'd him with Lace?

We think we have very good Cauſe to complain,
That you thus are exalted without any Brain;
As our Merits are equal, we juſtly may plead
A Title ſometimes to wal't on our Head.
Fa, la, la, la, &c.

HEAD.

Very fine! at this rate all the Beaus in the Town
Wou'd fairly, like Tumblers, be turn'd up-ſide down;
But when I'm diſſected, to ſhew you my Brains,
May all the World cry----He's a Fool for his Pains!
Fa, la, la, la, &c.

But if I may argue; Pray, Sir, who takes Snuff,
Who Ogles, who Smiles? I think Titles enough;
Can you Sing, can you Laugh, can you Speak, can you See?
Or what can you do, ſilly Dogs, without me?
Fa, la, la, la, &c.

And to ſhew you how much your Ambition's my Scoff,
When next you rebel, I'll e'en ſhake you off;
Tho' I ſtand not without you, I'm ſure I can ſit,
In Parliament too, tho' bereft of my Feet.
Fa, la, la, la, &c.

HEELS.

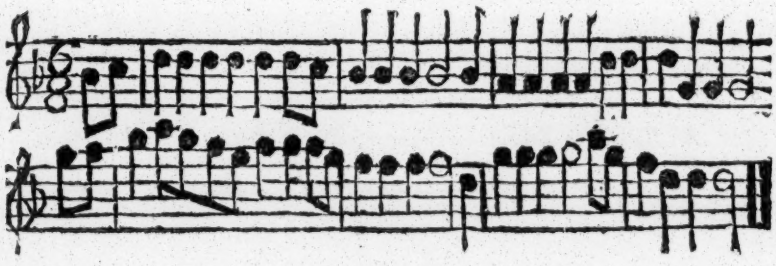
Do you twit us with that? You have Reaſon, we hear:
We danc'd with the Wives, or you had not got there.
But to daſh you at once, let us tell you, 'tis ſaid
That ſome have ſat there without any Head.
Fa, la, la, la, &c.

HEAD.

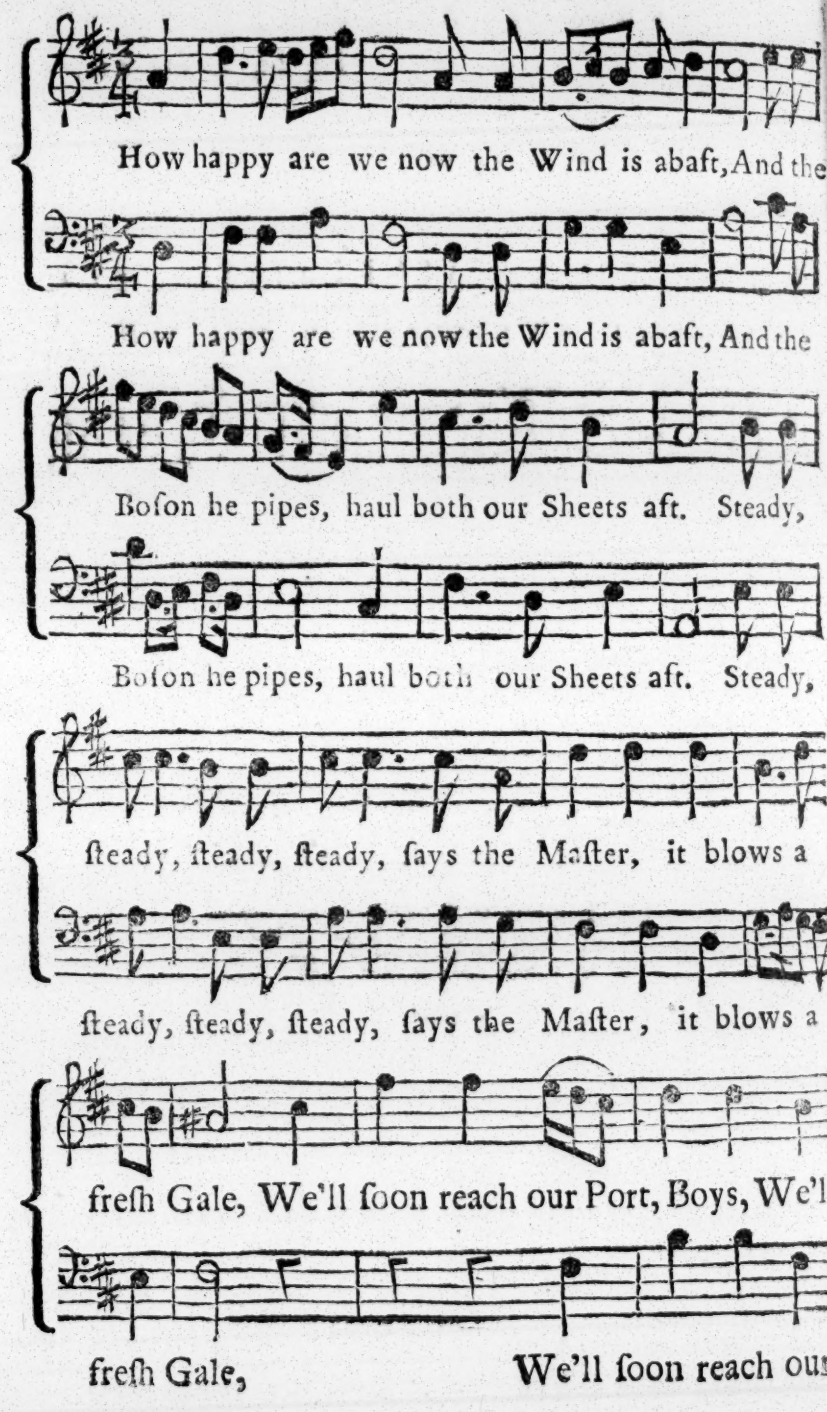
Gad's Curſe! and that's true; ſo a Word in your Ear:
To oblige you for once,----Here, Boy, call a Chair.
Let us henceforth together, like wiſe Men agree,
I'll ſtrive to ſet you off, you ſhall ſet off me.

In the firſt Place, I'll ſit very light on your Shoulder;
For, Nature revers'd, I grow lighter as older:
When you dance a Minuet, I'll ſmile my beſt;
And do you cut a Caper, when I cut a Jeſt.

Fa, la, la la, &c.

For the FLUTE.

A Two-Part Song.

By Mr. BEDFORD ALDRICH.



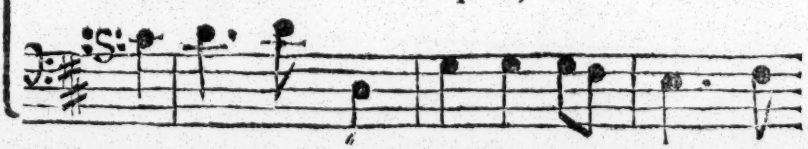
ſoon reach our Port, Boys, if the Wind doth not

Port, Boys, our Port, Boys, if the Wind doth not

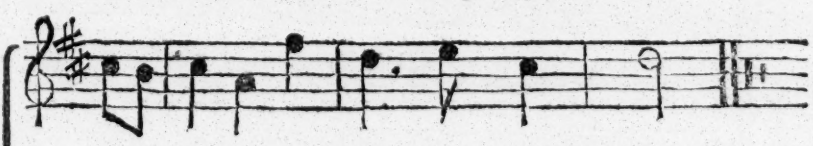
fail; Then drink about *Tom*, altho' the Ship roll,

fail; Then drink about *Tom*, altho' the Ship roll,

We'll ſave our rich Liquor, we'll ſave our



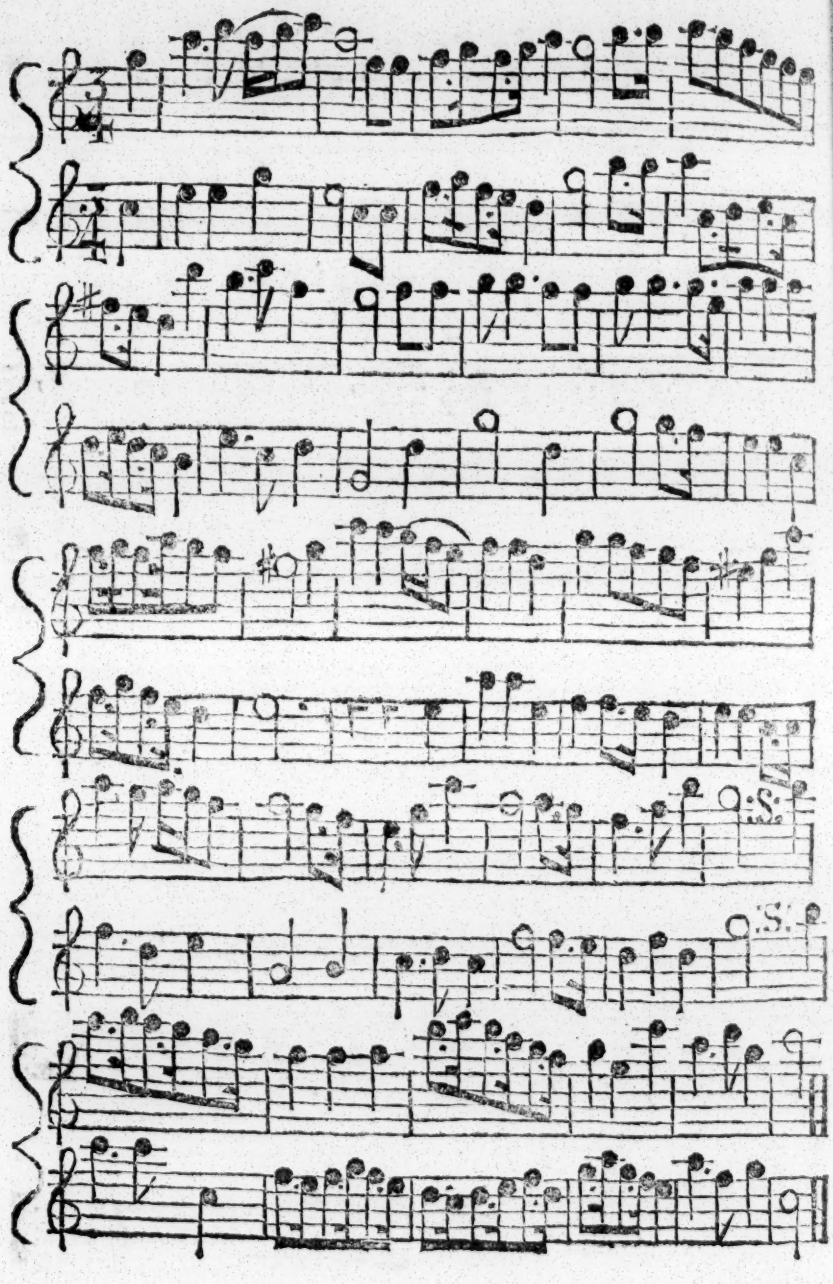
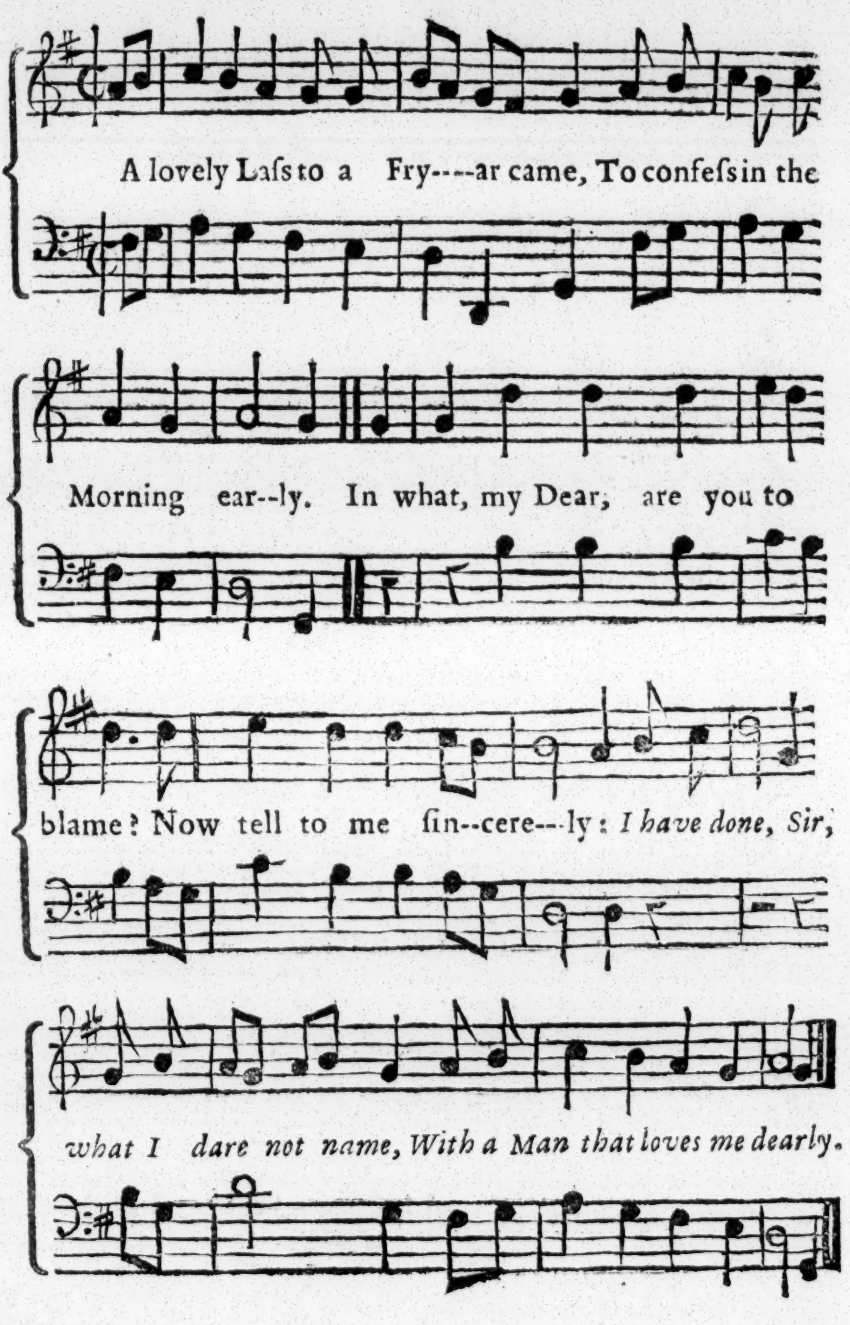
We'll ſave our rich Liquor, we'll ſave our



rich Liquor, by ſlinging our Bowl.

rich Liquor, by ſlinging our Bowl.

Duetto

Duetto for FLUTES.

The FRYAR *and the* NUN.

The greateſt Fault of my Self I know,
Is, what I now diſcover.
You for that Crime to *Rome* muſt go,
And Diſcipline muſt ſuffer.
Lack-a-Day, Sir! if it muſt be ſo,
You muſt with me ſend my Lover.

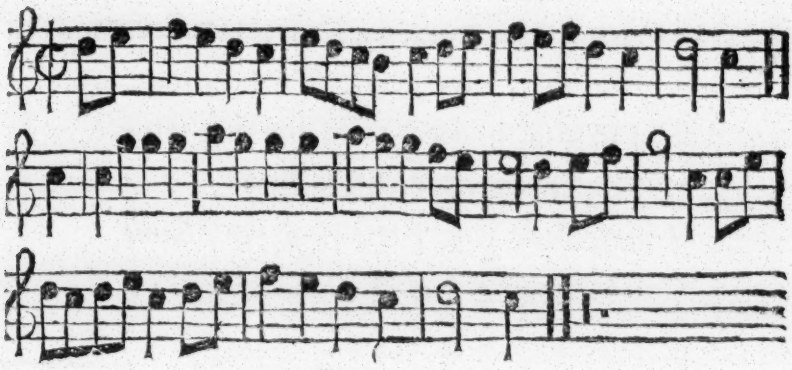
Oh! no, no, no, my Dear, you dream,
We muſt have no double Dealing;
But if you'll repeat with me that ſame,
I'll pardon your paſt failing:
I muſt own, Sir, but I bluſh for Shame,
That your Penance is prevailing.

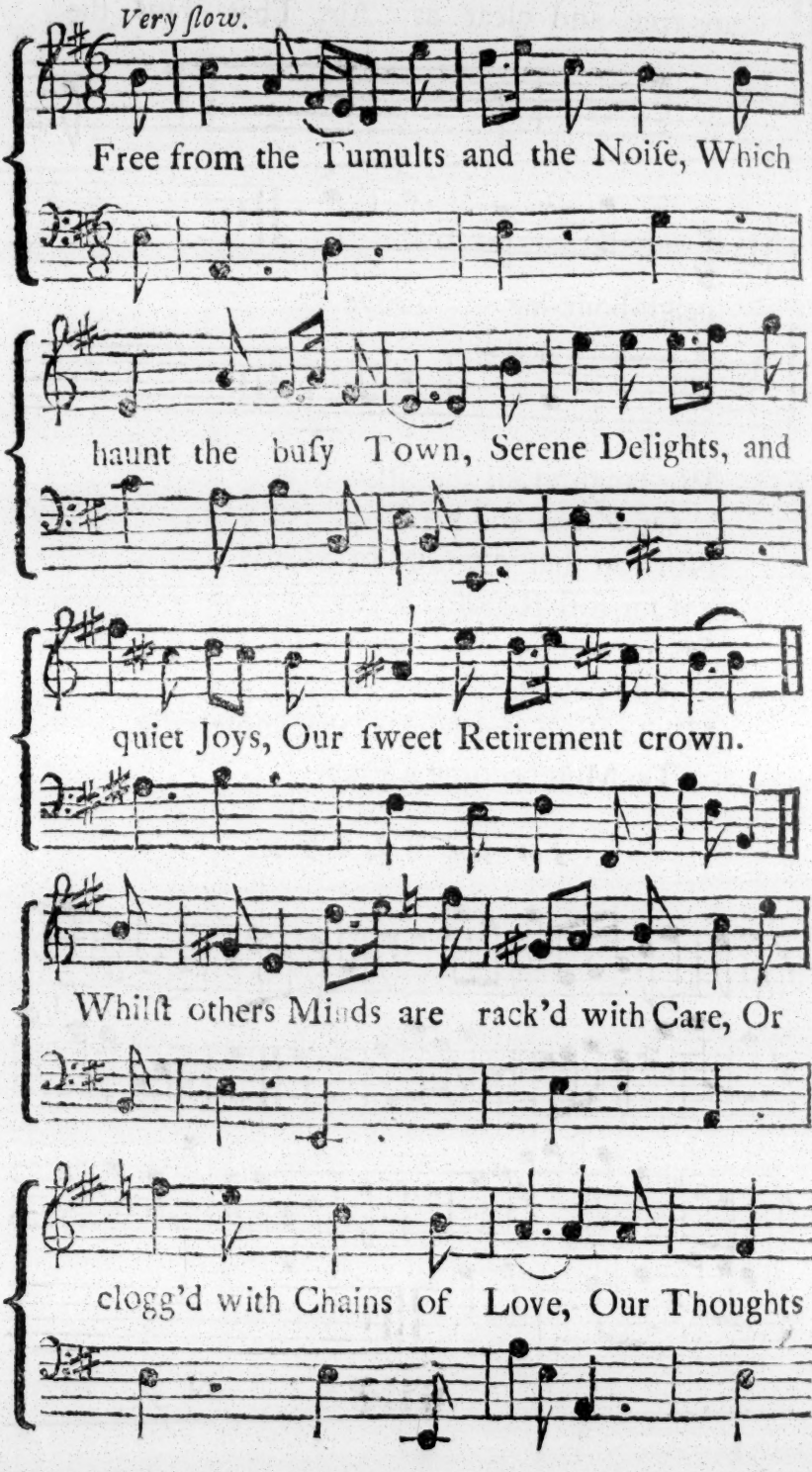
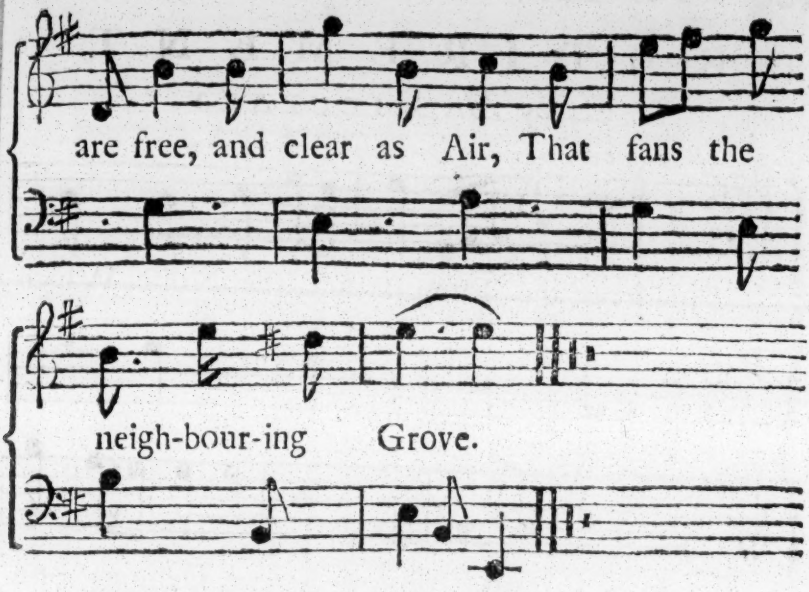
To the foregoing Tune.

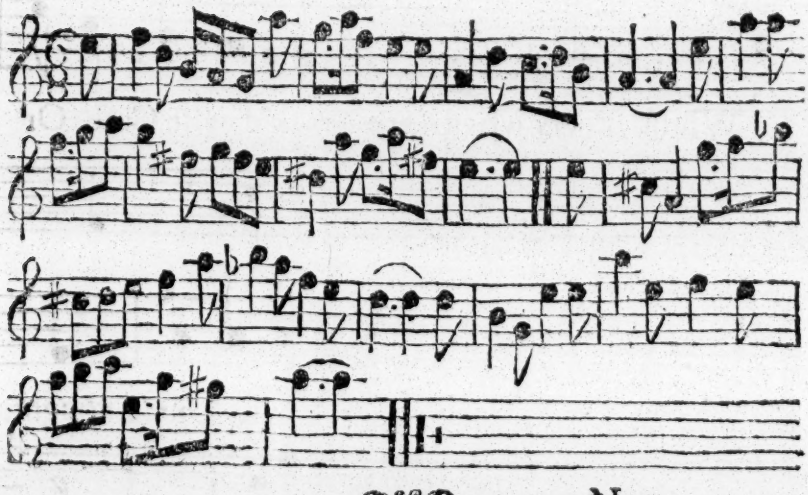
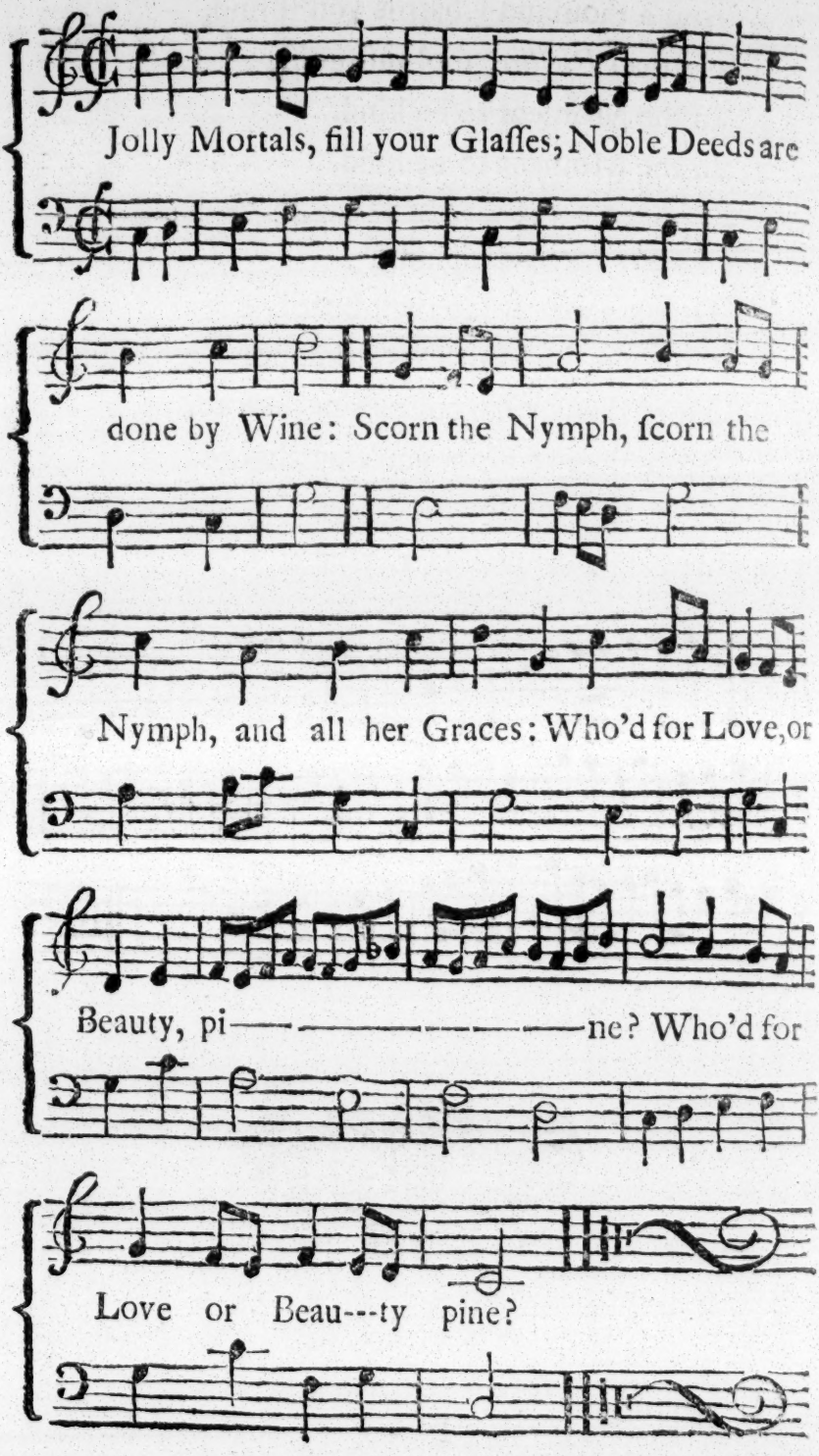
HOW do they err, who throw their Love
On Fate or Fortune wholly,
Whom only Rants and Flights can move,
And Rapture join'd with Folly!
For how can Pleaſure ſolid be,
Where Thought is out of Seaſon?
Do I love you, or you love me,
My Dear, without a Reaſon?

Our Senſe then rightly we'll employ,
No Paradiſe expecting;
Yet envying none the trifling Joy,
That will not bear reflecting.

For Wiſdom's Power (ſince after all,
Ev'n Life is paſt the curing)
Softens the worſt that can befall,
And makes the beſt enduring.

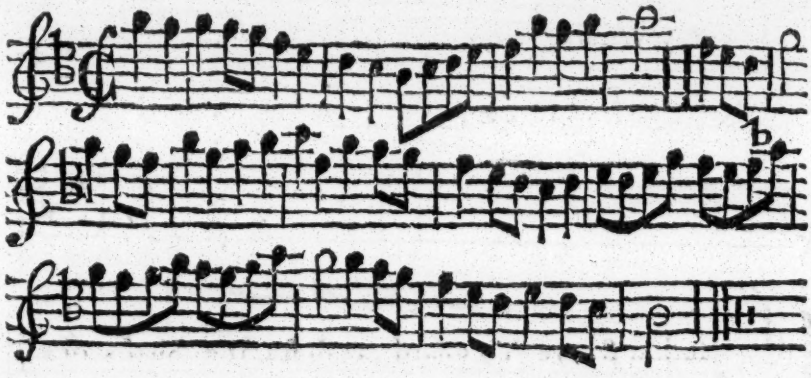
For the FLUTE.

RETIREMENT.

Set by Mr. DIEUPART.

We laugh at all the little Arts
Of *Venus* and her Boy,
Nor can that idle God of Hearts
Our ſoft Repoſe deſtroy.
Secure within our Cage we lie,
And paſs the Hours away;
While Birds and Maids, that looſely fly,
To Men become a Prey.

For the FLUTE.

Set by Mr. *GALLIARD.*

Look within the Bowl that's flowing,
And a thouſand Charms you'll find,
More than *Phyllis*, tho' juſt going
In the Moment to be kind.
In the Moment to be kind.

Alexander hated Thinking,
Drank about at Council-board,
He ſubdu'd the World by drinking,
More than by his conqu'ring Sword.
More than by his conqu'ring Sword.

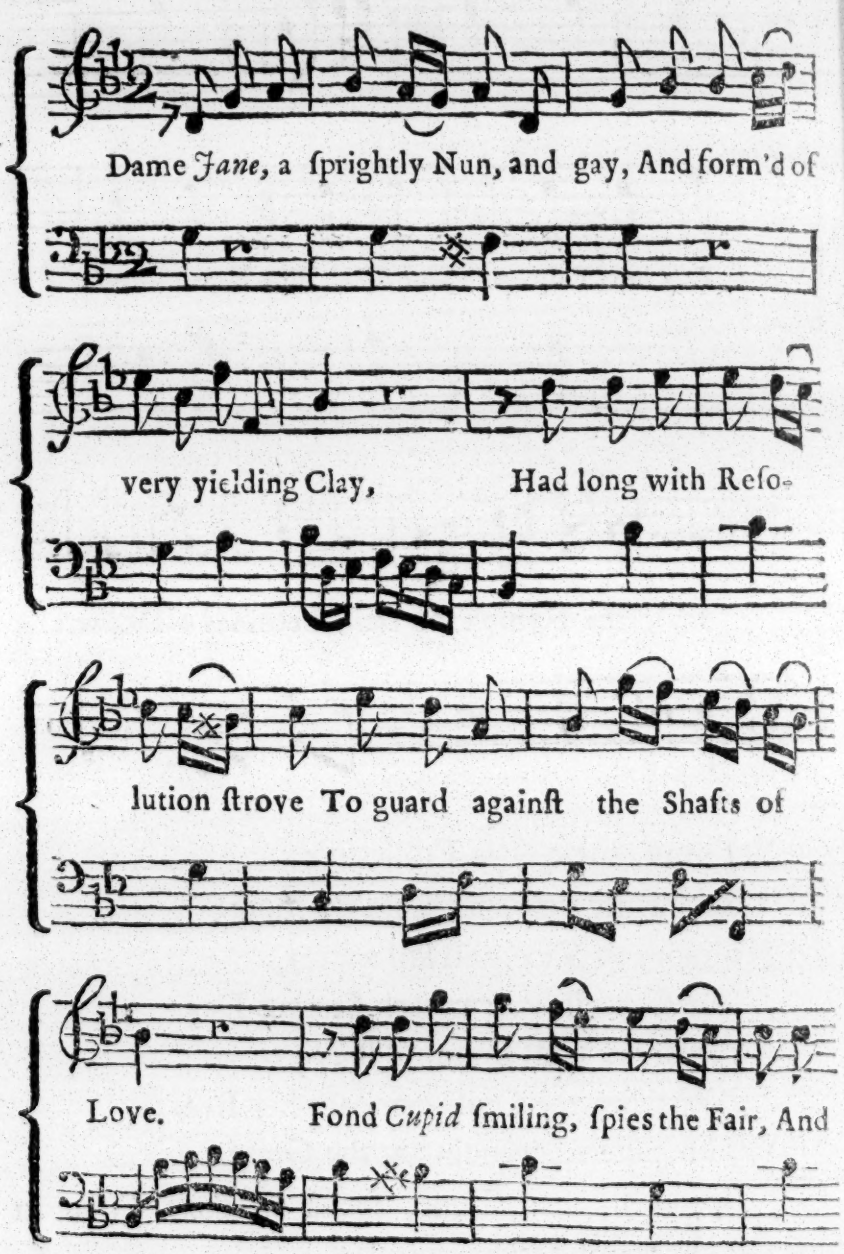
For the FLUTE.



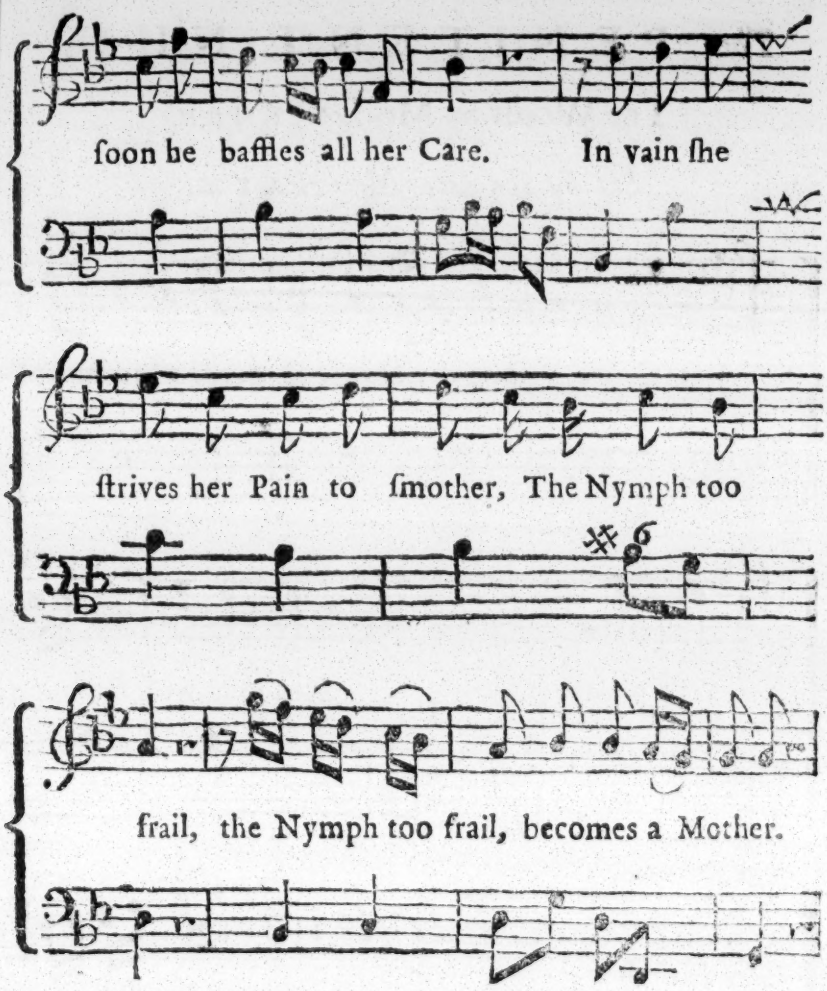
The PENITENT NUN.

The Words by Mr. LOCKMAN.

Set by the late Mr. HAYM.



ſoon



But now, theſe little Follies o'er,
She firmly vows ſhe'll ſin no more;
No more to Vice will fall a Prey,
But ſpend in Prayer each fleeting Day.
Cloſe in her Cell immur'd ſhe lies,
Nor from the Croſs removes her Eyes;
Whilſt Siſters, crouding at the Grate,
Spend all their Time, ſpend all their Time in Worldly Prate.

The

The Abbeſs, overjoy'd to find
This Happy Change in *Jenny*'s Mind,
The reſt, with Air compos'd, addreſſing,
" Daughters, if you expect a Bleſſing,
" From pious *Jane*, Example take,
" The World, and all its Joys forſake.
" We will (they all reply'd as One)
" But firſt let's do, but firſt let's do as *Jane* has done.

A DIALOGUE between a Man and his Wife.

To the foregoing Tune.

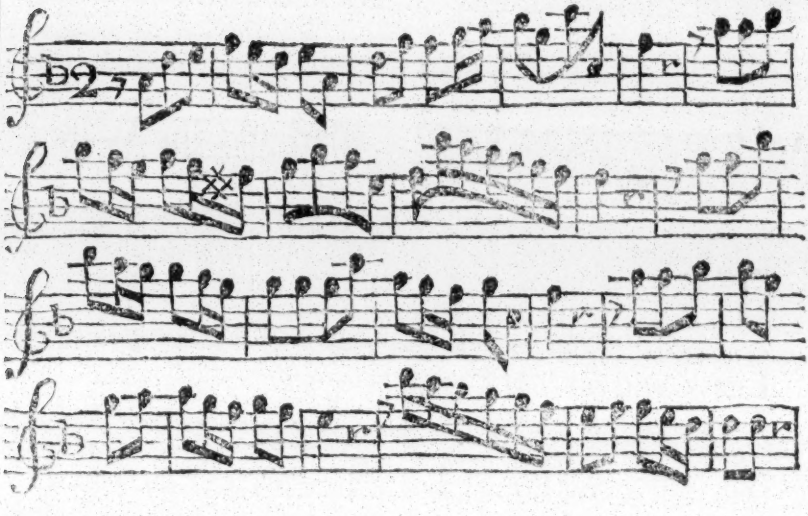
W. TO me you made a thouſand Vows,
A thouſand tender things you've ſaid;
I gave you all that Love allows,
The Pleaſures of the Nuptial Bed:
But, now my Eyes have loſt their Charms,
Or you abate in your Deſire;
You wiſh another in your Arms,
And burn, and burn, and burn with an unhallow'd Fire.

H. That charming *Celia* I admire,
I muſt with Pleaſure own, is true;
But had I ten times the Deſire,
How wou'd the Paſſion injure you?

W. Love is a ſacred Tree of Life,
That up to Heaven its Branches rears;
Yet Admiration's but the Leaf,
Enjoyment is, Enjoyment is the Fruit it bears.

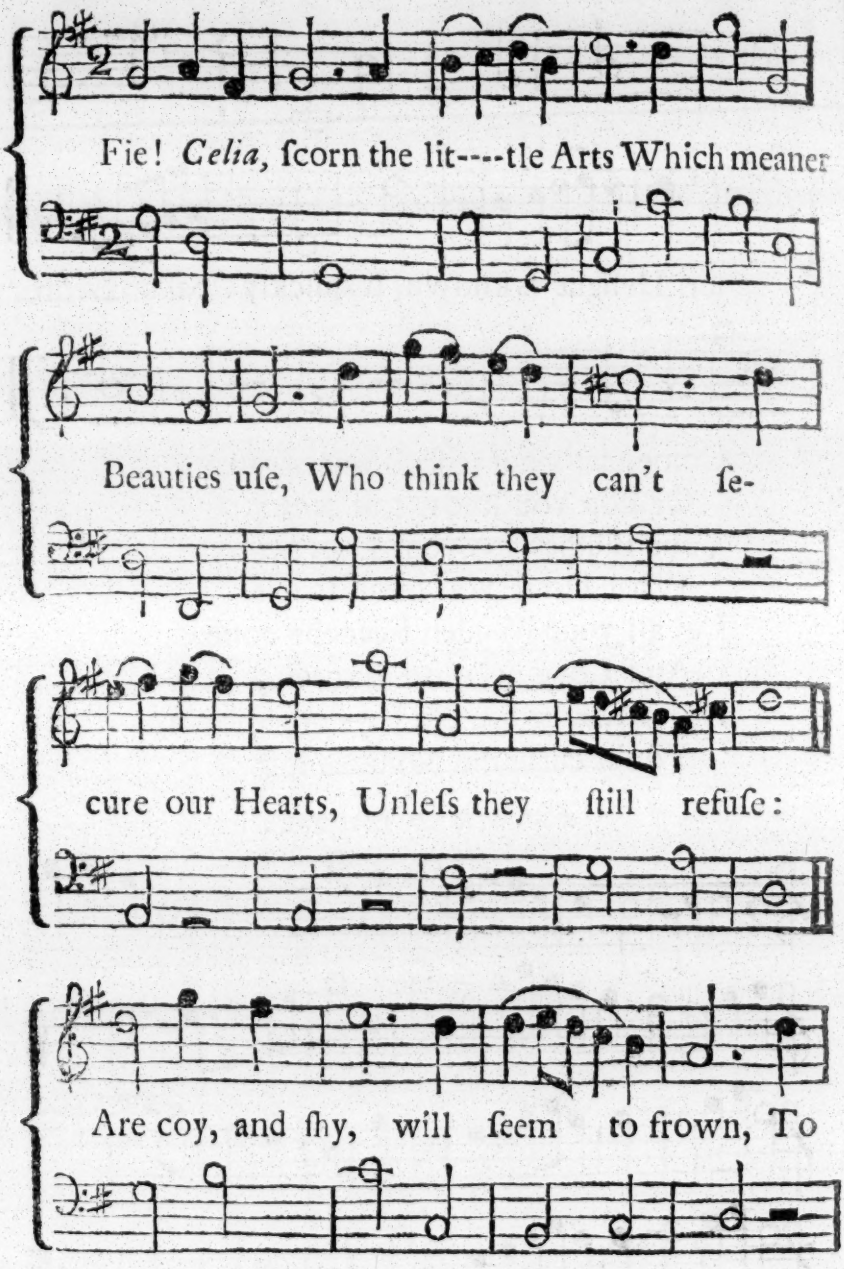
H. Thus, while you raiſe this vain Diſpute,
Your Paſſion but itſelf deceives;
While you yourſelf have all the Fruit,
What need, what need, what need you envy
me the Leaves?

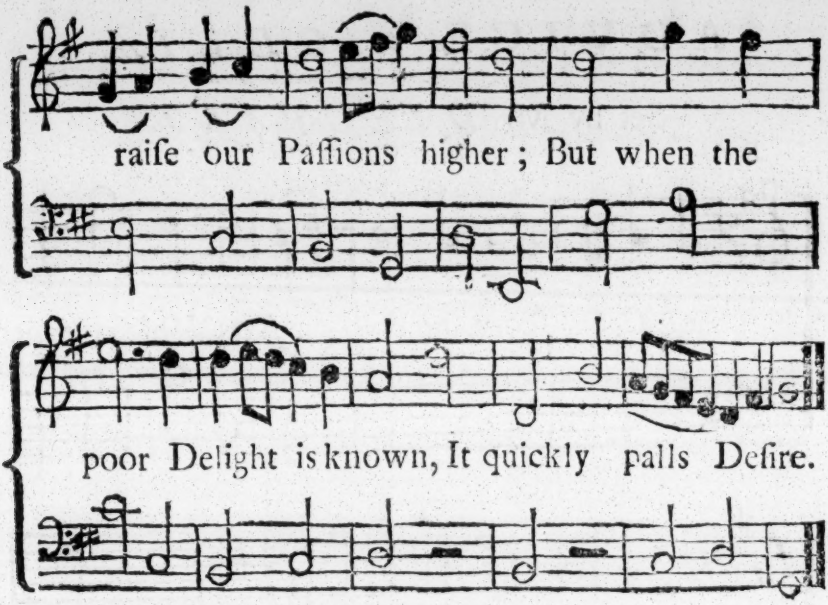
For the FLUTE.



ADVICE *to* CELIA.

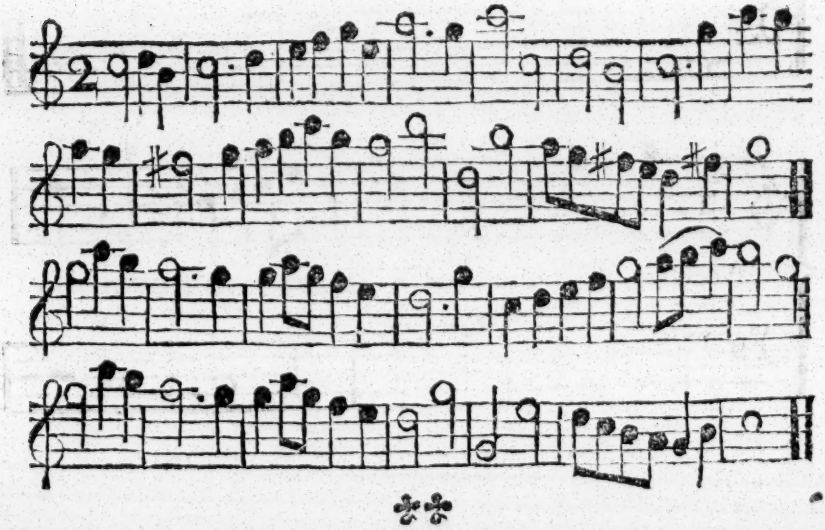
Set by Mr. *DIEUPART.*

Brisk.

raiſe

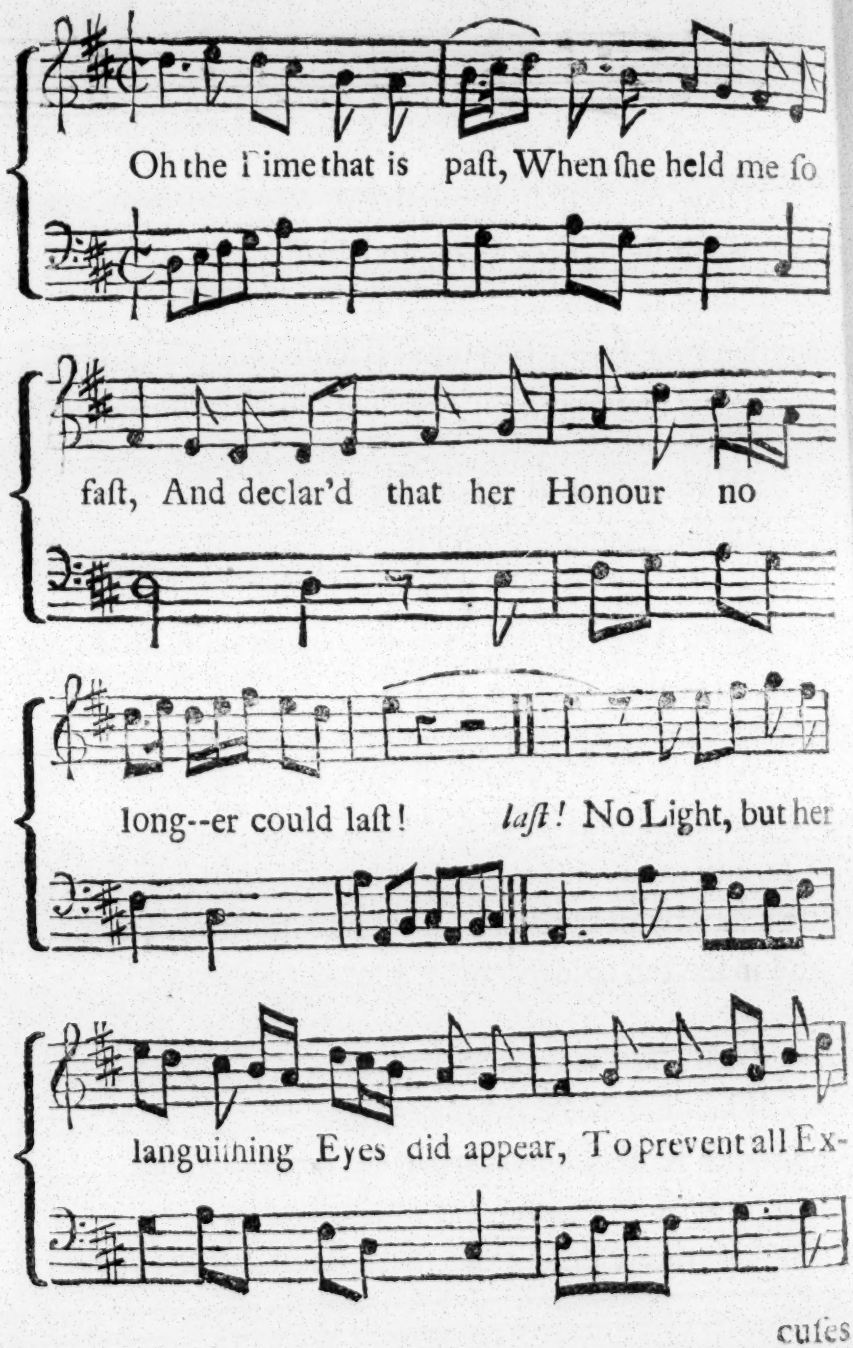
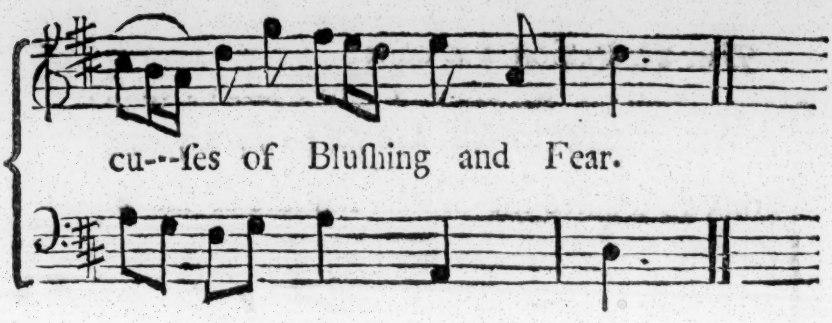


Come, let's not trifle Time away,
Or ſtop you know not why;
Your Bluſhes and your Eyes betray
What Death you mean to die.
Let all your Maiden Fears be gone,
And Love no more be croſt;
Ah! *Celia*, when the Joys are known,
You'll curſe the Minutes loſt.

For the FLUTE.



The CRITICAL MINUTE.

Set by Mr. LEVERIDGE.



How ſhe ſigh'd, and unlac'd,
With ſuch Trembling and Haſte,
As if ſhe had long'd to be cloſer embrac'd!
My Lips the ſweet Pleaſure of Kiſſes enjoy'd,
While my Hands were in ſearch of hid Treaſure employ'd.

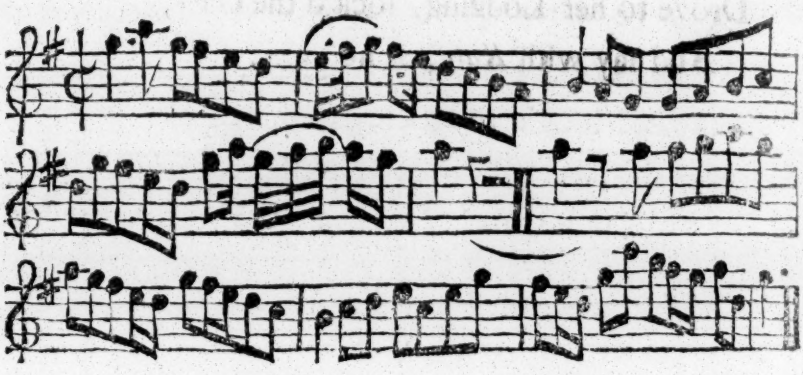
With my Heart all on fire
In the Flames of Deſire,
When I boldly purſu'd what ſhe ſeem'd to require;
She cry'd, Oh! for Pity's ſake, change your ill Mind!
Pray, *Amintas*, be civil, or I'll be unkind.

All your Bliſs you deſtroy,
Like a naked young Boy,
Who fears the kind River he came to enjoy:
Let's in, my dear *Chloris*, I'll ſave thee from Harm,
And make the cold Element pleaſant and warm.

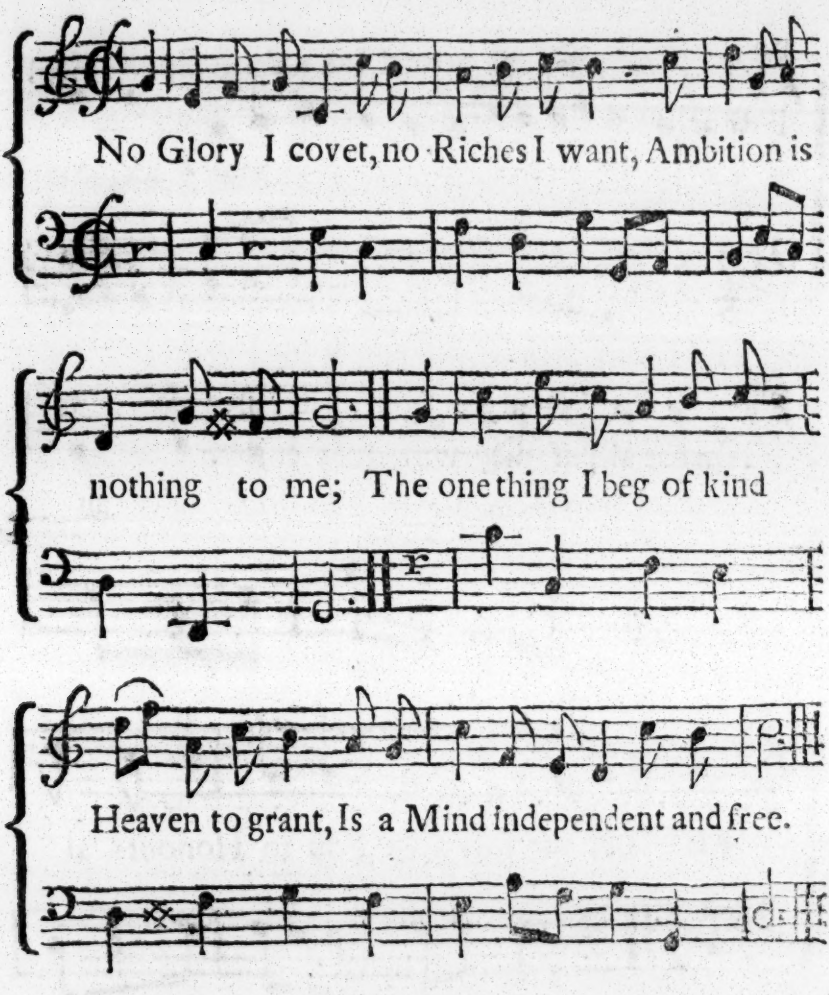
Dear *Amintas!* ſhe cries;
Then ſhe caſt down her Eyes,
And with Kiſſes confeſt what ſhe faintly denies.
Too ſure of my Conqueſt, I purpos'd to ſtay
'Till her freer Conſent did more ſweeten the Prey.

But

But too late I begun;
For her Paſſion was done:
Now, *Amintas*, ſhe cry'd, I will never be won;
Thy Tears and thy Courtſhip no Pity can move,
Thou haſt ſlighted the Critical Minute of Love.

For the FLUTE.

CONTENTMENT.

Set by Mr. ABIEL WHICHELLO.



With Paſſion unruffled, untainted with Pride,
By Reaſon my Life let me ſquare;
The Wants of my Nature are cheaply ſupply'd,
And the reſt is but Folly and Care.

The Bleſſings, which Providence freely has lent,
I'll juſtly and gratefully prize;
Whilſt ſweet Meditation and chearful Content
Shall make me both healthy and wiſe.

In the Pleaſures, the great Man's Poſſeſſions diſplay,
Unenvy'd I'll challenge my Part;
For ev'ry fair Object my Eyes can ſurvey
Contributes to gladden my Heart.

How vainly, through infinite Trouble and Striſe,
The Many their Labours employ!
Since all that is truly delightful in Life
Is what all, if they will, may enjoy.

The CAPTIVE.

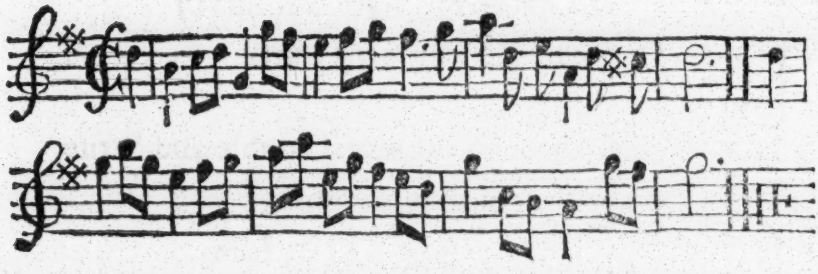
To the foregoing Tune.

WHEN from her Beauty long I've ſtrove
To free my doating Heart,
Her Wit brings back my flying Love,
And chains it down by Art.

Then, when her Wit I've often foil'd,
With one commanding View
I'm by her Eyes again beguil'd,
And Captive took anew.

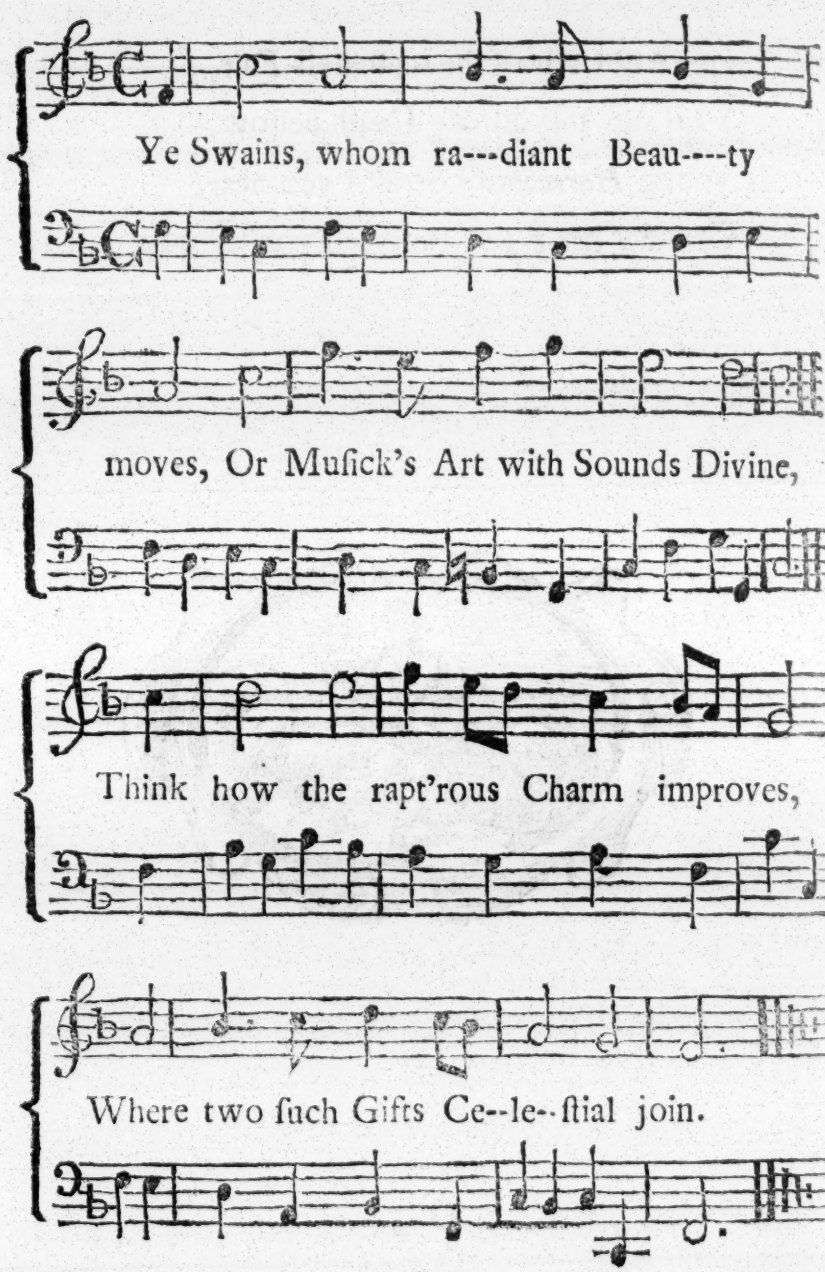
Her

Her Wit alone were vain, alone
Her Beauty wou'd not do;
But what the Devil can be done
With Wit and Beauty too?

For the FLUTE.

BEAUTY *and* MUSICK.

By JOHN HUGHES, Esq;

Set by Dr. *PEPUSCH.*



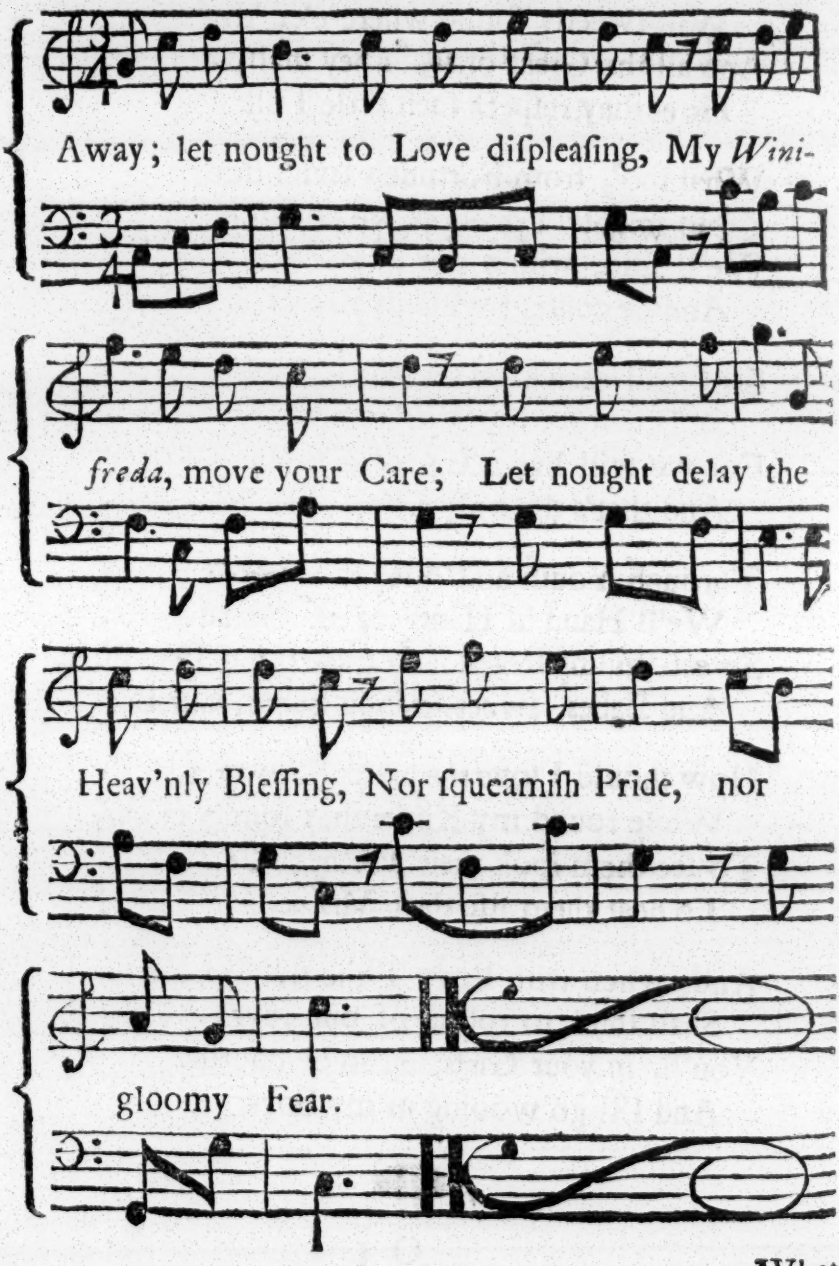
Where

Where *Cupid*'s Bow, and *Phœbus*' Lyre,
In the ſame pow'rful Hand are found;
Where lovely Eyes inflame Deſire,
While trembling Notes are taught to wound.

Enquire not who's the matchleſs Fair,
That can this double Death beſtow.
If young *Harmonia*'s Strains you hear,
Or view her Eyes, too well you'll know.

WINIFREDA.

From the Antient Britiſh *Language.*

Tune, Eveillez vous belle Endormié.

What

What tho' no Grants of Royal Donors
With pompous Titles grace our Blood?
We'll ſhine in more ſubſtantial Honours,
And, to be Noble, we'll be Good.

Our Name, while Virtue thus we tender,
Will ſweetly ſound where-e'er 'tis ſpoke:
And all the Great ones, They ſhall wonder,
How they reſpect ſuch little Folk.

What tho', from Fortune's laviſh Bounty,
No mighty Treaſures we poſſeſs?
We'll find, within our Pittance, Plenty,
And be content without Exceſs.

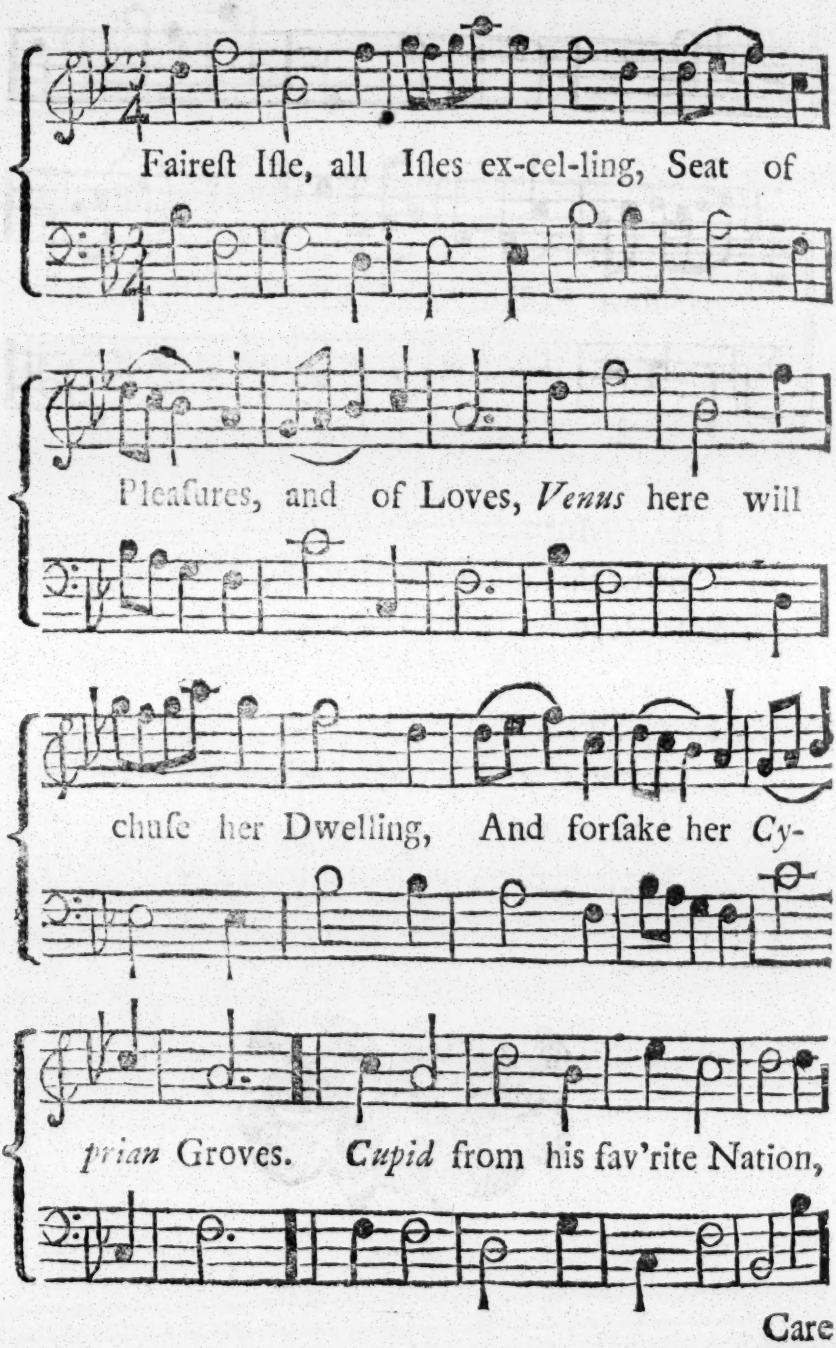
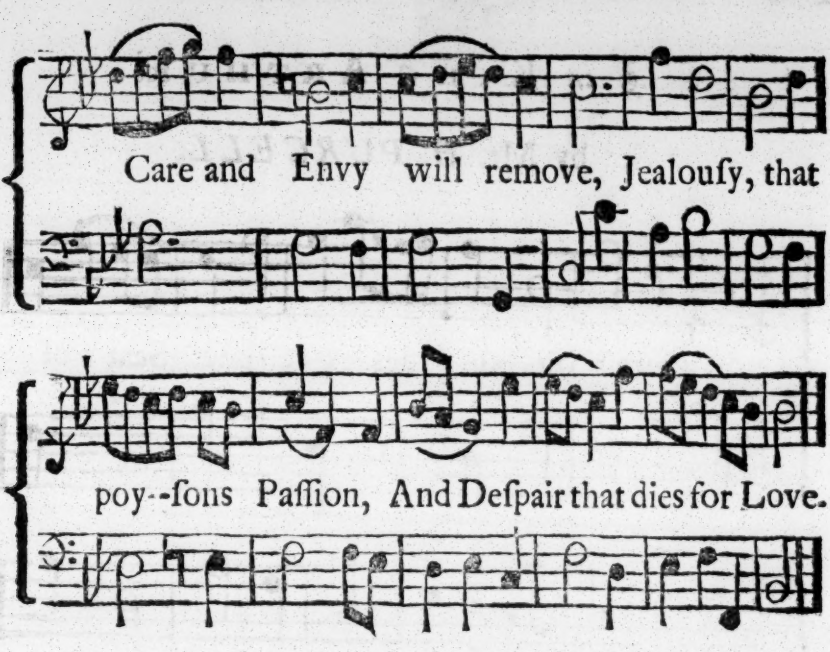
Still ſhall each kind returning Seaſon
Sufficient for our Wiſhes give:
For we will live a Life of Reaſon,
And that's the only Life to live.

Through Youth and Age, in Love excelling,
We'll Hand in Hand together tread;
Sweet-ſmiling Peace ſhall crown our Dwelling,
And Babes, ſweet-ſmiling Babes, our Bed.

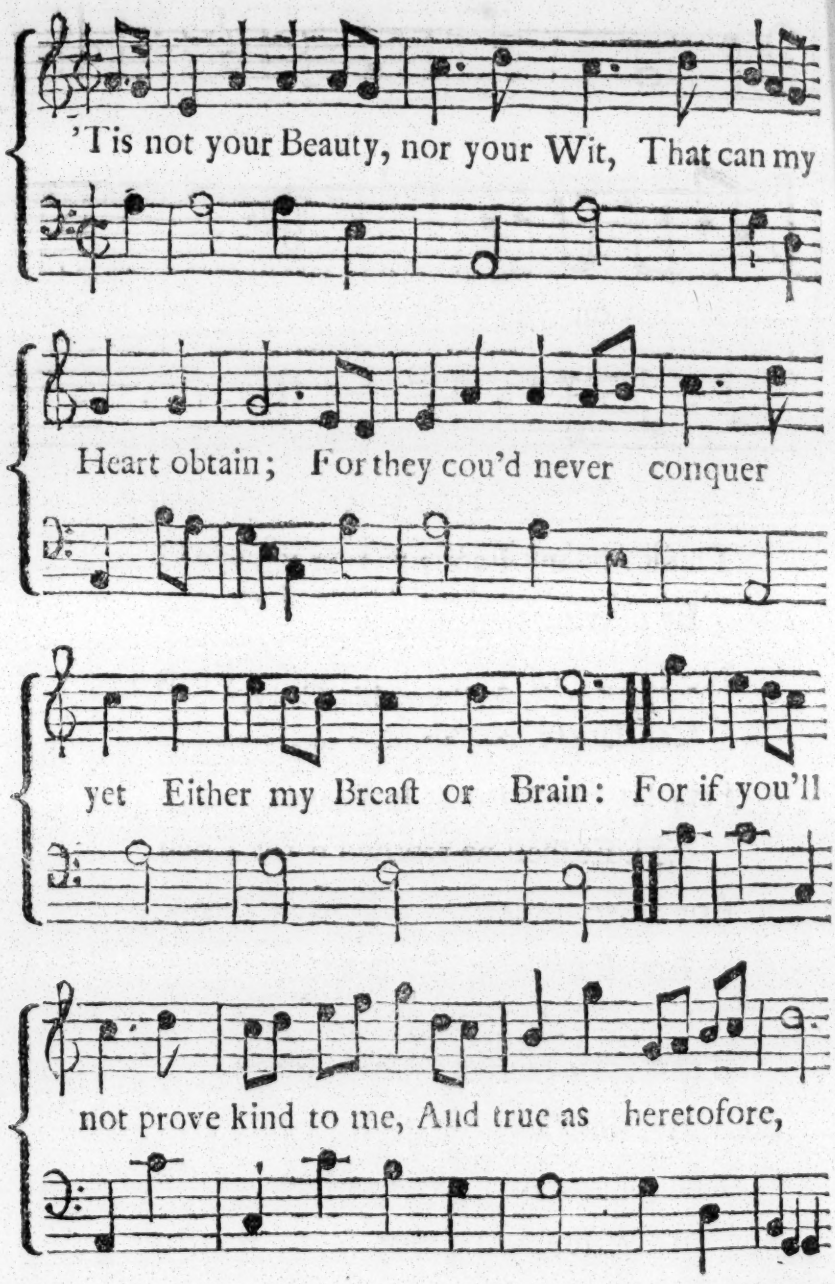
How ſhould I love the pretty Creatures,
While round my Knees they fondly clung,
To ſee them look their Mother's Features,
To hear them liſp their Mother's Tongue!

And, when with Envy Time tranſported
Shall think to rob us of our Joys;—
You'll, in your Girls, again be courted,
And I'll go wooing in my Boys.

Sung in KING ARTHUR.

Set by Mr. *H. PURCELL.*

Gentle Murmurs, ſweet Complaining;
Sighs that blow the Fire of Love;
Soft Repulſes, kind Diſdaining,
Shall be all the Pains you prove.
Ev'ry Swain ſhall pay his Duty,
Grateful ev'ry Nymph ſhall prove;
And as theſe excell in Beauty,
Thoſe ſhall be renown'd for Love.

The PEREMPTORY LOVER.

Tune, John Anderſon my Jo.

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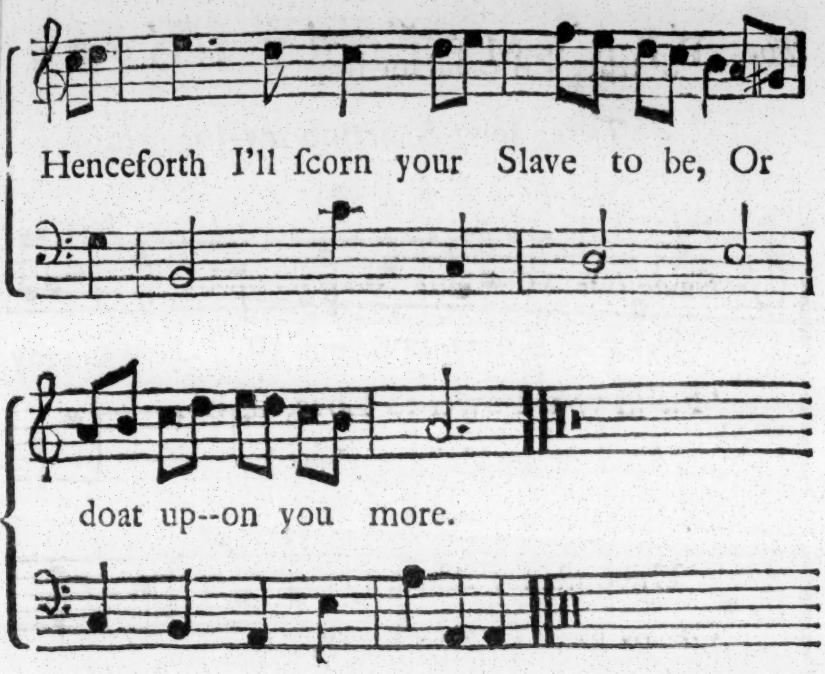


Think not my Fancy to o'ercome,
By proving thus unkind;
No ſmoothed Sight, nor ſmiling Frown,
Can ſatisfy my Mind.
Pray let *Platonicks* play ſuch Pranks;
Such Follies I deride;
For Love, at leaſt, I will have Thanks,
And ſomething elſe beſide.

Then open-hearted be with me,
As I ſhall be with you,
And let our Actions be as free
As Virtue will allow.

If

If you'll prove loving, I'll prove kind,
If true, I'll conſtant be;
If Fortune chance to change your Mind,
I'll turn as ſoon as ye.

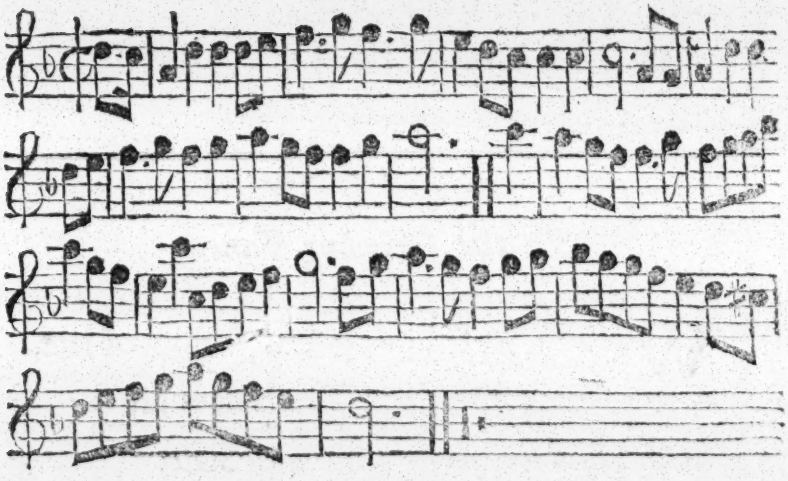
Since our Affections, well ye know,
In equal Terms do ſtand,
'Tis in your Power to Love, or no,
Mine's likewiſe in my Hand.
Diſpenſe with your Auſterity,
Unconſtancy abhor,
Or, by great *Cupid*'s Deity,
I'll never love you more.

To the foregoing Tune.

WHAT means this Niceneſs now of late,
Since Time that Truth does prove;
Such Diſtance may conſiſt with State,
But never will with Love.
'Tis either Cunning or Diſdain,
That does ſuch Ways allow;
The firſt is baſe, the laſt is vain,
May neither happen you!

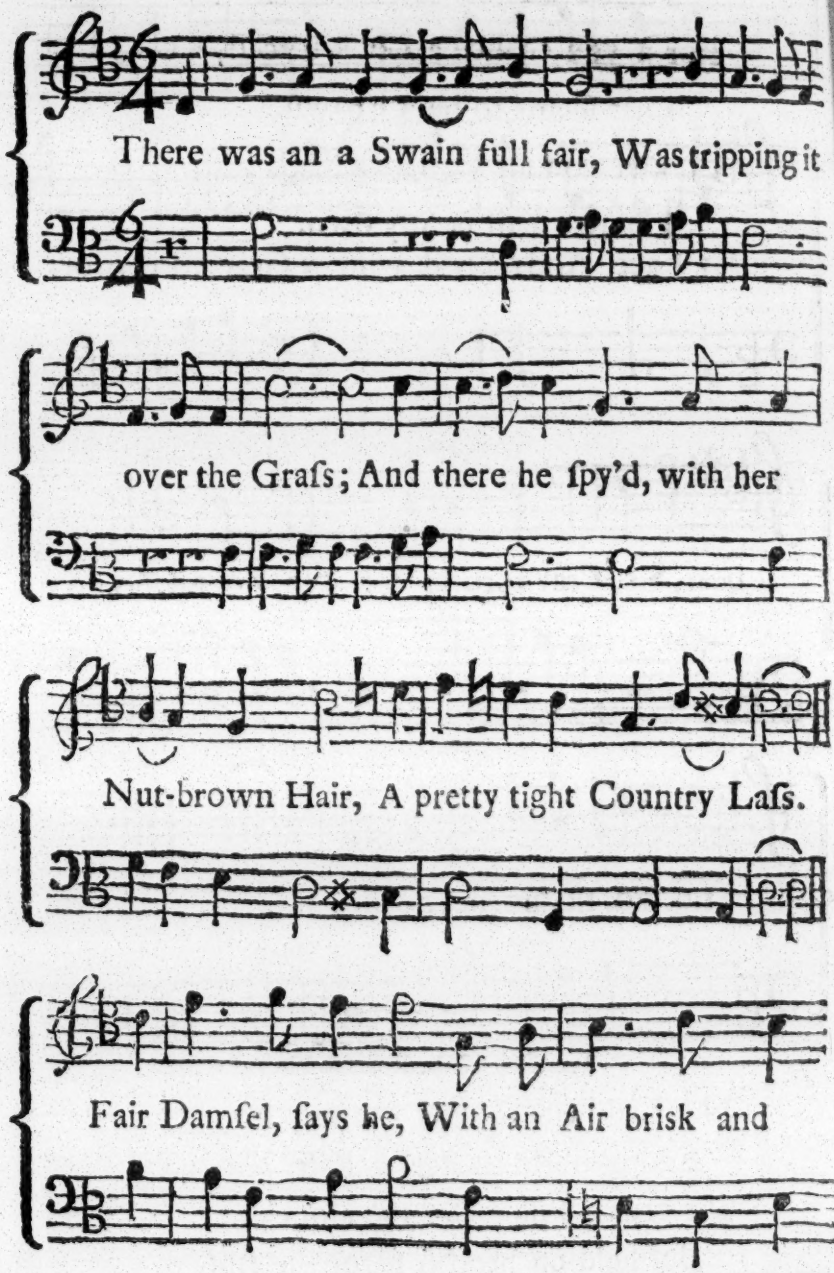
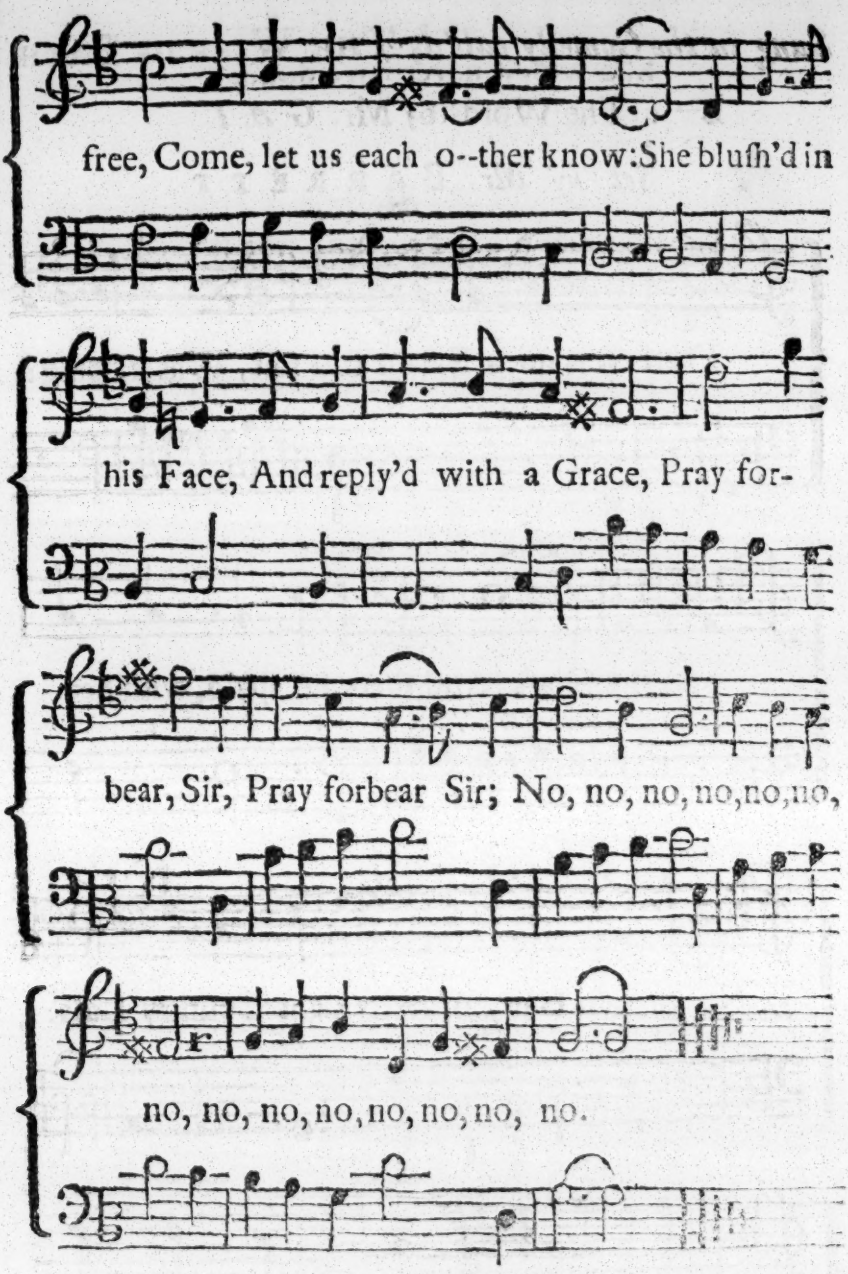
For if it be to draw me on,
You over-act your Part,
And if it be to have me gone,
You need not half that Art:
For if you chance a Look to caſt,
That ſeems to be a Frown,
I'll give you all the Love that's paſt,
The reſt ſhall be my own.

For the FLUTE.



Sung in the Comedy call'd, THE WIFE OF BATH.

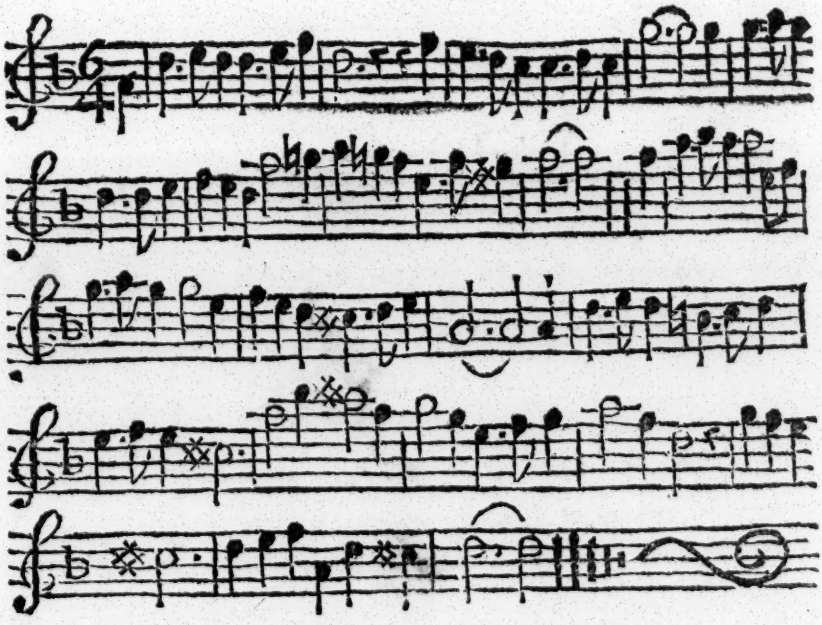
The Words by Mr. *GAY.*

Set by Mr. BARRETT.

The Lad being bolder grown,
Endeavour'd to ſteal a Kiſs,
She cry'd, Piſh --- let me alone;
But held up her Noſe for the Bliſs:

And

And when he begun,
She wou'd never have done,
But unto his Lips ſhe did grow;
Near ſmother'd to Death,
Aſſoon as ſhe'd Breath,
She ſtammer'd out No, no, no, no, &c.

Come, come, ſays he, pretty Maid,
Let's walk to yon private Grove;
Cupid always delights in the cooling Shade,
There I'll read thee a Leſſon of Love:
She mends her Pace,
And haſtes to the Place:
But if her Lecture you'd know,
Let a baſhful young Muſe,
Plead the Maiden's Excuſe,
And anſwer you No, no, no, no, &c.

For the FLUTE.

The End of the Sixth and Laſt Volume.

B L